OLD WEST

Fall, 1967
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NON-FICTION

The TREASURE'S STILL ON SAWTELLE

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

See INSIDE FRONT COVER

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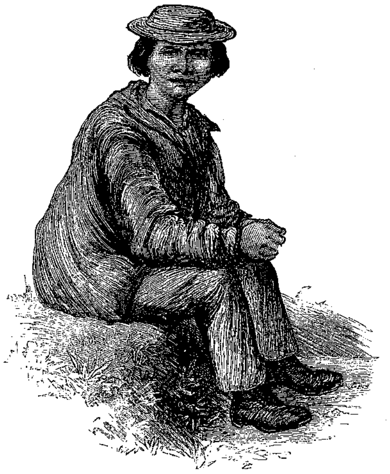


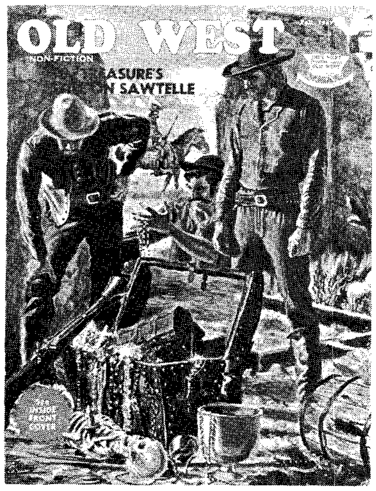
KASEEAH

OREGON: THERE AND BACK IN 1877

By WALLIS NASH
. . . BEGINS ON PAGE 67

The TREASURE'S STILL ON SAWTELLE

By HARRIETT FARNSWORTH



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JOE GRANDEE

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Also, In This Issue

THE TREASURE'S STILL ON SAWTELLE . . . *By Harriett Farnsworth* 2
DAY OF THE BIG WHIRLWIND . . . . *By S. E. (Ed) Bogart* 7
THE CHIEF WHOSE HANDS WERE NEVER RED . . . . . *By Rowena L. Alcorn and Gordon D. Alcorn* 8
LOST METEOR DIAMONDS . . . . *By Maurice Kildare* 12
THE GREAT SALINES OF OKLAHOMA . . . . *By C. L. Packer* 16
LIKE A BOTTLE READY TO EXPLODE . . . . *By Peter Odens* 21
THE BATTLE OF THE SINK HOLE . . . . *By A. J. Sowell* 22
HOMESTEADING WAS CONTAGIOUS! . . . . *By Verne Benedict* 24
MASSACRE FOR GOLD . . . . *By Gerald J. Tucker* 26
QUEEN OF THE WEST . . . . *By Al Eason* 30
GERONIMO'S GHOSTS . . . . *By Percy Brown* 33
HAPPY DAYS AND HAPPY MEN . . . . *By Frank B. Bryant* 34
A CURSE UPON HIS HEAD . . . . *By Norman C. Pierce* 38
MY OWN PERSONAL GOLD RUSH ON THE FEATHER RIVER . . . . *By Frank A. Pettengill* 40
P. T. BARNUM—"PRINCE OF HUMBUGS" . . . *By Ethel E. Bangert* 44
TUMBLEWEEDS . . . . *By Tom K. Ryan* 1, 54
LETTER RIP! 63
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 65

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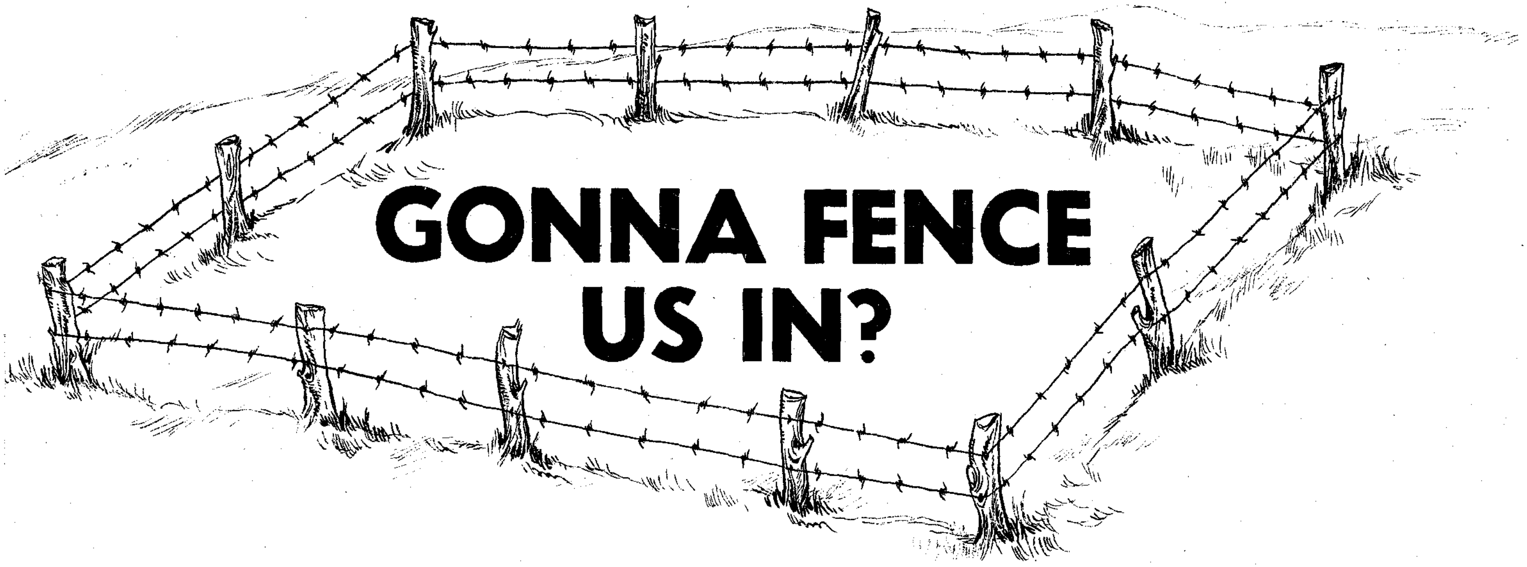


GONNA FENCE US IN?

YOU KNOW, it's real amusing to Westerners when people in the East laugh and say, "Here we think the West starts on the other side of the Hudson River!" There are actually people who think they would get scalped if they penetrated the "savage wilderness" much farther than that.

If they only knew! And those of you who have a desire to look upon an Indian who was part of the Old West, a cattleman who worked cattle as he did in the old days, stretches of almost virgin forests, deserts, rivers and mountains—well, you'd better get your hocks rattling because it just won't be that way forever. Sure, touches of the Old West are still there in many places—but you've got to get off the highway to find them. Take a ranch I am thinking about in the New Mexico Panhandle. I can still see that wire fence in the vicinity of Antelope Wells stretching across the rolling country as far as the eye can see. It is the U.S.-Mexico border line. An old cowboy told me that you could go back far enough and flat ride for days without seeing a human being! Encouraging.

You meet people on ranches like that who still have the spirit of the pioneers. Like the George Upshaws, for instance. George can tell stories for days that will keep you absolutely entranced. So can most of those folks who live in that big, *wide* land! A story appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* some years ago on this particular country but I won't try to get into it here since I want to do a longer piece on it. One of these days I am going to head out of this office (I'll never get caught up on my paper work anyhow), meet some of you folks, get your stories, visit, have some fun—and stay away from this confounded desk as long as I can! There are stories galore out there in that big spot called the West. It's been said that you could parachute at night from a plane, light at one spot and get fifty stories within a ten-mile radius—that is, if you were in a hurry. If you had time, you could get 1,050! THAT IS FOR SURE!

THE BOOK in this issue is about an Englishman and his party who went cross-country to California, Washington and Oregon ninety years ago to determine which areas would be best for settlement. It was written by one of the party after he returned home. You make the trip with him—all the headaches—and see things through his eyes. Whatta trip that must have been!

Next issue we drop back to the Southwest and fight Indians with a Ranger captain. This one will curl your toes right back in your boots!

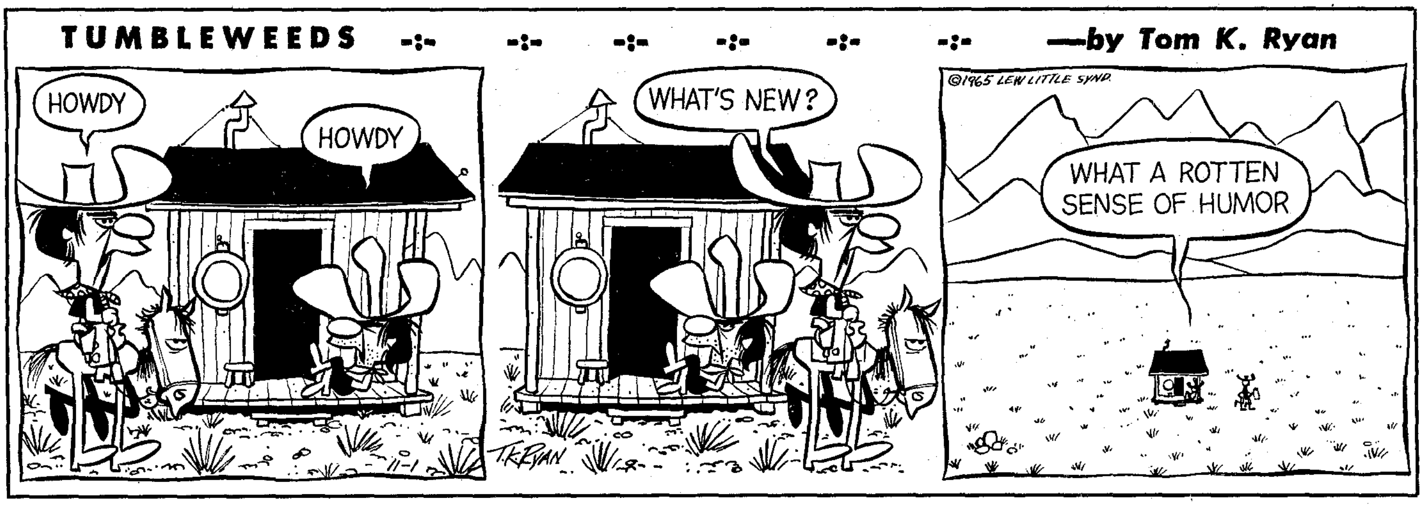
Things sure have changed since those days. Back in the arrow-dodging era it looked like we might run out of people. Today, it looks like we might run out of land. If there were pioneers and Indians now that wanted to have a respectable running fight, the big problem would be to find a space big enough for them to scrap in.

I read not long ago that the "outdoors" in Texas alone is disappearing at the rate of fifty acres a day! The rabbits and coyotes are worried—and I am sort of getting a little concerned myself. Imagine a coyote having to gauge the distance he has to catch a jack rabbit before smashing into somebody's yard fence!

Well, it isn't quite that bad yet, but the time might not be too far off when the old saying of, "You can look farther and see less" might become a compliment rather than being a term of making fun. Or, at least, "Look farther and see more wilderness" would be a compliment supreme!

Again, much of it is still there—the lonely canyons, the scented forests wherein the only sounds you can hear sometimes for hours is the wind sighing through the junipers; miles upon miles of dust, cactus, thorns, where only the super-hardy of animal life can exist; and even cattle ranches that still are little empires, where cowboys work cattle on horses instead of from Jeeps, where they brand and rope and a man's face looks like wrinkled leather after being exposed to seasons of heat, dust, stinging winds, storms and the mighty wrath of angry elements—they're there, all right, and I hope to God they always will be. Because, if the wilderness does go—the lonely places, even the harsh, bitter lands—many of us will go with them, if not physically, most surely in the soul department.

See you later—Hosstail.


TUMBLEWEEDS -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- —by Tom K. Ryan
HOWDY
HOWDY
WHAT'S NEW?
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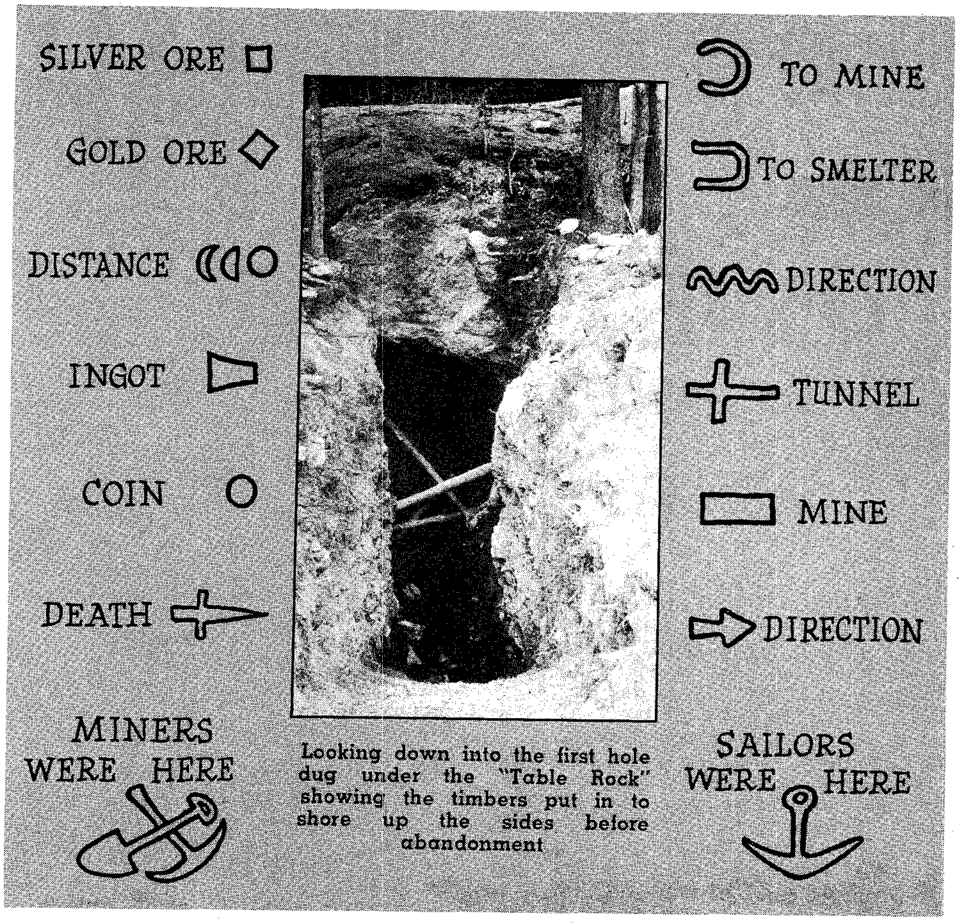
WHAT A ROTTEN SENSE OF HUMOR
T.K.RYAN

The TREASURE'S STILL

—at least it was when the author's old-timer was chased down the

By HARRIETT FARNSWORTH

Photos Courtesy Author



Looking down into the first hole dug under the "Table Rock" showing the timbers put in to shore up the sides before abandonment

I HAD BEEN camping in a monotonous and densely timbered rolling country near Yellowstone Park. I was about ready to move on when I received word of the "assessment" on KL stock. This news came like a thunderbolt and put me in a desperate humor so I decided to head for the Big Hole country, a couple of hundred miles to the northwest, where I intended to stake everything on the slender chance of finding real gold. Only the native metal itself would satisfy me, not veins of slowly developed ore.

Next day I moved northward about twelve miles. It had been raining most of the time for a month. That night I pitched my tent near an old lumber camp. I laid my bedroll under low branches close to the bole of a big pine tree. All around me the ground was cold and soggy, the country swampy, the forest dismal.

Next morning, with a month's supply of grub, I moved northerly over a soggy lumber road. After fording a couple of rivers I came to a small grassy clearing close to a railroad. I stopped to eat and let my saddle and pack horses graze. I had repacked and was about to move on when an old man came down the railroad tracks.

"Hello," he said, "prospecting?"

I said, "Yes."

He said he was a prospector, too, and had just come down from Rea's Pass where he had been helping a miner who had located a wonderful silver deposit there. The old man added that he was broke and if I would take him on and furnish grub, he could show me ground on which we could stake claims.

The old man talked sensibly and I, in my desperate frame of mind, told him I was tempted to go with him. I also told him that I had my mind set on the Big Hole country and only intended to glance over Sawtelle Peak—twenty-five miles west of Rea's Pass—while on the way. However, he suggested we spend a few days on Sawtelle; then, if it did not look promising, we could go on to Rea's Pass.

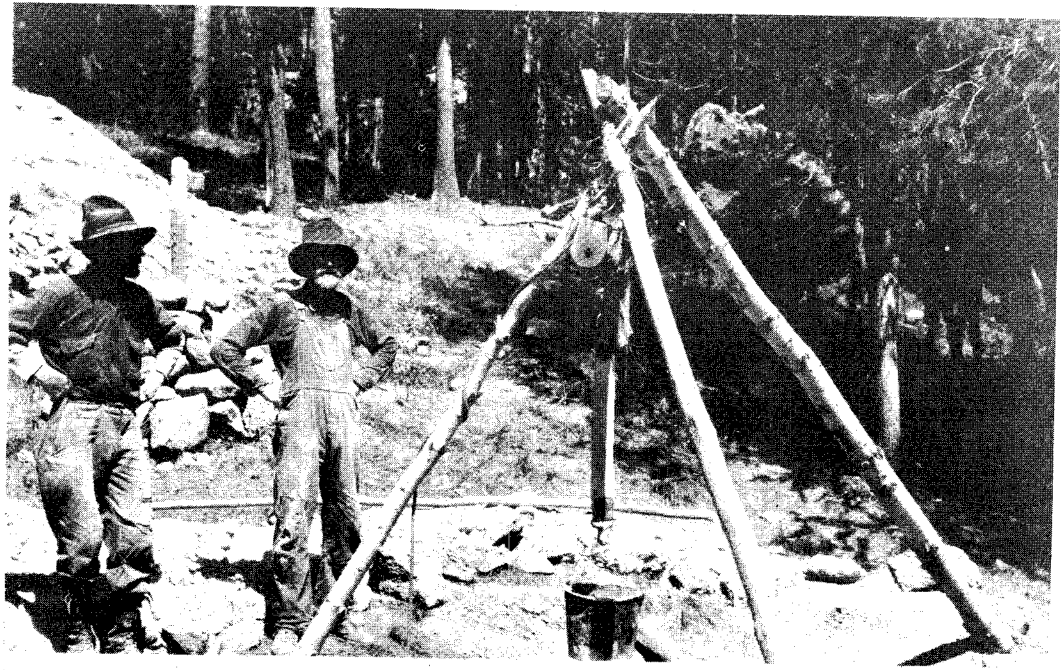
So I said, "All right," and we headed for Sawtelle.

After a little conversation, he volunteered the information that he was a half-breed Cherokee named Abe Kightlinger; his mother was a squaw, his father, German, and he was from Calico Rock, Arkansas.

As we traveled, we talked on about the fine proposition at Rea's Pass, where he mentioned seeing "pictures of kings painted in silver and gold" on some of the big trees.

I began thinking, "My God, what kind of a nut have I got hold of!" then, "What's the difference? Let him rave." He seemed normal when he turned to ordinary subjects, and reasonably intelli-

The old man and George King. Picture shows arrangement of tripod, pulley, bucket and cinch rope hoist. Dump from first hole is shown in left rear. "Key Rock" is back of tripod and tent was just back of "Key Rock."



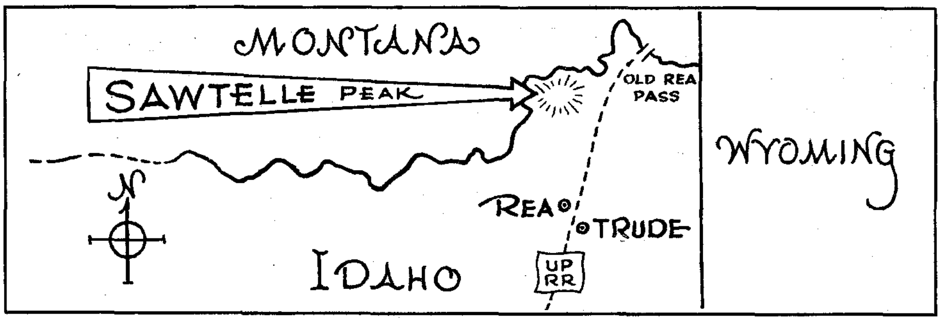
In 1930, George King, a man in his late sixties, died of pneumonia in a Yuma, Arizona, hospital. He had drifted into Quartzsite around 1902 and had lived west of town in a rich placer mining section where he made his home in a tunnel. King was talkative but never talked about himself—where he was born or where he came from. King was eccentric—going and coming on secret adventures—and as far as is known, had no relatives.

After his death, a manuscript was found in the mining shaft which revealed that King was educated, a geologist and probably an archaeologist. This article describes a gold-seeking adventure in Idaho with a half-breed Cherokee from Arkansas, whose greatest asset was his ability to read Indians signs and whose greatest weakness was a persistent fear that he was being hunted down by his own tribe.

This is George King's story.—H. F.

ON SAWTELLE

mountain by a series of mysterious "warnings"



gent, although not well educated.

A few miles farther on, we passed Trude Post Office, a small tourist resort on a main highway. A couple of miles beyond this we camped in a little meadow in the forest at the base of Sawtelle Mountain. (It was odd, weeks afterward, to think there was a highway a few miles away and on it people traveling along oblivious to the mysteries and wildness so close to them.)

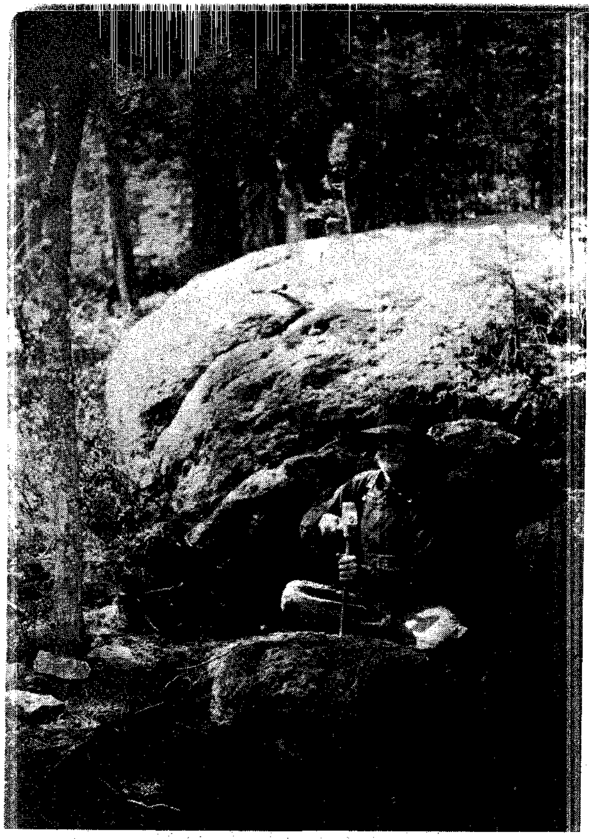
I had told the half-breed right from the start that I could not spare any blankets. He cheerfully insisted that he could sleep on the ground by a big fire at night. But while making our first camp, it began to rain and I softened. I couldn't let an old man sleep like a dog, so I made up a bed for two in the tent. We continued sharing the bed for the rest of the trip without any great inconvenience, except that my snoring bothered him a great deal and the hand axe he took to bed (which he explained was for a bear that might bother us) bothered me. But after a while I figured that he wanted the axe for his *own* protection against the Indians, who he confessed had tried to get him a couple of times for having dug into their old mines back in Arkansas.

EARLY one morning, he called my attention to a flat stone (about 2" x12") that was protruding a half foot above ground near our tent. This stone looked as if it had been set on edge, one corner smoothed off and a crude arrowhead carved on the flat surface. Also, many years before, a pine tree nearby had been "topped" or broken off about 12' up so that it had a bushy top. The old man said these were Indian signs and translated them to mean that mineral would be found by digging to a depth of 12' at a point determined by projecting a line backward, along the slant shown by the arrowhead, until the line touched the ground.

This stone did strike me as a trifle peculiar. One seldom finds a stone set on edge like that, and the arrowhead was distinct.

The half-breed began finding more Indian signs and tried to show them to me. I was not much interested and became considerably annoyed at wasting

Picture above shows bottom of canyon close to camp. The big boulder in the central background is the "Key Rock." Lower left, view of shaft from "Key Rock," showing partly at extreme left. Lower right, beginning of shaft. The old man is drilling to shoot off projecting bulge of the "Dagger Rock."



Beginning the first hole at the "Table Rock." The old man is again drilling, this time to shoot off a projection of the "Table Rock."

time trying to decipher a lot of damn-fool marks.

The next day we went several miles up one canyon, back down another, the old man calling attention to more signs along the way: forked pine trees, bent trees (which he insisted had been bent and split when young by the Indians to mark trails). It did sound possible. But when he pointed out a dozen rocks on the steep side of the creek bank and said they were a Spanish mark for ore, and a shallow hole the size of a walnut that was a "pick mark" meaning ore nearby, I said it seemed altogether too fantastic and improbable. Nature could easily make such marks.

In the next canyon, going back to camp, we saw our first bear tracks—big and fresh on a snowbank. Here rock outcrops began to look more promising. Farther down we came to a very charming section of canyon, studded with big firs and huge boulders. The old man paused and pointed to a big Douglas fir which had a peculiar whitish color some 15' up.

I walked back about 50' and could see, as the old man pointed to this odd tree, a sort of impressionistic and yet quite distinct bearded face, wearing a crown. It was 4' up on the white side of the tree. This, the old man insisted, was a "king painted in silver," such as he had seen at Rea's Pass. By now I was beginning to think the half-breed wasn't so crazy after all, although I would have passed this tree a million times without noticing the face on it.

When one went close to the tree, one could not see the face or any indication of carving on the peculiar whitish bark. It might or might not have been a natural white growth. The old man insisted this was a Spanish symbol signifying "very rich silver ore nearby." The silver could be located by following in the direction the face was gazing. This line would then strike another "marked" tree or rock, the second mark would lead to a third, and so on, from mark to mark. Perhaps they would cross and recross many times or even double back to a final mark (usually a cross) which might or might not be close to the original tree.

Thinking things over, I began wondering if this Cherokee might not be hooking me for a grubstake until he could get where he wanted to go. Yet, since he let me pick the directions we traveled, that didn't seem likely. So I decided to go on, even though I might regret it.

The old man ran one of these lines from point to point for me. Some of the marks appeared indisputable. We discovered two more big trees with faces in profile. This time the face was on a tree painted yellow on one side—a sort of golden orange-brown. This, he said, meant gold.

Nearby the old Cherokee spotted the face of an Indian on an 8' boulder. Its devilish, full-fronted face, about 3' tall, gazed toward the spot where we had dug our second shaft. From a distance, this face was distinct and unquestionably showed an Indian's features. It looked as sinister as hell. Most of these faces appeared to be done in clever bas-relief; apparently their designers depended on a slanting morning or afternoon light to throw slight shadows across the uneven surface and bring them into focus. This face, the old man said, was an "Indian's mark" and denoted a "threatening guard" over underground treasure.

Next we studied a big, flat rock, 8' x 12' x 4' high, which we later called "Table Rock." The old man pointed out many marks—marks rather than pictures—which measured only a few inches in diameter. They included a square (silver); a diamond (gold); a horseshoe (denoting the direction to a mine). A muleshoe meant a smelter or bullion; a snake, an old mine cache. Under this rock we found a life-sized picture of a bear with outstretched arms, indicating an Indian victory.

The old man insisted that every mark and picture made by the Spaniards and Indians had a definite meaning. By this time, I was becoming interested. He insisted that we had run across an old Spanish mining district, and that sounded good to me.

THE NEXT DAY we moved three miles up the mountain to a spot ideal for camping. Here we found a small stream, plenty of wood, and small open clearings with luxuriant grass for grazing the horses.

For a quarter-of-a-mile along one side of this canyon, big trees and boulders protruded from the steep slope to a height of several hundred feet. The opposite side of the canyon was not very steep but was densely timbered with small pines growing almost to the edge of the stream. Yet the place came to have a depressing and haunting effect. Everywhere, on trees and boulders, there were those damned pictures!

After the old man had nosed around, he decided that a mine entrance, now backfilled and concealed, had existed at the edge of Table Rock. He believed that a hidden cache lay directly under the snake's tail on this rock at a depth of 12', this being a standard of measure for the Spanish and Indians in Arkansas. To confirm this, he showed me a small pine alongside the Table Rock that had been topped at a height of 12'. To make one pause, there was also a 2" sapling fir which had been broken off 12' up, apparently not more than a year or so before our arrival.

By now the Cherokee had become convinced this canyon was so important to the Indians that they would probably keep close watch over it. I contended they all were jammed up on the reservations, the nearest one 100 miles away, and the most they could do would be to send an occasional scout for a short period each summer.

Still the sapling firs gave me a queer feeling, also the fresh blaze on a nearby tree—a blaze so high above ground that it would not have been made by a ranger or sheepherder. I was beginning to feel that the old man was justified in packing an axe to bed at night.

We began digging. Almost at grass roots we dug out a flat stone approximately 1" thick by 8" square that contained a rude profile chipped on one edge. There was nothing peculiar about such a stone in itself, but while zeroing in on this spot, the old man had found an identical flat stone leaning against a boulder 50' away. The similar profile on it pointed in a direct line to this buried stone! The two stones were identical in shape and size. I couldn't laugh it off.

Later, I found another square flat stone with a very clear human profile on one edge leaning against the downhill side of a big boulder a few hundred feet

A tributary of the Snake River near camp. Mt. Sawtelle shows just over the top of the dense stand of Lodge Pole Pine which extends up to the base of the mountain, a distance of only a couple of miles.

up the hill. The more I pondered, the more puzzled I became.

The boulder against which the old man had found the "pointer" stone was covered with pictures. He figured this boulder was a key to the old mine entrance. If we were in the right place we would find small replicas of the pictures on the "key" rock. That is, in backfilling the old mine entrance, the Indians had thrown enough stones with pictures on them to duplicate every picture on the key rock in order that Indians of a later generation, when authorized to dig here, would know they were not in the wrong spot.

Unbelievable rot? Perhaps.

As we dug through what appeared to be a natural, ancient riverbed, the old man examined the clean side of hundreds of stones. Often he did find what appeared to be a replica. For instance, one picture on the "key" rock was a crude anchor a foot across, with 3 links on the haft (indicating the Spaniards had come on ships). Ten feet underground we found a boulder with the same anchor, 2" across.

A coincidence? Unlikely.

Fifteen feet underground we turned over a fair-sized stone almost vertically under the snake's tail on the Table Rock. I found six flat stones stuck to it with clay. The old man explained that this indicated the "snake's rattles", and meant we had almost reached our objective.

Peculiar for Nature to place stones like that, wasn't it?

For three weeks we slaved in this hole. We had to go at it Spanish style, which meant carrying out thousands of buckets of dirt. Fortunately most of it was pick and shovel work, although we did have to shoot a few boulders. There was a picture of a pick and shovel on the key rock, indicating that the mine could be broken into with a pick and shovel. The old man packed out rocks weighing as much as 100 pounds. He surely did his share of the work. (By now I felt convinced that he had not hit me just for a grubstake and I began to take him seriously, feeling that he would stick with me until we found this hidden treasure.)

JUST BELOW the snake's rattles we struck what appeared to be bedrock. This was loose shale, or thin-layered, very granular rock—rhyolite—a little too tough to pry up with a pick. We had to start blasting, the old man insisting that this was not natural bedrock, but a "roof" laid by the Indians over the mine cavity to support the backfill.

Previously he had seen such construction in old Spanish mine workings in Arkansas—flat rocks interlaced and slightly arched, spanning large chambers and capable of holding up surprising loads when backfilled from above. When we pounded on the bottom of the hole it did sound hollow as a drum, and a musty smell was quite perceptible.

I didn't laugh. I was willing to believe there actually was a chamber below the hole we had so laboriously dug.

About the time we struck bedrock, the sides of our hole began to show signs of loosening. Fearing our roof might cave in, we tied a rope to a tree and kept it dangling in the hole while we worked and, as an extra precaution, put in a few cross braces to support suspicious looking boulders.

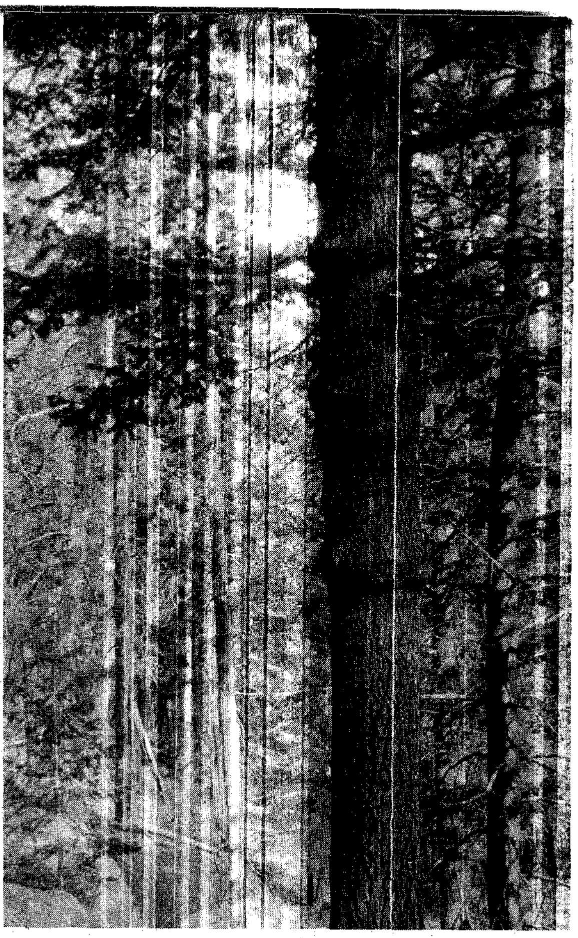
Later we started shooting the shale rock, and noticed that the concussions weakened the walls considerably more and the old man began to hesitate about mucking out. It was up to me to do most of the mucking and let him pack the buckets up the incline.

We had blasted down about 2' into the rock when the old man agreed to take a hand at mucking out again. He had just begun when a ton of gravel broke loose; he had to jump pretty damned quick to save his hide! My stomach turned over when I saw what had happened. We decided we didn't want any more mucking out, so right at the most interesting point, we quit.

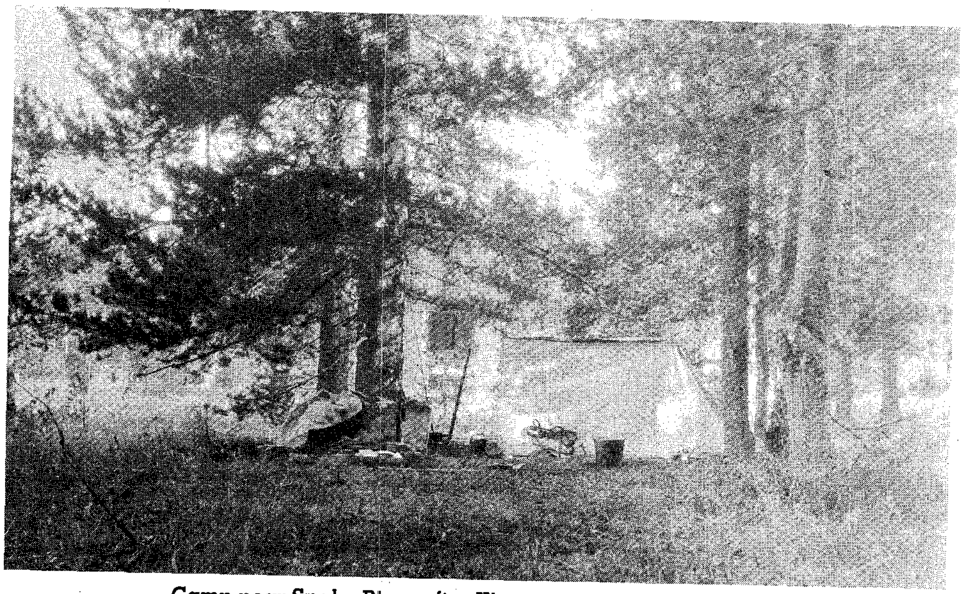
I suggested we put in timbering and continue work on the hole but the old man didn't think it feasible. I was so disappointed I wanted to quit altogether but he insisted he could find an easier way to the treasure. After nosing around for a day, he decided on a spot 50' down the hill from our hole and we began digging a second entrance into the old mine.

We had been working on the mountain for three weeks without a sign of anyone—white or red watching us. Yet the old man insisted that we were being watched; his instinct told him so. He certainly was afraid. He wouldn't let me out of his sight or hearing for more than a minute, except during the few days when a sheepherder was camped across the creek from us. I could come and go as I pleased as long as the herder was within hailing distance.

And he would never permit the two of us to be below ground at the same time



Above, the "welt" tree. Below, King's arrival at "Table Rock." The "Key Rock" is the one to the rear of the white horse. At bottom, the "Key Rock" after it had been blown to pieces. King was desperately anxious to know what was in it.



Camp near Snake River after King came down off mountain

—one of us had to always keep a lookout at the surface. I carried my .32 automatic all the time. The old man carried my long-barreled target six-shooter which I had lent him when we started out, but insisted that, in the dark, an axe was much more effective against an Indian's knife.

As we rested between shifts the old man told me about himself. Apparently he had made a study of Spanish-Indian signs for thirty years and had picked up considerable dope on them from a couple of Cherokee chiefs and by following signs he had found in certain places in Arkansas.

The Cherokees, he said, used a variety of signs representing natural objects, whereas the Osages mostly used representations of different leaves. The Spaniards, like the Cherokees, used a wide variety of signs, even signs of the Zodiac and Masonic symbols. The general principle was the same—most of the marks had to be read backwards (that is, they pointed away from a mine or cache instead of toward it).

In mulling this over I came to the conclusion that the old man had learned enough to make a business of uncovering old mines and treasure concealed by both the Spanish and Indians. He added that "Chief Bushyhead", although friendly, had solemnly warned him that whenever he started on a digging he would have to be on his guard every minute. Thus, he had discovered that he could not apply his knowledge in Arkansas, for his tribesmen had watched him too closely.

Twice the old man said he had almost succeeded in breaking into old "digs", as he termed them. But once the Indians had blown his shaft with dynamite. On another occasion he had just broken into an underground cavern shaft when they turned the creek into the mine during the night and flooded the workings.

When an Indian tried to knife him one night just outside his house, the old man decided he had better go where the Indians would not know him, although warnings had been sent around to all the tribes.

He further claimed that not long before he met me, he had attended a national convention of the tribes and had heard them agree that all these old marks in the West should be perpetuated.

The old man explained that it was a matter of unwritten history among the Cherokees and other local tribes that several thousand Spaniards were in Arkansas and its vicinity hundreds of years ago. At first they worked *with* the Indians. Later the Spaniards subjected the Indians to slavery. Finally the tribes revolted and killed all the Spaniards. During this period there was so much cross-breeding that even now a lot of the Cherokees look like white men.

When the Indians wiped out the Spaniards, they filled all the mines to conceal them. But they adopted the Spanish idea of marking the locations, using Spanish symbols as well as their own. This came to be a practice among Indians all over the West. They would conceal natural outcrops or other indications of mineral wherever possible (this might explain some "lost mines"—the holes were covered and cleverly hidden by Indians).

The old man interpreted the marks in our canyon to mean that it had been an important and well-developed Spanish mining camp for a while. The wide, level stretch of ground in the bottom of the canyon would have afforded considerable room for tepees or huts; one could almost see where a road had extended a couple of miles up the bottom of the canyon a few hundred years ago. The Indian marks indicated that the Spaniards had been killed (one picture showed a life-sized bear seizing a mountain lion by the throat—bears meaning Indians and lions, Spaniards).

I couldn't put my finger on a single mark when up close to it. But from a short distance, when the sun was shining from the right direction, the marks were so damnably plain, once I spotted them—that I could no longer doubt that someone had carved them.

For me it was somewhat similar to reading a highway sign a long way off. That is, I would not be able to read a word of it if I did not *know* what words were there. Once I knew what the words were, I would then be able to "see" them quite plainly.

Finally, I got to the point that I could detect some of the pictures unaided. Many I could spot in their entirety if the old man gave me a clue as to what to look for. Some of these pictures could have been photographed if I had taken the time and trouble to catch them in the right light. But I kept putting it off. Then when the end came, I didn't have gumption enough to bother with photos.

On one big tree near our camp an Indian profile, including feather headdress, showed so plainly that I felt sure it was not a freak of nature. I took a photo of this in poor light but the profile did not show up. However, part of the same face *does* show in another photo of myself on horseback. This photo was taken by a lumberjack who went up the mountain with me one day after I had moved my camp off Sawtelle Mountain.

I'm sorry to say that by procrastination, the only positive photographic proof I secured of any of these marks is that shown by two photos of the tree with semi-circular "welts." This fir tree was perhaps 300 years old and the marks were probably made when it was quite young. The welts were caused by incising the bark and then pounding on each side of the incision, which causes the bark to swell as the tree grows. On the photo a couple of faint cuts show near the welts. The welts do not entirely circle the tree and each one faces a different direction.

No one, the old man said, could claim that Nature made those marks. This was a Spanish method of marking, not Indian, and meant there was an old mine shaft nearby. On the side of it we would probably find rock marks corresponding in depth, form and position to those shown on the tree and a certain distance back of each shaft mark we would find a cache of bullion stored in a secret vault.

From these marks the old man decided this shaft was only a short distance from the tree. At the spot indicated, we found evidence that a sixteen foot hole—the size of a Spanish shaft—had been backfilled with big boulders and dirt. The dirt had begun to work down, leaving cavities among the boulders.

My COMPANION claimed that the Indians always plugged an old mine by leaving one tunnel that would be very easy to break into again. He had seen an illustration of this in Arkansas. A tunnel hunter had succeeded in breaking into an old "Spanish dig" and discovered a tunnel leading toward the surface that was plugged in such a way. Anyone who had known of its location could have dug in from the outside in a few hours. My friend also argued that one particular symbol was used for marking the easy entrance—a life-sized "turkey track." If we could find it, the treasure was ours to retrieve.

The old man persuaded me to try a little more digging, although I declared that I would not put in another three weeks of slavery like the last. I was most discouraged. Having to quit the first hole, just when we seemed on the verge of breaking into something worthwhile, was enough to take the morale out of any man. I recalled how musty that old hole had begun to smell and what a hollow, drumlike sound it made when struck by the picks. I had a slight suspicion that the old man was trying to avoid breaking into this digging but after he'd studied the trees and rocks for pointers to locate another favorable place to dig, I agreed to stick with him.

About this time he showed me a "stone floor." Most of the ground around our camp was covered with a heavy growth of grass; I would have said the surface soil was free of stones but the old man called my attention to three stones that marked the corners of an equilateral triangle which, when paced off, was four paces (12') on each side. Outside the

(Continued on page 51)

By S. E. (ED) BOGART

DAY of the BIG WHIRLWIND

KANSAS
WINONA

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Soddy, Western Kansas, early 1890s

Responsibility for three small children—with no near neighbors and not much grub and his Pa and Ma not due back till fall—that's a big order for a kid

THE SPRING of 1910 started off good with plenty of rain for pastures and crops. Later on, things started to dry up. There was nothing to do on the homestead, and no outside work to be had. Some of you may have lived through the summer of 1910 on the plains of western Kansas. If you did, you sure remember it.

We lived about seventeen miles northwest of Winona in Sherman County, in a two-room sod house. The rooms were ten by twelve feet on the inside. The north room was the bedroom, divided in two by a canvas curtain; the south room was the kitchen, dining room, and living room all in one. The walls were twelve inches thick, and we had no floors but the ground, packed hard and smooth. The bedroom had just one window, but the living room had two, one in the east and one in the west. Window and door frames were made of two by eight planks, held in place by wooden pegs driven into the sod walls. The roof was made of rough planks with tarpaper laid down and sod laid on that. We also had two other buildings of sod, one for the two horses and two cows, and one small one for chickens. My uncle and aunt lived one mile west of us on their homestead, and their buildings were almost identical to ours.

The men soon became restless and decided to go to Colorado and try to find work so there would be something to live on that winter. After talking it over, my mother and aunt wanted to go along with them. It was decided that we children would stay at home and look after the cows and chickens. I was eleven years old at the time, my sister nine, my brother seven, and little sister five. They took the twins (age one) with them. My uncle and aunt left one girl fourteen years old and four boys twelve, ten, eight, and six at home, taking the two smallest children along.

When they were ready to leave, my father and uncle had less than fifty cents between them, some salt, coffee and parched, ground barley, which they had to use for coffee at times, a quart can of lard, all that we had at that time, and maybe some flour or corn-meal, of that I am not sure. They had a twenty-two rifle with two boxes of shells, a thirty-eight revolver and some shells for it. Father took a spring-wagon with two seats, but with four grown-ups and four small children, blankets, cooking utensils, and the rest of the gear, it made quite a load.

THE FOLKS left in July. Yes, times have changed—parents now would be arrested for leaving their children like that, but we had been taught and raised to take care of ourselves, and they knew that no one would molest or harm us should someone come by. Our "neighbors" consisted of a post office in a small country store two and a half miles east of our place, two families about four miles northeast, a family three miles north, and an old man one-half mile west who lived in a dugout (but he was in jail at that time, which was not uncommon, as he had a hard time remembering what belonged to him and what was his neighbors', especially calves). Uncle's place was one-half mile beyond that, and I cannot remember of anyone living south of us, so you see we were not very crowded at that time.

Our family knew that there was very little chance of us getting hurt other than from snakebites, and we had been trained to be very careful of snakes after I had been bittten when six years old. We had no great fear of them, but a lot of

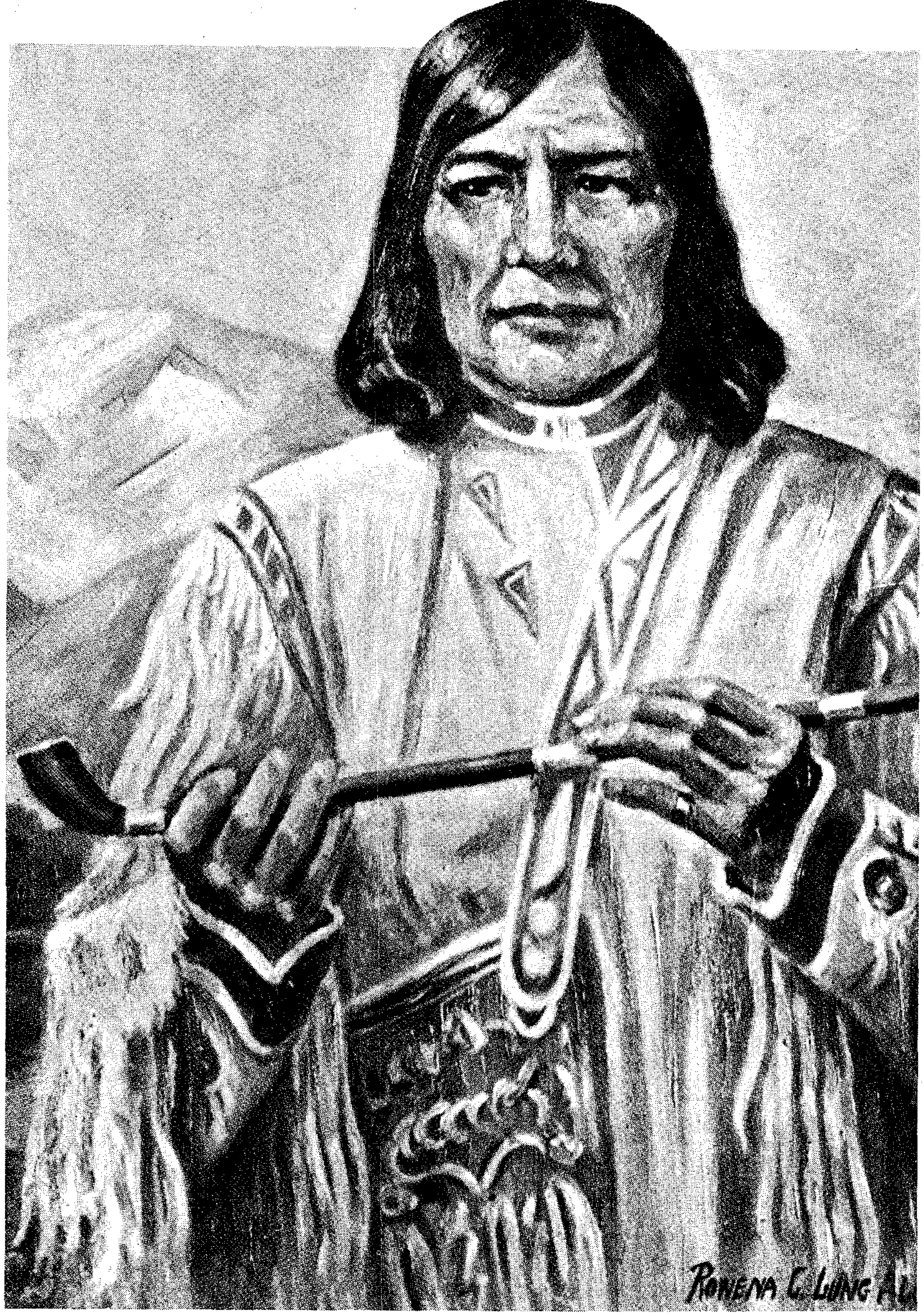
(Continued on page 43)

Four companies of Dragoons owed their lives to

The CHIEF

By ROWENA L. ALCORN
and GORDON D. ALCORN

Illustrations by Rowena L. Alcorn



Chief Timothy, first Nez Percé Indian Christian convert of Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding

FIVE dugout canoes carrying the Lewis and Clark Party, landed at the Indian village where Alpowa Creek joins the Snake River on October 11, 1805. There was great excitement among these Nez Percés for they had never before seen a white man.

Among the tribesmen who stared at William Clark's red hair and York's dusky skin, was five-year-old Ta-Moots-Tsoo who later became known as Chief Timothy. Ta-Moots-Tsoo never forgot that day. Until he died at age ninety-one, he was the white man's loyal friend—and that loyalty came high.

Twenty-two separate Bands comprised the Nez Percé Indian Nation, each ruled by one or two chieftains. They lived in what is now southeastern Washington, west and central Idaho and northeastern Oregon. This country is mainly plateau, gashed by deep canyons carved by the Snake, Clearwater, Grande Ronde, Salmon and the Imnaha Rivers. By 1831, Ta-Moots-Tsoo and Red Wolf were ruling together over the Alpowa Band.

Ta-Moots-Tsoo still remembered the book from which William Clark had read devotions. It seemed so important to him that when a Nez Percé Nation Council was held that year, he persuaded his people that they should seek this "Book Of Heaven." It was agreed that a delegation ought to be sent eastward to find Clark and ask for someone to come to tell the Nez Percés about it.

Chief Red Bear selected his own son, Black Eagle. Man-of-the-Morning, Rabbit-Skin-Leggings, and No-Horns-On-His-Head volunteered to accompany Black Eagle when they started off on that long journey the following spring.

At St. Louis, the eager Indians located Clark and tried to explain their mission.

Of the four who had started out, only Rabbit-Skin-Leggings survived to return and report to his people. The other three died of fever. Rabbit-Skin-Leggings met some of his tribesmen who were hunting buffalo, and informed them that he believed their trip had been a failure. He had gone on only a short distance when he encountered a war-party of Blackfeet, and in the fight that ensued, he was slain.

That request of the Nez Percés for a missionary had not gone unheeded, for in 1836, the Whitman-Spalding party started westward. Two days' ride from the Wyoming rendezvous, their wagontrain was met by the young Nez Percé chieftains, Tack-En-Suetis, and one later to become known as Chief Lawyer. Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding, the first white women to cross the Rockies, were a real sensation at the rendezvous. (There remained 600 grueling miles to go before they reached the end of their long journey.)

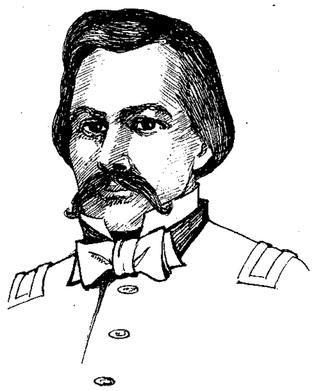
The Whitmans settled at Waiilatpu, "Place of Rye Grass," to work among the Cayuse Indians. The Spaldings went about ninety miles to the east for their missionary work among the Nez Percés. When they left Waiilatpu on November 22, 1836, there was an escort of 125 Nez Percés led by Chief Tack-En-Suetis. Twenty pack horses carried the possessions and provisions of the Spaldings.

Traveling along the ancient Indian highway, they stopped overnight at the Alpowa Village where Chief Ta-Moots-Tsoo greeted them warmly. Henry and Eliza Spalding arrived at Lapwai, "Valley Of the Butterflies," on November 29. (By a strange coincidence, it was to be eleven years later that the Whitmans were massacred on November 29, 1847.)

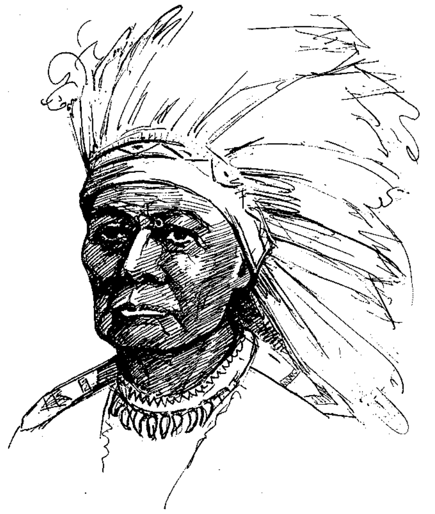
THREE WEEKS passed before the Spalding Mission home was completed. It was built of pine logs, some of which were carried for about three miles on the shoulders of the Indians. During this time Chief Ta-Moots-Tsoo came to the Lapwai Valley to visit the Spaldings. He even helped to put some of the logs in place there below "Thunder Hill," site of the Mission.

Two years later, in 1838, a second mission was completed. This one was located where Lapwai Creek empties into the Clearwater River. The first structure, used for a time by the Indians, was finally abandoned. At this second mission, the groundwork was laid for the State of Idaho. Spalding built the first grist mill, put in the first irrigation project, raised the first grain, and planted the first apple orchard.

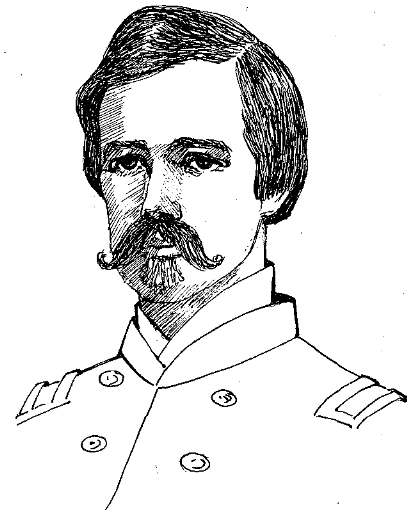
WHOSE HANDS WERE NEVER RED



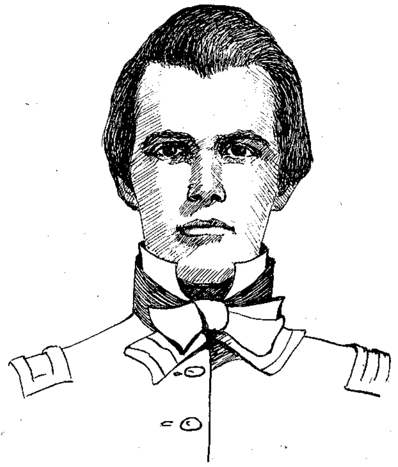
Colonel Edward J. Steptoe, Commandant of Fort Walla Walla



Couer D'Alene Chief Sel-Tice



Dr. J. F. Randolph, Surgeon with the Steptoe Expedition, 1858



Lieutenant William Gaston, Company E Dragoons

The Lapwai Valley was ruled by Chief Thunder Eyes, later known as Chief James, a signer of the 1855 Treaty. Other influential Nez Percé chieftains came from far away to pitch their tepees and learn about the white man's God. The Valley of the Butterflies became a popular place for the Nez Percés to visit. One of the leaders who came often was Chief Tu-Eka-Kas, head of the Wallowa Band from the Grande Ronde. Tu-Eka-Kas became a Christian in 1839 and was given the name of Joseph. It was his son, Young Joseph, who was involved in the Nez Percé War of 1877.

On July 17, 1839, responding to repeated invitations from Chief Tu-Eka-Kas to visit his home, Henry Spalding accepted. Chief Ta-Moots-Tsoo served as his guide, and although she was expecting a child soon, Ta-Moots-Tsoo's wife, Tamar, accompanied them. For their food, Ta-Moots-Tsoo shot wild game—a wolf, a black-tailed deer, and six goats. All of the meat was baked Indian fashion in a pit filled with hot rocks then covered with leaves and branches. "Even the wolf was tasty," noted Spalding in his diary.

It was mid-afternoon of July 25 when Tamar informed her husband that their child was about to be born. The party was delayed but a few hours, then the journey was resumed along the high ridges.

When Spalding saw the Wallowa Lake, he was almost overcome. Chief Tu-Eka-Kas informed him that he was the first white man to see this lovely place. (He named the lake after himself, but most historians seem to have overlooked this fact.)

On July 29, accompanied by Chief Tu-Eka-Kas and his wife, and Ta-Moots-Tsoo and Tamar, Spalding started back to Lapwai. That day a great forest fire was raging along high ridges of the Grande Ronde, and the air was filled with acrid smoke.

Although Ta-Moots-Tsoo had no doubt been largely responsible for the coming of the missionaries, he had not in three years come to the place where he had asked to be baptized. November 17, 1839 was a memorable Sunday for Rev. Spalding. On this day four Nez Percés accepted the Christian religion. They were Chief Ta-Moots-Tsoo and his wife Tamar and Chief Tu-Eka-Kas and his wife. Ta-Moots-Tsoo's name was changed to Timothy, and Tu-Eka-Kas' name became Joseph. Joseph's wife was given the name of Asenoth. Before Spalding would baptize them however, he insisted that both couples be married in a lawful ceremony.

On that day he became a Christian and the first Nez Percé convert, Chief Timothy cut off his long braids, and thereafter wore his hair hanging straight to his shoulders.

An entry in the Spalding diary notes that he baptized the infant son of Chief Joseph on April 12, 1840, giving him the name of Ephraim. This was, of course, Young Joseph, whom history has recorded as thirty-seven at the time of the Nez Percé War of 1877, a few years after he succeeded his father as head of the Wallowa Band.

CHIEF TIMOTHY had great affection for the Spaldings' small daughter, Eliza, and he often came to the mission to teach the child the Nez Percé language.

On July 25, 1841, three members of the Wilkes Maritime Expedition visited the Spaldings' mission: Pickering, Waldron and Breckenridge. Dr. Pickering was a botanist, and he was astonished at the fine crops that were being grown there with the help of the Christian Nez Percés. Timothy and Tamar were present at the time.

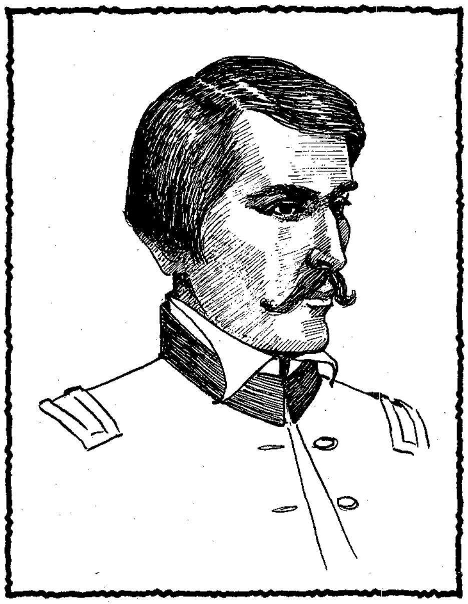
The visitors decided that they would like to return to Puget Sound by a different route than the way they had come, and asked Timothy if he would be their guide part of the way. It was Sunday, and Timothy flatly refused to travel on that day.

"This is the Sabbath and the Bible says this is the day of rest. We will go tomorrow morning."

Believing that their daughter could receive a better education at the Whitman mission, her father took Eliza Spalding there on November 22, 1847. This was one week before the massacre.

News of that tragedy reached Timothy's Alpowa Village within hours, and he went at once to Lapwai to protect Mrs. Spalding, because he was afraid she might be in grave danger.

Henry Spalding had made a miraculous escape from the Cayuses who tried to find him after they had killed the Whitmans. (Eliza Spalding, then ten years old, was spared, perhaps because she could speak Nez Percé.) Her father was on his way back from a trip across the Columbia and was returning to the Whitman mission, unaware of what had taken place there. When but a few miles away,



Capt. O. H. P. Taylor, Company C Dragoons

he was intercepted by a Catholic priest and warned to flee for his life.

Heading back to Lapwai, Spalding had stopped to rest his horse, when the animal ran off. He continued on foot and when his shoes grew too tight on his swollen feet, he threw them away. Hiding during the daylight, and walking at night, Spalding traveled ninety miles in three nights. That ordeal had been so terrible, he was recognized only by his long beard when he reached Lapwai.

Satisfied that the Spaldings were in no immediate danger, Chief Timothy accompanied by Chief Utes-Sen-Male-Kin went to the place where the Cayuse Indians were holding Eliza Spalding captive for ransom. Timothy threatened harsh punishment from the Nez Percé Nation if Eliza were not returned to him unharmed.

However, it was not until January 1, over a month after the massacre, that she was released to him. On that day, Henry Spalding arrived with fifty Nez Percés and they returned to Lapwai with Eliza. Chief Timothy had again proved his devotion to the missionaries.

Because of the Whitman murders, the Presbyterian work with the Indians was ended. The Spaldings were advised that they should close their mission and go to Oregon. Timothy was dismayed by the news, and asked if he could go with them to the place where they were to board a riverboat.

Before she departed, Mrs. Spalding gave Timothy a watercolor she had made as a memento of her appreciation for his loyalty. The red man wept as he assured her that he would carry her memory to his grave. He stood there beside the river, long after the boat carrying his friends disappeared around a bend. (Timothy never saw Mrs. Spalding again. She died on January 7, 1851.)

WASHINGTON'S Territorial Governor, Isaac Ingalls Stevens, called a Five-Tribe Treaty Council at Walla Walla for June, 1855. Cayuses, Walla Wallas, Yakimas, Umatillas and the Nez Percés were invited. Twenty-five hundred Nez Percés were the first to arrive, on May 24. They made an impressive sight as they advanced in a long, thin line on prancing Appaloosa horses. Chief Timothy was one of the twenty-eight chieftains dressed in their full regalia. Chief Lawyer carried a large American flag for their standard. Proudly, they came!

May 27 fell on Sunday, and the Stevens Party was invited by Chief Timothy to attend services in the Nez Percé encampment. Through an interpreter, they listened as Timothy preached that day on "The Ten Commandments."

"Missionary Spalding has done his work well," remarked Stevens.

Among the Nez Percé chieftains who signed a treaty with Stevens were Timothy, Joseph, Looking Glass, Red Wolf, Spotted Eagle, Plenty Bears, Red Bear (son of Red Bear who greeted Lewis and Clark), Eagle-from-the-Light, Three Feathers and James (Thunder Eyes).

At the close of the Councils, seven Nez Percé chieftains went with the Stevens Party as an honor guard. Four of them accompanied them all the way to Fort Benton: Three Feathers, Spotted Eagle and Looking Glass. Jo-Kias (called Capt. John) also went along. Jo-Kias was a famous scout.

The route took the Stevens Party by Timothy's Alpowa Village. Here, the chief proudly showed his frame house and the small Indian church which Spalding had helped him build in the 1840s. The visitors were impressed with the fenced fields of corn along the Snake River. It was a fine tribute to Timothy.

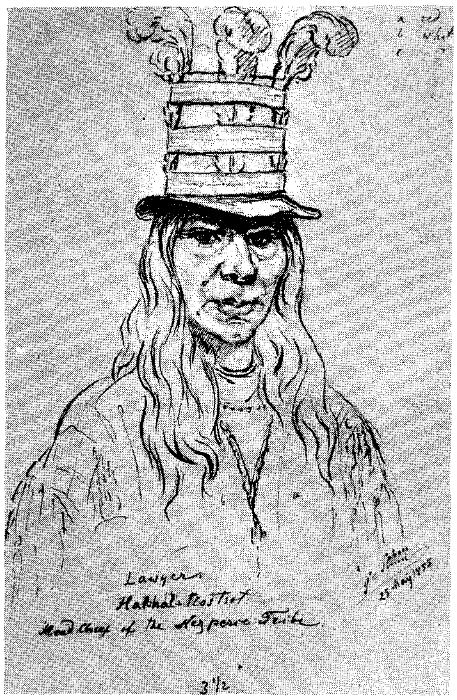
Treaties were signed by many other tribes but in 1858, before three years had passed, war drums were beating to the north among the Palouses, Yakimas, Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes. Two Canadian miners were murdered by Indians near Colville and in April, Colonel Edward J. Steptoe, Commandant of Fort Walla Walla, received repeated appeals from the settlers in that area to have military protection.

Some army stock had been stolen by Cayuse Indians, and so Steptoe decided to find the thieves, and then march on to Colville. Fort Walla Walla was built in the fall of 1856 at the old Hudson's Bay Trading Post, and troops stationed there in 1858 were four companies of the First Dragoons. Brevet Capt. Oliver H. P. Taylor had just returned with the army horses which had been wintered at Fort Vancouver.

On May 6, leaving Capt. F. T. Dent in command of a token force at the Fort, Steptoe started his march north. The expedition consisted of 152 enlisted men and 6 officers. Capt. C. S. Winder was in charge of Company E, Ninth Infantry mounted, with the two howitzers. Capt. Taylor and Lt. James Wheeler were in command of Company C Dragoons. Lt. William Gaston commanded Company E, and Lt. David Gregg, Company H. Lt. H. B. Fleming was Quartermaster and Subsistance Officer, and Dr. J. F. Randolph was the surgeon.

Colonel Steptoe decided to take the longer route via the Alpowa Village and ford the Snake River at Red Wolf's Crossing. Chief Timothy informed Steptoe that he had seen a number of Cayuse Indians lurking up above the river and, aware of their extreme danger, offered to accompany the expedition to Colville. Steptoe accepted.

The Nez Percé chief asked if he might bring along several young braves from his village. Among them were his son, Edward Timothy, Geese-Feather-Blanket, and Sheared Wolf. The last two were known to the whites as Simon and Levi.



Chief Lawyer. Sketch was made at the 1855 Treaty Council at Walla Walla by Gustave Sohon.

The troops were ferried across the river in dugouts, while young Nez Percé youths swam among the army horses to guide them safely across the Snake, now swollen with spring freshets. As the military column wound slowly through the steep ravine, since that time known as Steptoe Canyon, Timothy in the lead observed furtive smoke signals on the cliffs above. This he reported at once to Steptoe.

When they reached the summit of the plateau, the hostiles were nowhere in sight. The weather was pleasant and the days were long, so the march began with the men in high spirits. Their fears of an attack seem to have faded by Saturday evening, May 15, when they made a camp beside the Ingossomen (Pine Creek). This stream was known to the Nez Percés as Lah-Tan-Mah and to the Spokanes as Te-Hots-Nim-Me.

The next morning Chief Timothy held a Christian service for his Indian companions before the day's march began. They were passing west of Pyramid Peak (since known as Steptoe Butte) when Timothy's sharp eyes detected several puffs of smoke from its summit. They were being watched closely!

ACCORDING to Steptoe's official report of what happened next: ". . . We found ourselves in the presence of ten or twelve hundred Indians of various tribes, Spokanes, Palouses, Coeur d'Alenes, Yakimas and others, all painted and defiant. I moved slowly on till just about to enter a ravine that wound around the base of several hills, all crowned with excited savages. Perceiving that it was their intention to attack us in this dangerous place, I turned aside and encamped; the whole frenzied mass moving parallel to us, and by yells, taunts and menaces apparently trying to drive us to some initiatory act of violence."

A hasty conference with Chief Timothy had informed Steptoe that a small lake about one mile west would afford a better place for defense in case of attack. (This is Williams Lake.) When they arrived there the situation was so explosive that the men were ordered to stay in their saddles. Two hours passed before they were allowed to dismount.

The Indians had suddenly withdrawn, so camp was made. The troopers ate a cold supper. Just before sundown four young, painted warriors strode insolently into the army camp. Gaston had a Negro aide, and obviously the braves had never seen a black man before. They went over to him and touched his hands and then pulled at his hair.

When Timothy saw this, he stepped over and spoke sharply to them in their own language, whereupon they ran to their ponies and rode off. As they went, one of them yelled defiantly in English, "This is Sunday—tomorrow we fight!"

A dispatch to Capt. Dent back at Fort Walla Walla was sent by Steptoe in care of young Edward Timothy, who was instructed by his father to "ride as the wind" by their shortcut to the Snake. Chances that the scout would make it were slim. After it grew dark, he set off on his mission to bring reinforcements.

Before dawn the military column was on the return march, knowing they were in grave peril. In the lead were the Company H Dragoons. Gaston's Company E brought up the rear behind the pack mules. About 1,000 yards separated these two companies.

They had gone only three miles when the Indians attacked. Pack animals, frightened by the shooting, ran off, spilling their loads.

Again and again the Indians swept down to attack as the column kept moving slowly forward, attempting to reach Pine Creek where they would have water and some protection for a stand. It soon became obvious that they could not quite reach the stream, so they raced for the highest ridge just ahead. Before they mounted it, Gaston was slain, and Taylor was shot through the neck. Carried by his men on up the hill, Dr. Randolph tried in vain to save Taylor's life.

The two howitzers were put in place. Several onslaughts were repulsed that afternoon, during which Alfred Barnes, Charles Harnish and James Crozet were killed. Six men were slightly wounded, and Victor DeMoy and William C. Williams were gravely wounded.

The water supply was soon exhausted, and everyone, especially the disabled, suffered from thirst. Their situation was indeed desperate when it was found that barely two rounds of ammunition remained per man.

Chief Timothy knew the country well, and when it grew dark enough, he slipped quietly away to reconnoiter. To his surprise he found a narrow gully which for some reason was not being guarded. When he reported this to Colonel Steptoe, a hasty conference was held with the officers. (Later in his report of that night he wrote, "Not an officer doubted that we would be overwhelmed with the first rush of the enemy upon our position in the morning. . . . It was necessary to relieve ourselves of all encumbrances and fly.")

Chief Timothy advised that they spike and bury the two howitzers, after which he led horses over the place to thoroughly trample the earth. The bodies of Taylor, Crozet, Harnish and Barnes were buried, but Gaston's body was too far down the hill to recover without being detected, so they had to leave him there where he had fallen.

Timothy supervised the preparations for escape. All things which might make any noise from uniforms or packs were carefully removed. The wounded men were strapped on blanketed horses, and now they were ready. It was ten o'clock.

There was no moon the night of May 17 as the silent procession, headed by Chief Timothy, led their horses into the weed and rock-choked cleft in the ridge. Tense, for fear a horse might neigh or a rolling stone might give them away, they proceeded cautiously as the gully twisted and turned and finally opened out onto the gently rolling country below.

Only then would Timothy agree that now they could mount their horses and ride on as fast as possible, knowing that they would surely be pursued. (Later the troopers heard that at midnight the hostiles rushed the ridge only to find them gone. They had set off in pursuit, but two hours was enough head start that the Indians could not overtake them.) Stopping only long enough to rest their mounts, Steptoe's men, led by Chief Timothy over a secret route, made an eighty-five-mile dash to the Snake River. On the way, Victor DeMoy, in too great pain, had to be left behind at his request. His gun and bedroll were placed under him. Not long after this, William Williams also dropped by the wayside. Sadly, the troops rode on in their desperate flight that night.

At precisely 10 o'clock the next evening, the exhausted men filed down the winding, steep canyon to the bank of the Snake River at Red Wolf's Crossing. Although Timothy informed Steptoe that they should try to ford the river that night, the men were in such a pitiable condition it seemed impossible. So Timothy sent several of his scouts to the high cliffs to guard over the soldiers until daylight. Faithful Timothy.

MEMBERS of the Alpowa Village came over with camas and salmon to feed the famished men; and the women, including Timothy's daughter Jane and his wife Tamar, dressed their wounds. The following morning just after dawn the ferrying began, and by noon all were safe on the other side of the Snake. A few of the horses, however, worn from the strain of that long ride, were carried downstream and drowned.

Timothy had ordered a feast to be prepared for the troops, and several beeves were barbecued and ready when the men arrived at his village. Next day the military column began the march back to Fort Walla Walla. While they were making a noon stop, Capt. Dent rode up. Edward Timothy had made it safely through the enemy encirclement and had delivered the dispatch. Dent was shocked when he heard the story of the ill-fated expedition, and learned that Capt. Taylor and Lt. Gaston were dead.

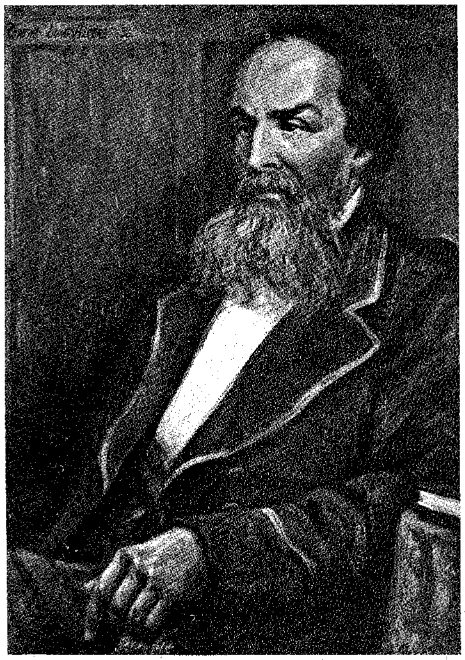
Shortly after, Chief Lawyer rode up with about seventy-five Nez Percé warriors, carrying an American flag.

Lawyer urged Steptoe to return with him so they "could punish those Northern Tribes." This was, of course, impossible.

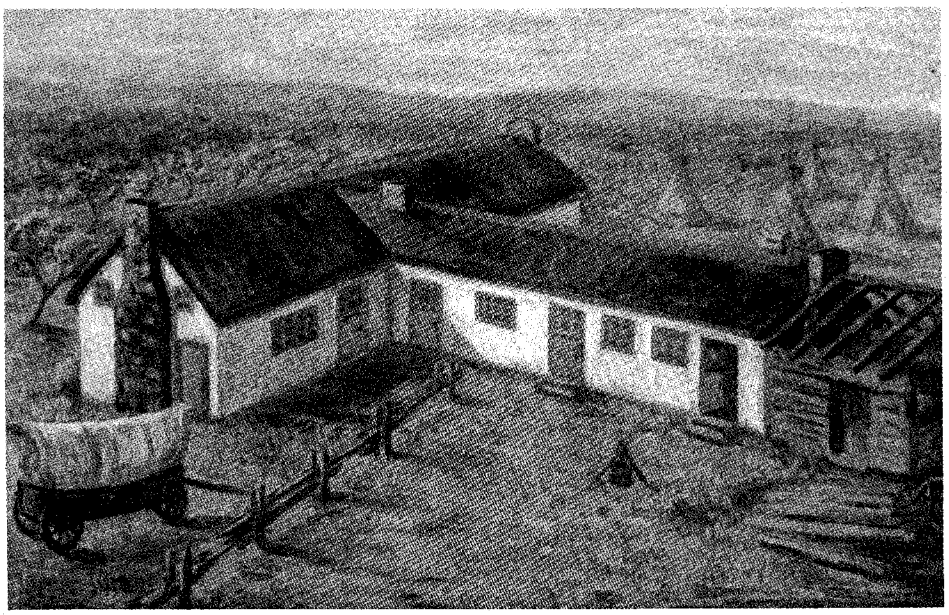
When Steptoe sent off his official report to his superior officer, W. E. Mackall, Assistant Adjutant General, U.S. Army, San Francisco, incredibly he made no mention that Chief Timothy had saved their lives by leading his men out of the entrapment.

Edward J. Steptoe was a man of high integrity. It was unlikely he made this omission in his report deliberately. Dr. Randolph had found it necessary to assist Steptoe in mounting his horse when-

(Continued on page 57)



Two paintaings by Rowena Lung Alcorn. Above, Henry Harmon Spalding. Below, the Whitman home at Waiilatpu as it may have appeared in 1847. The picture was painted from the floor plan drawn by Narcissa Whitman in a letter to her mother.



LOST METEOR

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Meteor Crater Enterprises, Inc.

Sheriff's Office, Navajo County

Above, aerial view of Meteor Crater. At right, part of the remains tentatively identified as those of Cannon. Shot twice in the back of the head, one bullet penetrated the forehead.

NOT LONG AGO the company cutting meteorite iron to fabricate jewelry for Meteor Crater Enterprises, Inc., struck a diamond 6 centimeters thick and weighing 100 carats. It is the largest diamond known to have been recovered from fragments of a meteorite.

There was no public announcement at the time. The official information came to me from the company manager, Foster Thompson, at the world's largest perfectly preserved meteor crater. It is situated in north-central Arizona twenty-two miles west of Winslow. The secret of the diamond had been kept meticulously, but Foster merely confirmed what I already knew. The information reached me from treasure hunters, who have a mysterious infallibility for learning almost instantly that which interests them most. In this instance it is several large caches of diamonds they have hunted over the years. Thereby hangs the story of Dolph Cannon, the man who secretly put away his gatherings of more than three decades.

Supposedly the "Dolph" was short for Adolph. But it is not even certain that his surname was Cannon. He began his Arizona career as a mystery man, and his final end perpetuated the enigma.

Scientists estimate that about 22,000 years ago a huge meteor, weighing more than a million pounds, struck the Coconino Plateau from the north. A violent explosion occurred as it drove through horizontal sedimentary rock for a mile. Today the eroded, almost round crater is 4,000 feet across and 570 deep. As the meteor disintegrated, fragments were hurled generously over an area two and a half miles in diameter. Some went even farther. Pieces have been found at Payson to the south, fifty miles distant.

The metallic fragments are composed of iron sulphide and phosphide of nickel, some platinum, copper, chronium, cobalt, carbon, and lesser amounts of silver and gold. Iron constitutes about 90 percent of the heavy pieces. Terrific heat turned some of the carbon into diamonds. Microscopic gems were found from earliest times when the crater was believed to have been volcanic in origin.

THE CRATER was discovered early in Arizona history. A. F. Banta first saw it in 1861, naming it Franklin's Hole for himself. He then used the alias of Charles Franklin. By 1883 it was widely known as Coon Mountain. Eventually it was identified by meteoric material, rusted iron particles, and was renamed Meteor Crater. It is known today as Barringer Meteorite Crater.

Daniel M. Barringer, Philadelphia mining engineer, acquired the surrounding land in 1902. He began extensive drilling exploration, attempting to locate the buried meteorite, and was active in this work until his death in 1929.

Because of the tiny diamonds, many men believed that larger ones might be found. The nickel iron was also valuable. Estimates have been made that the main body of the meteorite is worth as much as twenty million dollars. To date the larger body, or bodies, for it may have broken up, have not been located conclusively.

The first old-timers to gather fragments of meteoric iron thought the diamonds were mica, which they called isinglass. When definitely established as diamonds during the 1890s, a small stampede ensued. Meteor fragments were hauled out by the wagonload. Everybody expected to get rich selling them. This bubble burst quickly. No way existed to determine if diamonds were in the dark red, rusty looking, unwieldy pieces without cutting them. Those that were cut seldom revealed even a microscopic gem stone.

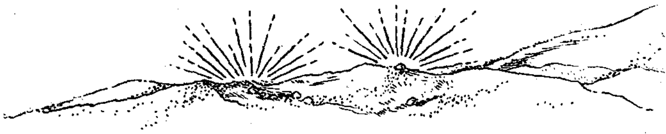
However, the meteoric iron brought good money as a curio. When cut, it also took a high polish and could be made into jewelry for still more profit. During the 1890s Fred W. Volz, trader at nearby Canyon Diablo station on the railroad, shipped it by carloads. He hired Mexicans with wagons to gather and bring it to him. His wholesaling glutted the market, and fragments of meteoric iron became almost valueless until the 1930s.

There was one man who arrived on the scene early, and spent the rest of his life gathering meteorite diamonds. This was Cannon, a small man five feet five inches tall and slightly bent. Along about 1885 cowboys from the various outfits in the region began to notice him plodding along in the crater country day after day. Sheepherders came into more frequent contact with him, but they also could never get close. None had any idea where he came from into the Coconino Plateau. Distinctly uncommunicative, he was almost antisocial.

We school kids in Winslow often watched his ragged form on his rare visits to town prior to World War I. Long known as the "diamond hunting man," he was shaggy headed, wore a tobacco stained beard reaching to his shirt front and had unusually pale blue eyes.

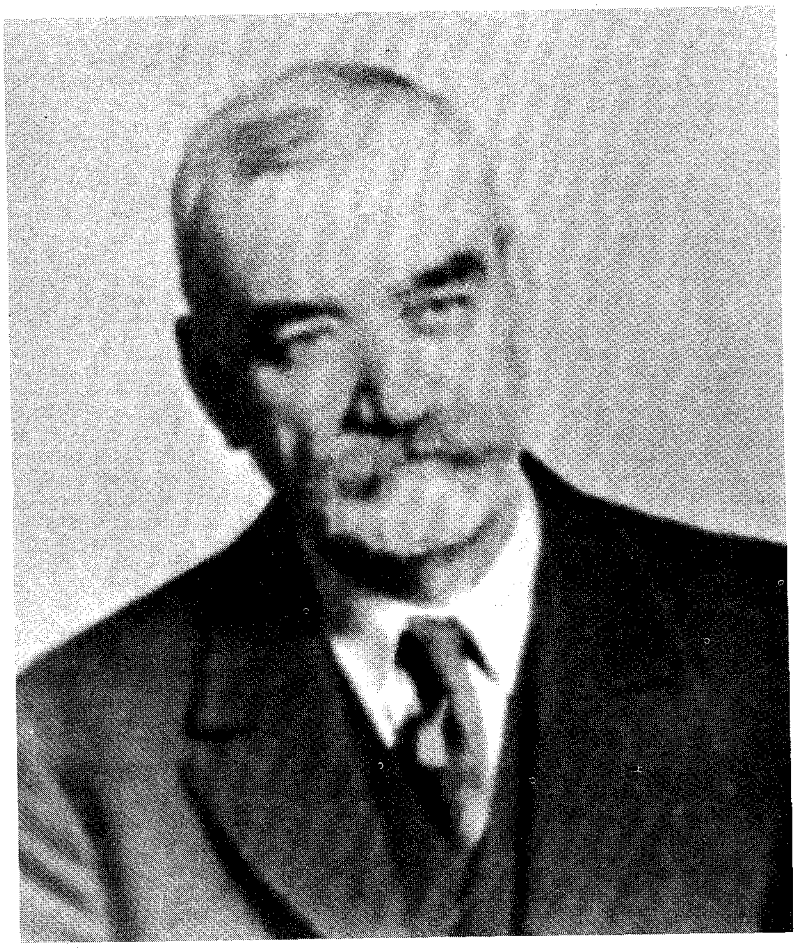
Whispered rumor held that he possessed an uncanny ability to find diamonds in meteoric material. The solid fragments containing diamonds, and loose stones he could get them out of, were alleged to be packratted in many secret places. He was reputed to have "several million dollars" worth of cached stones.

The mystery man was a walker. He rode neither of the burros which were with him on his infrequent trips to town for supplies. In those years his trading was done only at the store of my uncles, Richardson Brothers and E.



DIAMONDS

If Dolph Cannon really did what folks suspected he did, then his gatherings of many years are hidden in neat little piles along Canyon Diablo



This is the picture of Dolph Cannon found in the wallet lying near the murdered man's bones.

J. Marty, retailers and wholesalers. The source of his money was a never fathomed secret. Paying cash, he always carried a big roll of currency. He got no mail and never cashed any checks. Yet the old man, then surely seventy years old, always came in each time with the same size wad of money. This lent support to a belief that he entered the Meteor Crater country with a hoard of money from which his pocket supply was replenished. In turn many were convinced he had buried wealth in addition to cached diamonds.

Once an uncle suggested that he must be packing close to three thousand dollars. Unless he were careful some hardcase might kill him for it. Cannon merely blinked his eyes, never saying a word.

MY UNCLE'S big store was then on what was the extreme western edge of town. Seldom did Cannon go on downtown. Leaving his burros against the blind wall, he entered and bought supplies quickly. He could write after a fashion, invariably handing over a list of his needs scrawled on a piece of brown wrapping paper. The list consisted principally of flour, lard, chewing tobacco, coffee, dry beans, sugar and salt. Sometimes .30-30 rifle cartridges were included, as his meat was always wild game. When his order was filled, he packed it out to load on the burros and returned to the plateau country.

My grandfather often tried to engage him in conversation. Much to his frustration he seldom got as much as a grunt from Cannon. I usually helped him carry his grub outside to the burros. Near the end of this process he would lag behind. When the last sack of flour was on the burros, his old eyes would take on a shine. From one ragged coat pocket he would then hand me a nickel's worth of red striped candy in a paper sack.

The most I ever heard him say was his usual parting speech, "Wal, gotta hit the grit!"

Rangemen and woodhaulers from the timbered section of the plateau said he was "nuts." This I never believed. He wasn't even odd in his ways. But he was labeled a crazy man who had set out to corner the world's diamond market as soon as he had picked up all those lying around.

Cowboys and sheepherders saw him on their rounds. Knowing every square yard of the area around Meteor Crater, and especially the nearby fastnesses of Canyon Diablo, he could disappear quickly, burros and all. Most of his searches were conducted just south of the crater, inside the blanket of cedar timber.

Quite often he was watched from a distance, out of curiosity. He roved around hunting fragments of the exploded meteor. His gatherings were oxidized material and small, flat metal pieces. On picking them up he examined each quickly. Most were dropped right back into the grass. But he would also find a specimen with a visible diamond or diamonds. This piece was dropped into a pannier on one of the burros, always grazing at his heels.

It has been said that no stony meteorites are found in the area. Yet Cannon gathered up many of them, according to those who spied on him. Interlaced with iron, they could still be broken up. It was believed that Cannon got most of his diamonds from them. They were thrown into the panniers along with the meteoric iron and packed to whatever place he happened to be camping. The stony fragments were pounded apart there, and rough diamonds recovered. Many piles of this refuse were found.

The beginnings of Canyon Diablo are shallow, but the main body is 250 feet deep. There are many caves in the limestone walls and Cannon lived in several of them.

One sunny day in late October, 1914, Ralph George, a Flagstaff businessman, was hunting deer in the cedars. Startled to hear a steady pounding, he approached the flat rim. The canyon at that point was narrow. Sitting before a cave, Cannon was breaking up pieces of stone and metal with a hammer.

George watched him search the debris carefully, picking up white objects which he placed in a buckskin bag. Interested, he observed the old man for over an hour. Occasionally Cannon held one up against the sun between thumb and forefinger. On returning to Flagstaff George swore that some were as large as dimes and quarters.

INSTEAD of being microscopic, diamonds that large? Some people gave the matter considerable speculation. One of them was the lost-mine hunter, George McCormick. Geologists had long assured him no such diamonds were to be found in meteorite substances.

George wasn't interested in diamonds. For years he had explored the several canyons on the plateau, notably Walnut and Padre, and had been in Diablo a number of times. He suspected Cannon was after something else—possibly the train robbers' loot from the Canyon Diablo station holdup of 1889, or maybe some other lost treasure he alone knew about.

In between mining and prospecting McCormick got out great black walnut burls and onyx from the canyons. Both brought a good price when shipped to Los Angeles. Several times he made a respectable stake that way, enough to maintain his family and keep on hunting elusive valuables.

But diamonds? Puzzled wonder got the better of him. Packing one mule and riding another, he made a secret camp in the cedars near where Cannon usually worked. Locating him on the second day

Indian Miller, from a photo that appeared in *Progressive Arizona Magazine*

in the open, he rode out. In appearance he might have been a range riding cowboy.

McCormick was close before the old man saw him. There was no hole handy to vanish into; no place to hide. Going over to the nearest burro he leaned against the jack and waited.

An engaging man of pleasant personality, the burly McCormick rode up and said, "Hello. Nice day, ain't it?"

Not blinking so much as an eye or admitting George's presence, Cannon chewed a cud of tobacco steadily. After repeated tries to get him talking, McCormick shrugged his shoulders. But he made no move to leave. Thereupon Cannon produced a long barreled six-gun suddenly from the jack's pannier and waved him on.

Rounding out after riding on north, McCormick returned to his camp. He was a skilled woodsman and desert tracker, and was determined to trace the old man to his lair. Yet it took him a week to locate Cannon's shallow cave in the side of upper Canyon Diablo.

Cannon sat out on a ledge breaking up a pile of rocks. Frequently he paused, picking out some tiny object and putting it in a buckskin pouch. McCormick was not close enough to determine what the objects were.

The following morning Cannon gathered in his two burros grazing on the canyon floor, put on pack saddles and dropped the panniers into place. When he was well gone, McCormick slipped down into the canyon to the cave. The broken up piles of stones were a dull brownish color, with metal laced through the solid pieces. Cannon's hammer had been unable to even dent them. Thousands of the same kind were scattered over the plateau. McCormick considered them nothing more than waste.

Entering the cave he found a pile of stored provisions and a deer carcass hanging to a peg driven into the wall strata. Probing beneath a smelly bedroll he found something hard beneath the dry grass padding on the rock floor. It proved to be a buckskin pouch filled with rough diamonds. The largest ones were no bigger than a grain of corn.

Replacing the poke he brushed out his sign all the way across the canyon and out. Not until after Cannon's unsolved death did he mention the incident.

A report of his possible hoard, certainly great since he had been picking up the gem stones so many years, would surely bring in ruthless men. He wanted the harmless old man left alone. The diamonds might actually be worth something, at least as commercial stones for use in drills.

Two days later George discovered two hardcases lurking in the cedar forest. He recognized them as men who had done time in the state penitentiary for robbery. They were watched while trying to follow Cannon to his hideout. The diamond story certainly had drawn them there for no good purpose.

The hardcases failed to detect Cannon anywhere that day. Slipping close to their night camp McCormick sent four rifle bullets over where they lay prone in blankets. Retreating, he came in on the side. By that time both had saddled. Without pausing to grab equipment they took off toward Flagstaff in a hard run.

The next day McCormick rode into the open plateau where Cannon pursued his endless quest. Again caught without a chance to hide, the old man leaned against the burro where his gun was kept handy.

Riding directly to him McCormick reported the two hardcases, warning that even if they did not return, others might. Then he offered matter of factly, that if and when Cannon wanted to sell any diamonds, he would put him in touch with a buyer in Los Angeles. Cannon ignored him as though he weren't around, uttering not one word.

After McCormick rode off, the old man apparently heeded the warning. For some weeks he confined his searching to the cover of the cedar forest.

IN THE FALL of 1917 my school chum, Melvin Rushing, and I went rabbit hunting with .22s on the Little Colorado River east of Winslow. Toward sundown we came out of a brushy draw next to the river. Only a thin stream of water coursed the main channel. On the far low bank Cannon stood without a burro in sight, watching us.

'There's the diamond hunting man!" exclaimed Melvin.

That he appeared in that particular spot surprised me. Cannon was out of his territory. Never before had he been reported on that side of town. He just stood there, not replying in any way to our arm waves, a motionless old man, seemingly out of a dead frontier past. That was the last time I ever saw him.

At the end of the next summer I was sent to school in another state. On returning to Winslow after the school year of 1921, I asked an uncle at the store when he had seen Cannon last. He looked surprised for a moment.

"Come of think about it, he hasn't been here for two years. No one has seen him."

At Melvin's home that night he confirmed that the old man had apparently disappeared. His father hauled cedar wood from the area Cannon frequented, yet had not seen him for a long time. People generally supposed that at last he had moved on. A few considered it possible that he died of natural causes in some remote cave. Still, no one, not even the sheepherders, reported having noticed his burros anywhere around loose on the plateau.

In 1925 Harry (Indian) Miller operated an animal farm as a tourist attraction on the Old Trails Highway (U. S. 66). It was at Two Guns on Canyon Diablo across from Meteor Crater. Navajo Indians told him that two very fat burros were located in the upper canyon. According to them they had ranged in one place for years. Miller went there and brought them out. He wasn't there during Cannon's time but had heard much about him. The burros, he decided, belonged to the old man.

Since Cannon's disappearance, stories about his diamond caches had grown weirdly impossible. The scoffers claimed any he might have put away were valueless. Others who purportedly saw pouches of them in his possession swore he must have buried several millions worth. Interested, Miller searched the canyon upstream to the beginning defiles, finding at least twelve caves showing evidence of having been lived in. He also located the rotting pack saddles and panniers, but he found no evidence of a diamond cache, and none whatever of Cannon.

It was about this time that McCormick gave more substance to the tales that the old man really had diamonds. Of course get-rich-quickers hurried to Canyon Diablo, giving it a thorough search. One of them found a human skull. For some reason he deposited it on a pyramid of rocks at the bend where the dirt highway swung sharply northeast to Two Guns. For several years it was believed to be that of Cannon. No other bones were with it. This led to a theory that some wild animal carried it to where it was found, close to the old canyon crossing. This was once a stage road between Flagstaff and Winslow.

A GOOD MANY strange characters slipped into the plateau area hunting Cannon's supposedly buried wealth. One midnight in August, 1928, one of them staggered into a Pitchfork cowcamp on Jack's Canyon, ten miles south

George McCormick, who knew more concerning Cannon and his diamonds than anyone else

of Winslow. He was fatally wounded, shot three times, and his clothing was a drying, bloody mess.

According to his painfully whispered words, he and a partner had found a cache of Cannon's diamonds. Suddenly his partner seemed to go crazy, opening fire on him from behind with a rifle. Shot down, the intended victim managed to crawl to his gun in a bedroll. He then killed his treacherous companion.

After he died that night, the cowboys found a buckskin pouch half filled with small rough stones in a pants hip pocket. They were in town by early morning to report the stranger's death. When Black's jewelry store opened, the owner informed them the stones were almost all flawless diamonds. Elated, they took the first train to Los Angeles, not waiting to appear before the coroner's jury. They never returned to Winslow. To this day no one knows what became of them or how much money the diamonds brought.

That same day Roy Potter, the Pitchfork manager, took officers to the Jack's Canyon camp to get the body. The stranger carried no identification. Experts backtracked him some five miles before losing all sign. Thereafter, searching riders fanned out but never found a second dead man, riding stock or a campsite. At this juncture a dispute arose as to whether the supposed killing took place in Coconino or Navajo County. Lawmen in both counties were reluctant to assume jurisdiction. As a result nothing more was done.

When Black told about the diamonds, a score of searchers went in looking around. They found nothing.

The following year a gravel hauler reported scattered human bones and pieces of clothing on the east side of the Little Colorado River from Winslow. They were in a bowl shaped depression, about opposite where Melvin and I saw Cannon back in 1917. The skull had two bullet holes in it, the victim seemingly shot while lying down. Protected from the weather under a flat rock in the hole was a leather wallet. It contained only a folded sheet of paper and a three by four inch picture of a man. The mug shot was identified as Cannon. Obviously it had been made long years before his unexplained disappearance. Navajo County Deputy Sheriff Bill Rudd concluded from other witnesses and his own identification that the skeleton was Cannon's. Two doctors declared the victim had been dead a little less than ten years, and was between seventy-five and eighty years of age.

But what could Cannon have been doing there, at least twenty-five miles from his burros? For that matter, why was he where Melvin and I saw him eleven years before? These were just added mystery to the old man's life and death.

Rudd, an Arizona pioneer, was still puzzled over the case in 1941 when he gave me Cannon's picture appearing with this story. He had a theory that Cannon had been seized by at least two men. Taken to this remote place he had been tortured in an effort to make him reveal the location of his hidden diamonds. Failing, they shot him in frustration while he was asleep. Rudd always believed he was brought that close to town because the slayers lived in Winslow.

THE TWO GUNS property came into my family's possession in 1950. In 1958 I ran the Indian trading post there. One day off the highway a man appeared who loitered around visiting. He divulged that in his youth he worked for Indian Miller helping put in the stone buildings.

He also said that he searched Canyon Diablo with Miller, and that Miller found diamonds and sold them. This seemed to be confirmation of rumors I had long heard.

According to him, one day a Navajo Indian showed Miller a handful of "quartz crystals." At least the Indian thought they were. Miller bought them for 10c apiece, asking where they were found. When told, he appeared to be on pins and needles until he was able to take off the next morning. According to this man, they walked up Canyon Diablo at least seven miles, well above the old stage road crossing. On the site directed to they located two small caves, four to six feet deep. Miller told him to climb into one while he searched the other.

The man found nothing in his cave, and climbed into the other one. He moved in quietly, seeing Miller hastily shove white stones of varying size into a pants pocket. In debris on the stone floor were pieces of several rotted drawstring buckskin pouches. They apparently had been long concealed in a hole between two layers of stone. The camouflaging plaster once covering it had broken out with time.

When asked what luck he had had, Miller replied crossly, "Found some more quartz crystals. This must be a sacred place where Indians deposit them to their gods."

He searched longer, but found no more. The man himself located one fragment of deer skin to which adhered several gem stones the size of a match head. These he purloined, pocketing them. Despite what Miller said, he did not believe them to be quartz crystals because they were not six sided. Eventually he carried them home to Cincinnati, Ohio, where a jeweler told him they were diamonds worth about $10 each.

The search for Cannon's lost diamonds practically ended during the 1930s. At this period many people trespassed on the Barringer property to pick up meteorites. They were sold up and down the transcontinental highway at tourist stops. This lucrative trade ended in 1939. Magnetic machines were run over the area around Meteor Crater gathering up all stray pieces of nickel iron. Large ones were found as deep as four inches under the top-soil.

The summer of 1940 two middle-aged Mexicans came to Flagstaff, allegedly from Phoenix. One talked in a whiskey row bar, saying he and his partner had a direct lead to a cache of diamonds in Canyon Diablo. Beyond that he explained no more before the pair pulled out on their search. Neither man returned to Flagstaff.

The following late spring a sheepherder reported the decaying body of a Mexican just inside the cedar timber belt south of Meteor Crater. Deputy Sheriff Charles J. Halliday was assigned the case. He found the remains dismembered by wild animals and scattered around. Scraps of clothing littered the ground at what had once been a dry camp. Some skin, upper lip mustache and hair remained on the skull. The entire forehead had been beaten in with some hammer-like instrument.

It was obviously murder, and was given much investigative work. The victim was tentatively identified as the talkative Mexican who asserted he and a partner were going for diamonds. Not identified by a name, and with the missing partner never located, the case was closed.

Those few who remembered Cannon's years of searching were certain the two did find some diamonds. One partner killed the other to possess them all. This had happened once before.

People who knew the Cannon story, which had become a legend, and those who hunted his secret caches on a surething "clue," faded out of the picture. The whispered lost diamond account grew out of all proportion to the facts.

The three years I ran Two Guns trading post small groups of two or four hunted Canyon Diablo and side canyons the summers long. Parking their cars, they would disappear into the defile toting shovels and picks. At sundown they would hoof back, thirsty and worn out. Entering the post they refreshed themselves with coffee, soft drinks and beer.

When I asked casually, "Hunting for the train robbery loot, fellows?" most would look startled. Some replied vaguely, "Oh, yeah. Supposed to be buried some place around here." Actually, none of these newcomers had ever heard of the 1889 express car robbery.

Now and then a few would grin feebly, admitting they were after nebulous gems

(Continued on page 49)

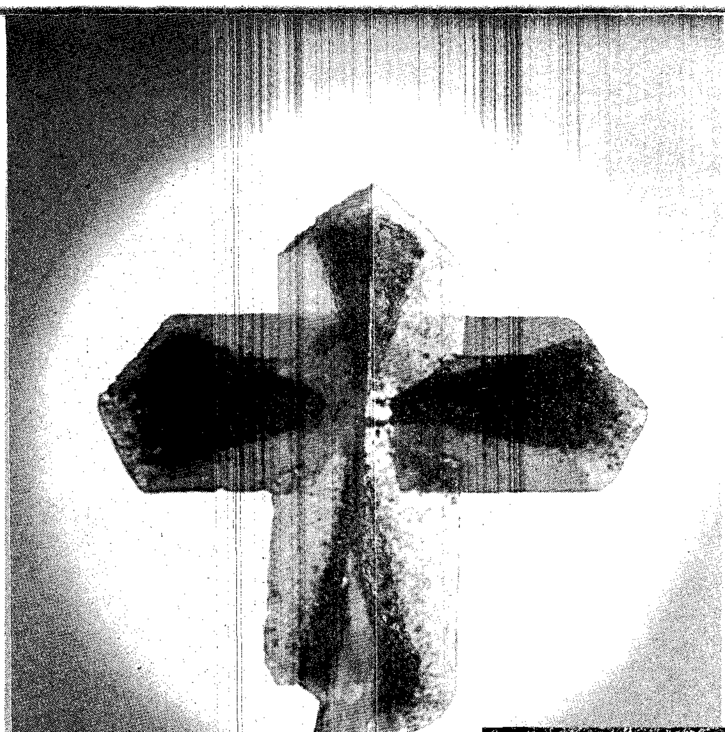
The Winslow store where Cannon bought all his supplies

RICHARDSON
BROS.&MARTY
WHOLESALE
WHOLESALE
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
INDIAN TRADERS SUPPLIES
INDIAN
CURIOS
NAVAJO
RUGS

The GREAT SALINES of

By C. L. PACKER

Fortunate that Nature spread salt with a liberal hand, for men would have slain each other for it as quickly as for gold



Courtesy Jim Slack, Tulsa

Courtesy Author

Above left, "hour glass" selenite gypsum crystal from the salt plains of Oklahoma, said to be found no other place in the world. Above, salt spring on McQuaid Ranch in Colorado.

SUNRAYS streaked the freshness of the morning sky over the high country to the east as a band of Utes jogged westward. At dawn they had mounted their ponies and left their overnight camp in the shelter of low bluffs on the western edge of Wilkerson Pass. Two days before, the band had departed from the main body of Utes at their encampment in the Garden of the Gods where they had spent the winter.

The first day out had been hard on their ponies as they climbed Ute Pass. The next day the going was easier when they leveled out on the high tableland at the top. It was beautiful weather during the early summer days. Off to the left Pikes Peak dominated the landscape. Ahead were stretches of pine timber and prairie land. The gradual ascent of Wilkerson Pass was much easier than the climb up Ute.

On the third day the long shadows which stretched far ahead of their ponies grew shorter as the band moved steadily down the miles of gentle slope where piñon-speckled hills pushed above the high prairie bordering the South Platte.

Until the 1880s the fine grasslands along this stream had been a favorite hunting ground of the Indians. Great herds of buffaloes came here each summer from their winter ranges to the south and east. Some of the herds that migrated from the great plains of eastern Colorado, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas had traveled the same course as the trotting ponies. But this day there were no buffaloes around. Those specks spattering the range in the distance on either side of the Platte were cattle. Far ahead the backbone of the high Rockies poked snow-capped peaks through clouds hovering on the western horizon.

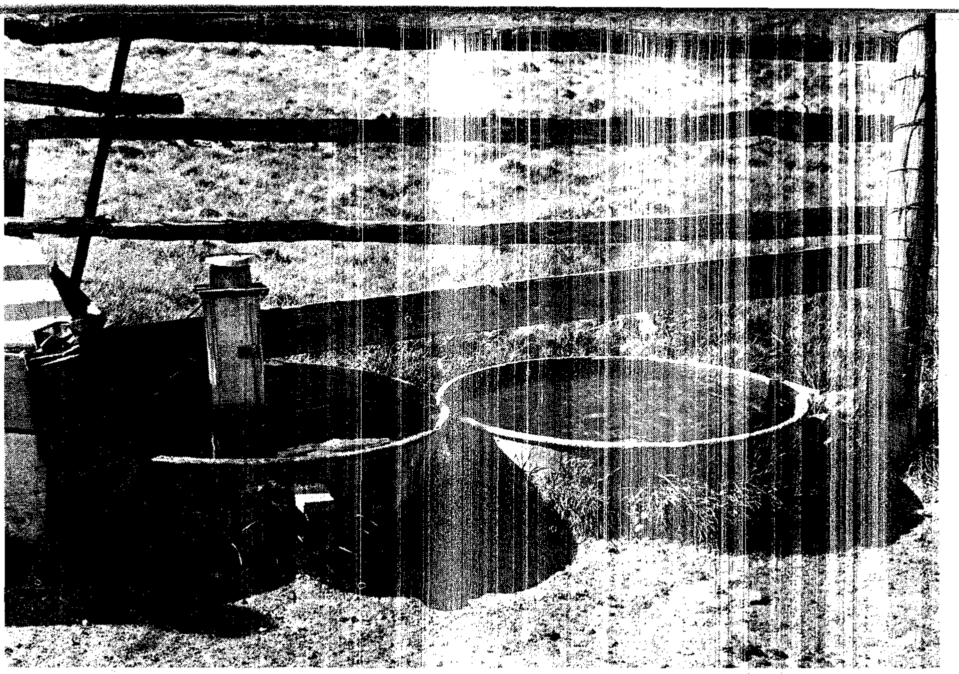
As the sun climbed higher and higher the shadows kept shrinking, until now—hiding from the sun—they moved along under the bellies of the ponies.

A WOMAN came out of a ranch house and watched the approaching riders. As they drew nearer she saw they were Indians. Soon she recognized them as Utes. The band stopped at a little distance while their chief rode forward. He stopped near the lady for a brief parley. Then, turning slightly, he spoke in sign language to the band. A young squaw, on a chunky roan-and-white pinto, rode up to the chief. He said something to her in the Ute tongue. Her face clouded. The chief's voice was stern as he spoke again.

The squaw dismounted and stood there looking hard at the white woman. At the chief's next command, the squaw became angry, muttered something and stiffened. The command was repeated. The squaw glowered, but never moved. The next command, sharp and potent, got results. The young squaw's eyes glistened with tears as she got down on hands and knees alongside her pony.

At a word from the chief, the white woman stepped forward, placed one foot gingerly on the squaw's back, and mounted the pony. While she and the chief rode off toward some distant sheds, the squaw rose and walked haughtily back to the band. Some of the Utes were smiling and a few teased a bit. She spat at them and stood gazing stonily after the two riders until they disappeared behind the buildings.

There was more banter as the Indians waited, but now the squaw was silent. After awhile the chief and the white woman reappeared. When they rode up to the band and stopped, the lady dismounted, led the pony to the young squaw, smiled and spoke gently as she handed her the reins. The chief said something to the squaw and the whole band laughed—all but the squaw. Then a smile erased the angry look from her face and she mounted her pinto. Both horses were heavily loaded with salt. It was resacked into many smaller bags so as to divide the weight among the horses. As the Utes rode away, the young squaw was happy again. She had thought her chief was discarding her for the paleface



Courtesy Author

Salt kettles on the McQuaid Ranch now used for stock-watering tanks

woman.

This incident happened long years ago on a homestead about fifteen miles northeast of Buena Vista, Colorado. In 1941-42 farmer-stockman Les Cook, and his wife Margaret, who now live in Oklahoma, were employed on the McQuaid Ranch where the old homestead was located. Here they noticed the ruins of a salt works. Eleven huge iron kettles were being used as stock-watering tanks. In answer to their questions concerning these things they were told the story just related about the Indians, also something of the history of the salt works.

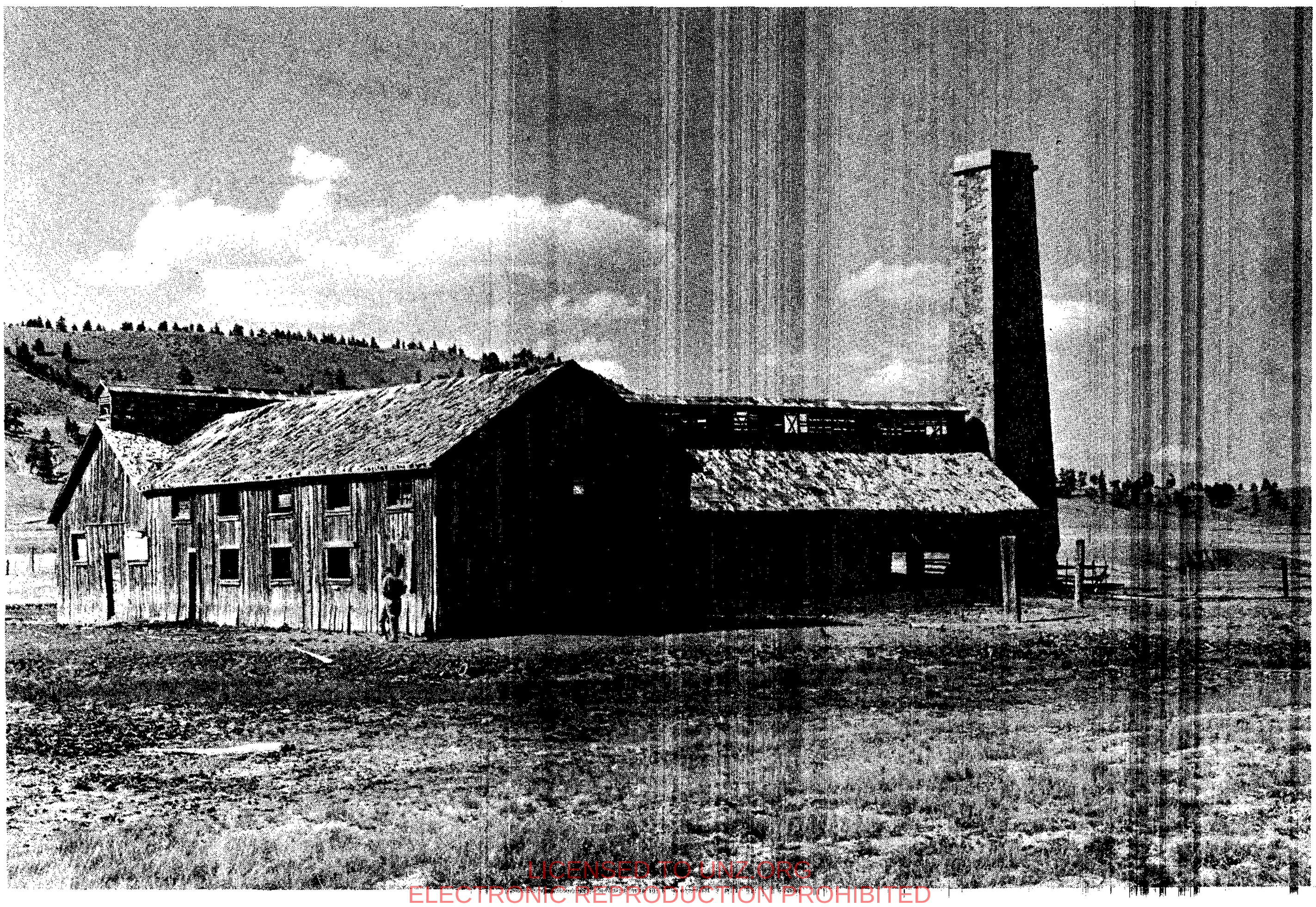
At the time settlers were moving into Colorado, salt was at a premium. Cattlemen, especially, had to have it. When the salt springs here were opened up, a string of furnaces were built and covered by a 125-foot shed with a huge rock chimney at the east end. Another shed, built on the west end, extended about 95 feet south. It was for wood storage. Kettles were hauled here from afar; salt production began. Soon ranchers with wagons and Indians on horseback came from all directions and paid a dollar a pound for salt.

At the end of each "salt run" the kettles were thoroughly scrubbed, then rubbed well with tallow to prevent rusting. Before the next batch was run, the tallow was removed. There was much hard work connected with making salt in this fashion. Men were kept busy chopping and hauling wood for the furnaces. When railroads began bringing salt into the country from eastern factories, their much cheaper product spelled the end for this salt works. In later years, Tom McQuaid sent his trucks to the salines in northwest Oklahoma for salt. He was still doing this when the Cooks worked on his ranch.

THE OLD MEN of the Utes told of the days before the buffaloes were gone when they had traveled far to the southeast and camped on the prairies bordering the Salt Plains of the Cimarron in present Oklahoma. There they hunted and laid in a supply of meat and tallow for the cold winter. Salt from the stream was used for curing meat and hides. The jerked meat and tallow were stored in skin bags. But long before this, other Indians had come here for the same purpose. The Spanish *Conquistadores* in the 16th and 17th Centuries had met the Apachi (Apaches) roaming the trackless plains on foot, for they had no horses until about the middle 1600s. They traded some of their hides and bags of meat to these strange palefaces who wore iron headdresses and clothing and carried iron weapons and sticks which made much noise and spat fire. They also traded salt which they had brought from the

McQuaid Salt Works

Courtesy Author



Cimarron Salt Plains.

The Utes met descendants of these Apaches, and other redmen on the Cimarron Salt Plains—fierce Comanches and Kiowas who chased them away. So the Utes went back to their home in the Rockies where they could live in peace.

The well mounted Kiowas and Comanches gave the Apaches, who had fewer horses, much trouble. So they, too, left the Salt Plains and hunted 150 miles to the south near some fine salt springs in present-day Oklahoma near the border of the Texas Panhandle. Here was plenty of good salt for their needs and here they were happy—for awhile.

The Kiowas and Comanches stayed on in the Cimarron Valley hunting, and working the meat and hides. One day, while ranging downstream some thirty-five miles, they came upon a large number of hide lodges in the shelter of picturesque red buttes along the Cimarron. Squaws were busily pegging down buffalo hides and salting jerky. Indian boys were herding ponies nearby. Only a few men were in evidence. So the yelping Kiowas and Comanches charged in, waving blankets to stampede the ponies.

The Cheyennes fought like demons but were being overpowered when their young braves who had been hunting not far away, roared into action. Never before had the Kiowas and Comanches tangled with these Indians. A furious fight ensued for a short time. Then the enemy hightailed it into the hills, hotly pursued by screaming Cheyennes who finally turned back and resumed their buffalo hunting. Today this old campground of the Cheyennes is called Cheyenne Valley.

The Kiowas and Comanches rode on south and came to the salt springs where the Apaches were camped. Smarting from the trouncing the Cheyennes had given them, they chased the hapless Apaches away and took over their campground. The fleeing Apaches headed west to the sanctuary of mountain foothills.

Today the Cimarron Salt Plain is sometimes called the Edith Salt Plain. About sixty miles east, on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas, lies a broad salt flat known as the Great Salt Plains of Oklahoma. When settlers' shacks and soddies began to dot the prairies of Oklahoma Territory, men hauled salt from the Edith deposits, and from the salt springs from which the Apaches had been driven by the Kiowas and Comanches (in present Beckham County). Many more smaller salt deposits are found in western Oklahoma.

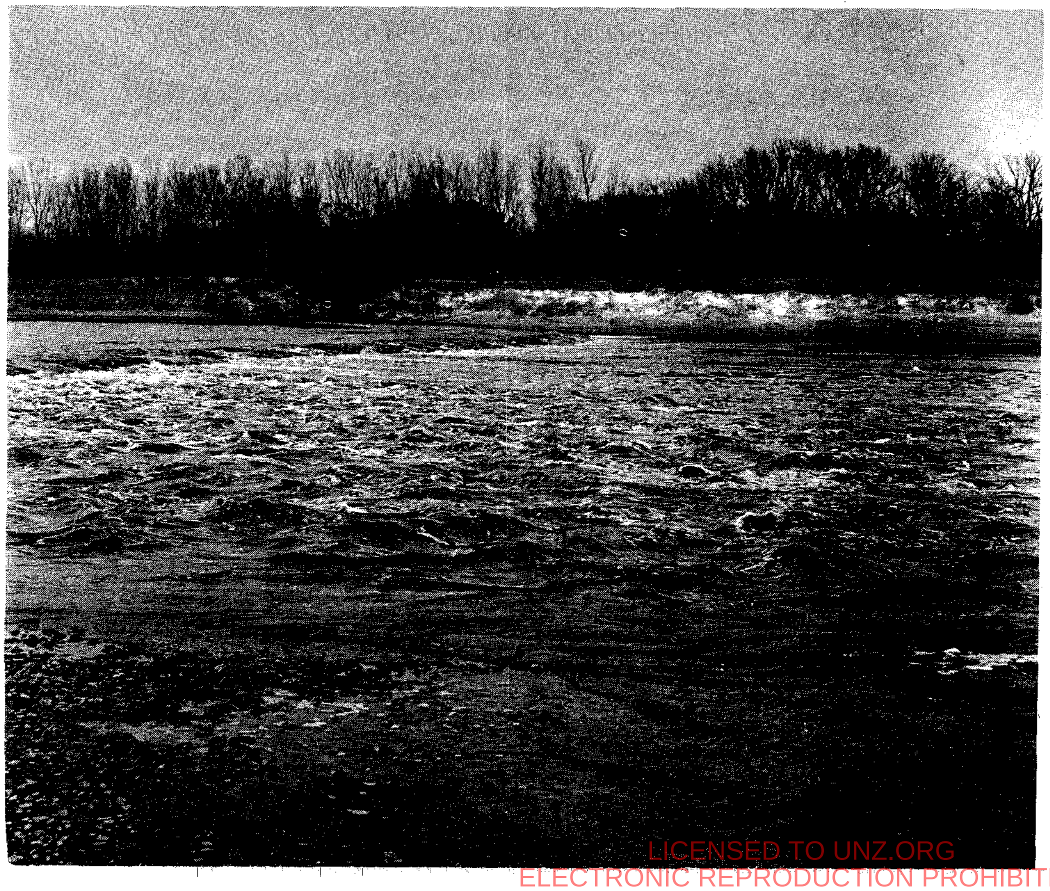
Some of the settlers peddled salt to their neighbors and stores in the settlements. One settler, S. F. "Dick" Harrison, made several trips over the years to the Edith Salt Plain. On two of these journeys, which were about the last ones Harrison made there for salt, his youngest child, Iva, went with him. She said it was in 1911 that they got in a wagon and headed the horses north toward the town of Buffalo—about twenty-five miles away. This was roughly the half-way point to Edith. They camped near town for the night, continuing their journey early the next morning and arriving at the salt deposits late that afternoon.

The salt along the edge of the Cimarron looked much like ice with a snowy crust. Dead grass and weeds were covered with beautiful salt crystals which were "salty-bitter" to the taste. While the ten-year-old hunted for unusual specimens in the dazzling sun, her daddy was breaking the salt into chunks with an axe. These were then scooped into the wagon with a shovel.

They stayed there for the night and left at daybreak the next morning. Their wagon was almost filled with salt and the journey back was a little slower. An overnight camp was made near Buffalo. and they drove in to their farm late the next evening. Mr. Harrison unloaded what salt he needed and peddled the rest over the countryside for fifteen cents a bushel—quite different from the price salt had brought at the salt works on the McQuaid Ranch in Colorado.

Webber Falls, on the Arkansas River, where a boatload of salt was held up when the river was at low stage.

Courtesy Author



WHEN SEEN from afar, the Edith Salt Plain, lying in the bed of the Cimarron River at the foot of gypsum-capped cliffs, has been described as resembling a "roaring rush of water in time of flood." Experts who have examined it estimate that each day 350,000 gallons of salt water flow from two salt springs onto the plain. Two streams of water flow across it daily adding 804,000 gallons of brine. The edges of the streams are lined with salt crystals to a depth of six inches so that nothing grows close to the water.

But the Great Salt Plains, spreading over forty-three square miles, are far larger than any of the other salines in Oklahoma. It is "surface salt" and does not extend far below as do the deposits on the Edith Plain, nor has this salt commercial value like that from some of the other locations. Its gypsum content keeps it from being marketed for table use; however, early settlers came here from miles around to load wagons with salt for their livestock. Legends of some of the Indian tribes tell how, ages ago, their people traveled here to hunt for the countless animals which came to lick the salt. While the men hunted, squaws scooped up the crystals and sacked it in bags for carrying to distant villages.

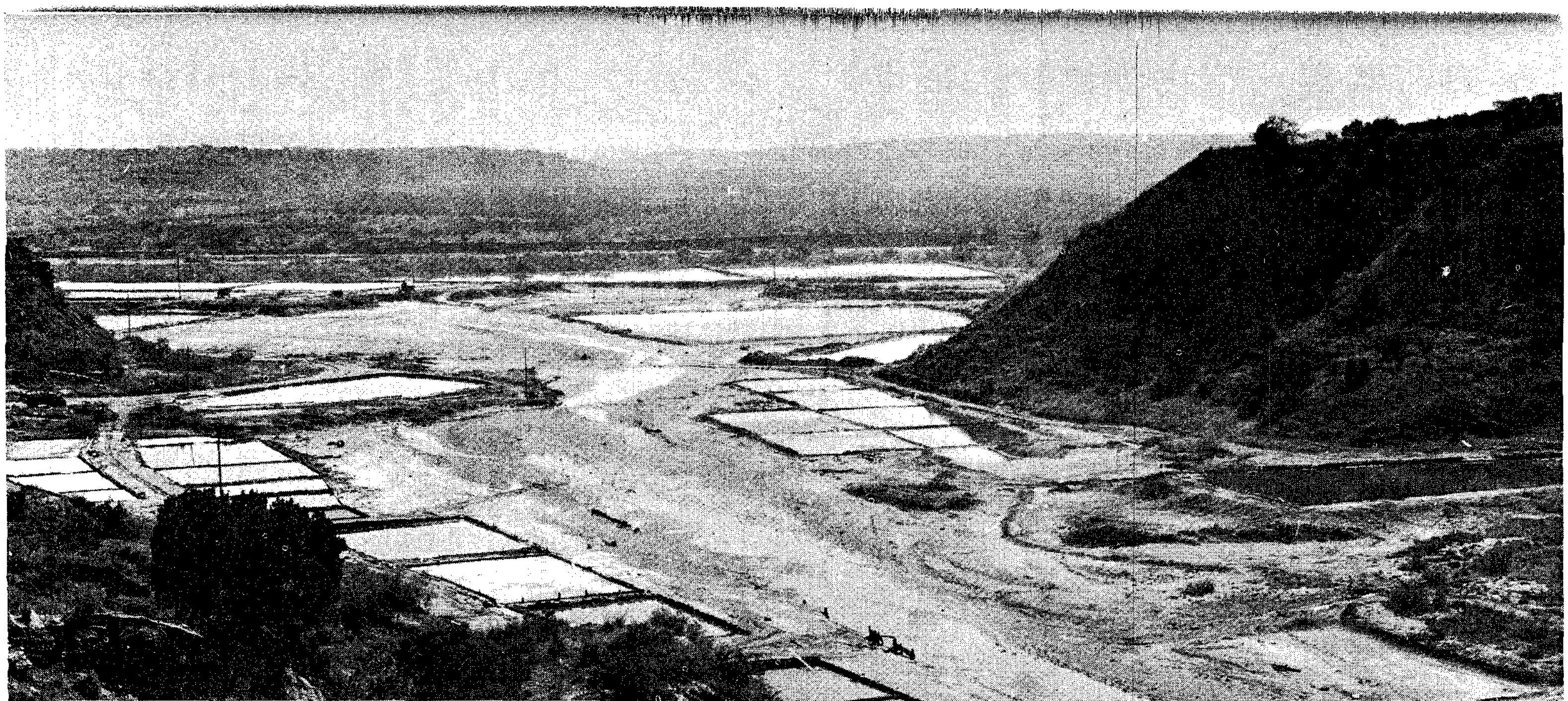
The crust on this big flat is formed by hot sunshine beaming down on the shallow lake of salt water, which forms during rainy spells when the stream floods the level plain. Evaporation of the water leaves the whole flat with a dazzling coat of white.

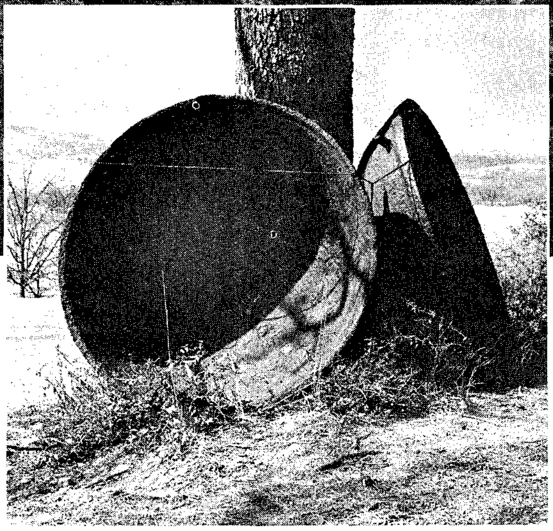
Today, there is a reservoir here and a Federal Wildlife Refuge. Geese and ducks almost cover the lake at some seasons, and the rare whooping cranes tarry briefly on their annual migrations north and south. Once an estimated 6,000 pelicans were seen at the reservoir. Rockhounds from all over the nation come here for the hourglass selenite crystals which are found nowhere else in the world. These beautiful salt crystals, each with its reddish clay inclusion shaped like an hourglass, are dug from the ground at depths of from six to eighteen inches. They vary in length from one-half to eight inches, and are much prized by collectors. Many have been shipped to various parts of the world.

One man, whose home is built on the banks of the Cimarron west of Freedom, has been operating a salt business here for about forty years. In earlier days, Oklahoma farmers and ranchers came in wagons from many miles away to get salt. With the advent of trucks, his customers now come from Texas, New Mexico, Nebraska and the Dakotas, as well as from much of Oklahoma.

The Cimarron River in this area is extremely salty for six miles or more. The deposit varies from one-half mile to three miles in width. This is not like the surface salt on the Great Salt Plains, but extends to an unknown depth. Tests have shown it at thirty feet.

Floods and rains slow up production. Then water sinks down and saturates the deposits. Sunshine draws the salt to the top as brine. The operator builds shallow ponds by making dikes to hold the flow. When the surface dries, he pulls his homemade equipment onto the spot with





Courtesy Author

Left, salt kettles found on the banks of the Arkansas River are now in the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa. Above, view from top of bluff overlooking salt vats.

a tractor, and sets to work. This machine digs and scrapes the salt from the surface and scoops it into a truck that moves along with the machine. It will produce sixty tons per hour—as much in a day as 100 men could do with forks and shovels.

After the rains have forced the salt to the surface, the sun bearing down forms salt crystals along the edges of the stream. These beautiful formations range from egg size up to about twelve to thirty inches. The hotter and dryer the weather, the more dazzling white the salt.

In western Oklahoma, in addition to the Great Salt Plains, the Edith Salt Plain and the salt springs in Beckham County, there are fair-sized deposits in Woodward, Blaine, Harmon and Jackson Counties.

In northwest Oklahoma alone there are enough salines to take care of the world's need for this product for a long time. Several years ago a U.S. Geological Survey estimated the amount at 30 billion tons in salt deposits that spread from 50 to 150 miles in width, extending over parts of Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico and Kansas. Hutchinson, Kansas, claims the largest salt mine in the world.

The salt springs in Beckham County where the Apaches were routed by their enemies in the long ago, have supplied salt to settlers and ranchers for over sixty years. Today, the annual production varies from 10,000 to 15,000 tons. It is best during dry years. The salt is of high quality—almost 100% pure. Sometimes during hot weather, people hereabouts use the salt in preparing homemade ice cream.

EARLY HISTORY is woven around these springs. When Texas herds were pushed this way up the Dodge City cattle trail, the salt springs became a favorite camping place for cowboys. Cattle licked the salt while resting from their rugged journey, and fresh-water springs nearby afforded plenty of drinking water.

A settlement which grew up near one of the salt springs was called Salton. Three springs pour 5,000 barrels of salt water daily into the Elm Fork of Red River.

As the springs were worked and the rough terrain leading down to them in the canyons became more and more rutted, it became next to impossible at some seasons for the wagons to make it. Then a northern firm bought some of the springs (to stop local salt sales, some people think). As salt began to be shipped into the vicinity by railroads, work at the springs about petered out.

Near the post office of Salton is a sad reminder of something that happened here many years ago. Cheney Spring is named for a settler who came here with his wife from Kentucky and began making salt. His wife did not like the wild, barren country, so different from their beautiful forests back home. The one place she frequented was the top of a high bluff which stood above their little cabin. Here she would sit and grow homesick as she gazed down the narrow valley of Elm Fork where it wound through the hills—arid hills—dotted with cedar and mesquite. Then her eyes would lift to the blue haze in the east where it faded into the far distance toward her beloved Kentucky. The lady soon died. Her husband buried her on top of the bluff and fenced the grave with native rock—gyp rock—red, white, blue and gray in color. One of the rocks, white and much larger than the others, was placed in the center for a headstone. Folks visit the lonely grave now and then.

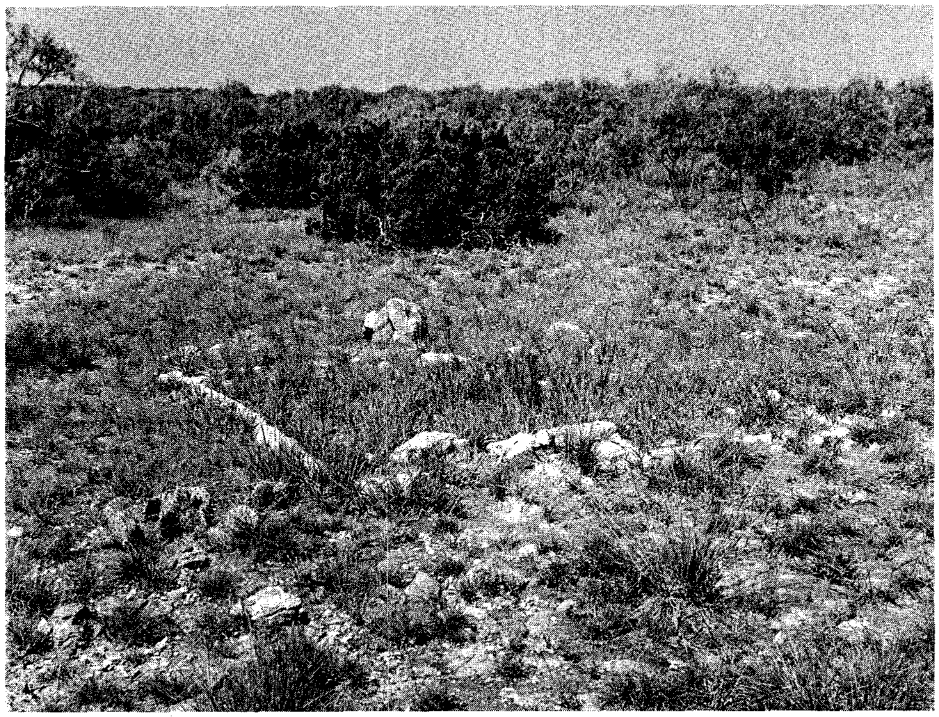
ALONG the Osage River in present Missouri were the villages of the powerful Osage Nation—great warriors and hunters, these people.

Buffaloes covered the valley of the upper Arkansas far to the southwest. On one of its branches some 275 miles from their villages, was a place where the Osages liked to hunt. Its broad flats glistened like snow in the sun. They were known to the Indians as the "Great White Salt Plains" (now called the Great Salt Plains of Oklahoma).

The Osages were skillful trappers and had a well-beaten trail to St. Louis markets. Many traders, especially Frenchmen, came to their villages for pelts.

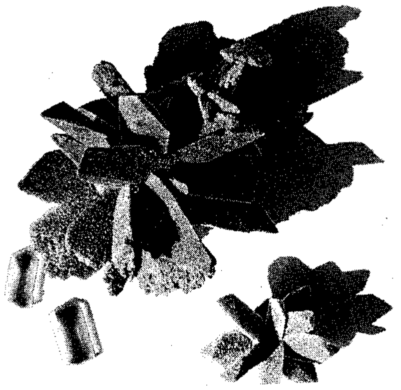
A band of the tribe had followed the Neosho (Grand) River south to its confluence with the Arkansas and Verdigris at Three Forks. The Osages liked the beautiful valley and decided to stay. They became known as "Osages of the Oaks."

With such an abundance of furbearers in the wooded hills bordering the streams, it wasn't long before traders were arriving with pack burros. Others came by water in pirogues, flatboats and keelboats. Soon the Indians added something else to their trading stock—salt.



Courtesy Author

Above, some people say a woman and her child occupy this lonely gravesite in the saline country. Right, selenite gypsum crystals dug from near the surface on the Great Salt Plains of Oklahoma.



Courtesy Jim Slack, Tulsa

The country bordering the Grand, the Arkansas, and some of their tributaries was rich in saline deposits. Before 1800 a band of Cherokees had wandered west from their homes beyond the Mississippi and settled in Arkansas not far from what is now the Arkansas-Oklahoma border. They began getting salt from salines which were frequented by the Osages of the Oaks, Tawakonies, Caddos and other tribes in the area. In 1815, Bernard Mouille and associates got a license to operate some salt springs on the west bank of Grand River some twenty miles north of Three Forks. This is thought to be the first manufacture of salt by white men in present Oklahoma. Salt was bringing from $25 to $30 per barrel in the river settlements.

A few maps label the Mouille location as "Campbell's Salt Works." Campbell and his partners bought out Mouille. Their business flourished. Then one day Campbell was found dead. His partners, Bill Childers and Dave Earheart, were jailed for the crime in Little Rock. Both managed to escape. This happened in the spring of 1819 and the works lay idle for a spell.

A couple of years earlier, the Bean brothers had settled along the Illinois River near its confluence with the Arkansas. They opened up a works on Salt Branch, a nearby creek. The garrison at Ft. Smith and neighboring settlements were in need of salt, so Major Bradford made a deal with the Beans to supply it. They bought the Campbell kettles and moved them to their location. In 1820 the Beans took on a partner named Sanders and expanded their operations.

As the demand for their fine quality salt increased, they shipped in more kettles, built furnaces and salt sheds, constructed a five-mile road to a warehouse below the falls of the Arkansas, and built some boats. With salt selling for a dollar a bushel and production hitting forty bushels per day, they floated boatloads downriver to Little Rock and settlements along the river.

Other salt works mushroomed along the streams. Big iron kettles necessary for evaporation were shipped from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas, up that stream some 385 miles to the Grand, and on up that river to different points where they were unloaded. Then they were moved by ox teams to salt works at various locations. This was laborious since some of the kettles were about five feet in diameter and weighed up to 1,500 pounds.

WHEN the "Five Civilized Tribes" moved west and settled in eastern and southern Indian Territory, the salt springs saw much more activity. Creeks, Seminoles and Cherokees gathered here, and Choctaws and Chickasaws came from their new homes along Red River. The salines became a popular meeting place where members of various tribes gathered, worked the salt and packed it to their villages in skin bags. Some who came with ox teams and wagons loaded the dry salt without sacking it.

But it wasn't always peaceful in these buffer zones. Hunting was good around the salt deposits, and made a very good place for red men to surprise and annihilate their enemies.

Sometimes Indians with wagons hauled salt to distant tribes and worked up a trading business, for the product was always in demand.

Before the Cherokees moved from Arkansas to their new home in the Territory, Sequoyah (George Guess) operated a salt works there. On removing to the Territory he was given a saline on Lee's Creek to replace it. Here he made salt and at odd times worked on his Cherokee alphabet.

A treaty with the Cherokees in 1828 gave a large tract of country, where many of the salines were located, to these Indians. Owners of salt works found themselves dispossessed of their springs, equipment, houses and various improvements. After much litigation with the Government, the Beans finally received a settlement for their claim.

Probably the best known of all the salt deposits along these rivers was the one about a mile southeast of Salina, for which the Oklahoma town was named. The springs rise from a limestone formation which covers about one and one half acres. The whites were coming here as early as 1820.

Around the turn of the 19th Century, Choteau's Trading Post was built on what was later the townsite of Salina. These and other salt springs outlying the post were granted to some of the half-breed Osage relatives of Colonel A. P. Chouteau. In later years he gained title to the springs and sold them to Sam Houston who had visions of becoming wealthy from their proceeds. This dream was knocked into a cocked hat when he found out that a white man could not own land in the Indian country.

John Rogers, an Arkansas Cherokee who had moved into the Territory, took over the springs, began making salt, and built his home nearby—calling it Grand Saline. When Rogers was dispossessed of his holdings by the Cherokee law of 1843, he had, besides his home and other improvements, a twenty-five-acre fenced field, a forty-acre fruit orchard, two log houses near the springs for workmen, two salt houses, an eighty-foot furnace shed, two cisterns, fifty salt kettles, and five hundred feet of log pipes. At one time there were 115 kettles here, but Rogers' son took some to his salt works farther north on the Spavinaw.

When the Union Mission opened, the Indians were allowed to use the Mission's kettles for making salt. This was known as the Bryan Salt Works. These and the Grand Saline sold salt not only to their part of the Indian Territory, but to Arkansas and Missouri settlements. The Creeks came here from long distances for their supply. Usually their wagons were pulled by four ox teams to a wagon. There was such a demand that many wagons would be lined up for a week or more awaiting their turns to load. Salt cost one dollar a bushel in the ground. These Indians always paid for it with gold dollars which were carried in sacks. They did not seem to be too careful about their money but left the well-filled sacks in their wagons while they moseyed about visiting friends. Theft was something almost unknown among the Creeks. When their wagons were loaded, they hauled the salt back to their country and sold it to tribal members.

Salt works along the Arkansas and Grand Rivers did a good business by

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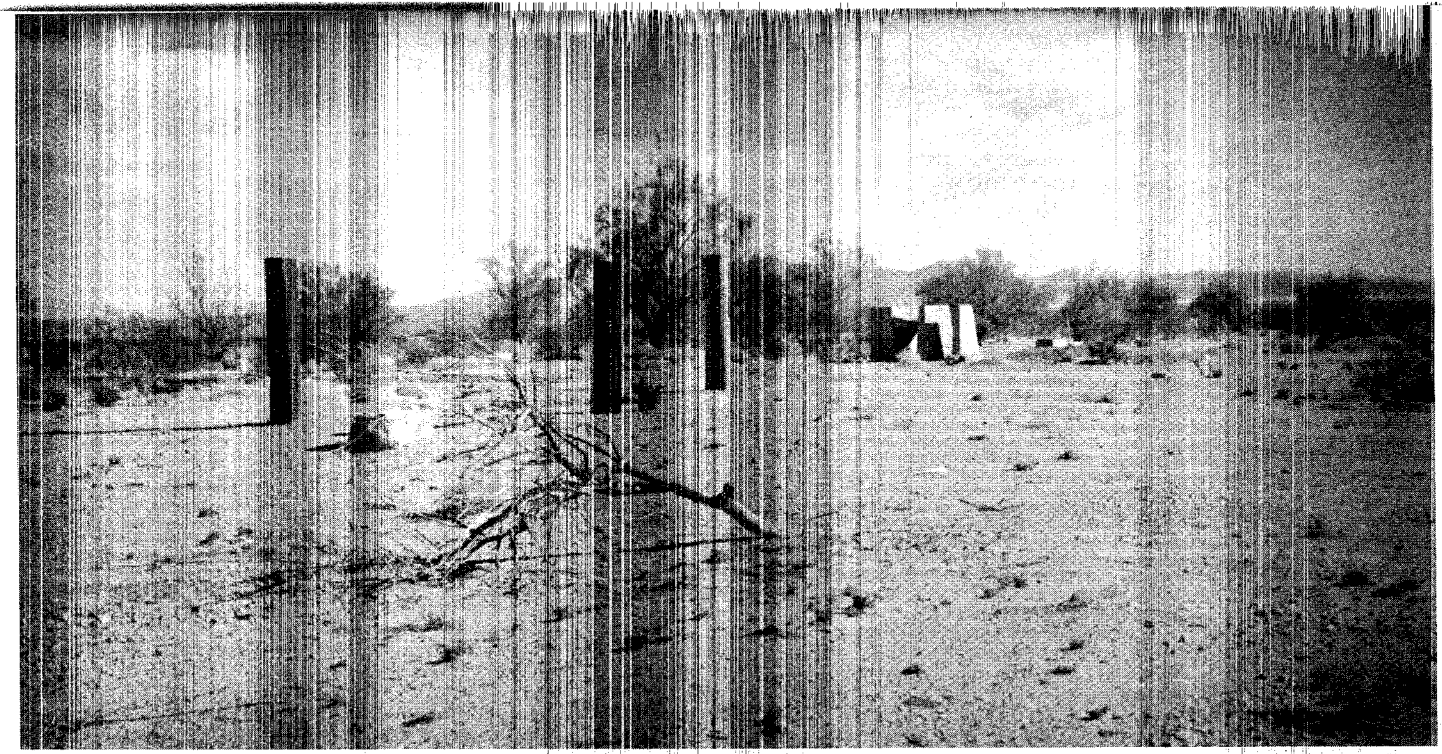

Ruins at Brown's Well near Blythe

Brown was a man of many talents—and many problems. He could have gone a long way if there had been any breathers between the stumbling blocks

LIKE A BOTTLE READY TO EXPLODE

By PETER R. ODENS

Photo Courtesy Author

A LARGE, open automobile was slowly chugging through the heavy sand northeast of what is today the U.S. Gypsum town of Midland, California. Every now and then, the motor would splutter, cough and stop as the car sank to the hubs of its wheels in the loose sand. The driver of the car was a broad-shouldered young man, well over 6 feet 4 inches tall, and out he would climb, put his shoulders to the automobile and push it on firmer ground. There was a second man in the car but he refused to help. He had been hired as cook for the camp in the desert, and the longer the trip lasted, the less he anticipated his new job.

The Colorado Desert was hell that day, with the mercury climbing to 130 degrees. All this mattered little to Floyd Brown who had an unlimited enthusiasm and almost unlimited strength. His project number one at that time was to change the trail into a road so that he could haul goods from the outside world to Blythe and the Palo Verde Valley, his adopted home. As for the cook, he was more interested in taking a swig from his bottle, followed by another and another until, with regrets, he threw the empty bottle into the desert.

Through washes, past innumerable salt cedars, mesquite and arrowweed, the big car drove on until Brown finally pulled up in the very center of the desert north of the Big Maria Mountains. There his work crew was busy on the road. The cook, his eyes bloodshot, stumbled out of the car and, shading his eyes against the glare of the sun, looked at the camp in disbelief.

"This," he asked, "is where I should work?"

Brown nodded. The cook turned in his tracks. "This country ain't made for me," he croaked, "this is a country for lizards. I'm goin' home." And he insisted then and there on being taken back to Blythe Junction where he could flag down the train.

To find and keep personnel was a problem which Floyd Brown had to face constantly, but he was used to difficulties—his life was full of them until the day he died. Son of John L. Thomas Brown, a Texan, Floyd was born in Huachuca, Arizona. He had developed an interest in rocks and minerals at an early age and together with Jack Grey, son of his father's good friend Lum Grey, would roam the hills in search of unusual specimens.

The elder Brown and Grey had fought together on the Confederate side in the Civil War and, later on, Lum had discovered a pretty fair gold mine in the Little Maria Mountains across the Colorado in California. He invited Brown to join him in exploiting the mine.

Floyd remained in Arizona to complete his schooling and later worked in mining towns such as Naco and Bisbee. But all the time he and Jack Grey kept up their rockhound hobby, and when their fathers died, the young men sold their rock collection at a good price and about 1904, moved to Palo Verde Valley where the town of Blythe was just coming into existence where the old Blythe Rancho used to be.

FLOYD became immensely interested in the future of his new home. The idea of diverting the waters of the Colorado to make rich farm land out of what was once a desert—a plan propounded some thirty years earlier by William Calloway, a surveyor—seemed fascinating to him.

Floyd met and married a saloon entertainer from Illinois, settled down in Blythe, and joined the water company. Well versed in carpentry and blacksmithing as well as being an expert millwright, he was soon put in charge of the headgate and woodwork and was eventually promoted to superintendent.

The late Camiel Dekens of Blythe who worked under Brown and was his close friend throughout Brown's years in Palo Verde Valley, says in his memoirs that Brown never gave orders like other bosses. Rather he would ask the opinion of the men working under him and a final decision would be made only after a thorough discussion of the problems involved.

But Brown was too independent to work long for any company. He resigned from his position in 1909 and, as the Los Angeles *Times* of March 12, 1911 put it in discussing Brown's most precious find, the gypsum deposits at Midland, Floyd was a teamster and "manipulated the rawhide over the slow-moving bullocks. Later this mode of travel changed to the stage."

How he found the gypsum does not seem to be quite established. According to the *Times*, he was forced to camp out one night. In the middle of the night, one of his horses strayed away, and at dawn Brown went after it. After a while, he found the horse lying in a gulch in a corner formed by the Little Maria

(Continued on page 48)

he BATTLE of the SINK HOLE

By A. J. SOWELL
Reprinted from Volume 1,
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FRONTIER TIMES
February, 1924

Illustration by Willard Ballow

LITTLE was known in 1852 of the vast unsettled territory of northwest and west Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. From the Concho country on toward the Pecos River to the line of New Mexico, it was called the Territory of Tom Green. Early Spanish explorers had made maps of the country and given names to the principal streams.

From time to time after, American settlers began to locate land west of the San Marcos and Guadalupe Rivers, restless, adventurous men would go on expeditions to the West for the love of adventure or to prospect for gold.

The latter was supposed to be in abundance in the mountain country along the Rio Grande River, and with strong evidence for such a belief. Rich mines of gold, silver and copper had been worked for centuries by the Spaniards on the Mexico side of the great river for which the early explorers had three names—Rio del Norte, Rio Bravo and Rio Grande.

In the summer of 1852, James Adams, William Snyder, and Lucian Daley conceived the idea of taking an extensive trip to the Territory of Tom Green on a gold prospecting adventure. They had gained information from old Mexicans at San Antonio that there were rich mines of gold in the Big Bend country of the Rio Grande and on West River in New Mexico within the present limits of Dona Ana County. Silver mines were also said to exist in the Rio Grande Valley on the West River.

The Adams brothers, William, Cood, Dave, Henry, and James, were noted Indian fighters in the West and two of

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
Frontier
Times

them were killed by Indians, Henry at Chalk Bluff in Nueces Canyon and Dave on Carrizo Creek, within the present limits of Dimmitt County. William (Capt. Bill), was killed in San Antonio.

The writer obtained the facts of this article from James, the last survivor of the Adams boys, at Medina City in 1897.

Snyder was a well-to-do farmer of east Texas and on one occasion, while in San Antonio, met James Adams who was enthusiastic on the subject of gold prospecting in the Rio Grande country and soon had Snyder anxious to take a trip there. It was arranged to start as soon as Snyder could return home, adjust his affairs for a prolonged absence, and return to San Antonio. Lucien Daley was a frontiersman and in San Antonio quite often, so he was taken into the party as a true, brave man, Adams being well acquainted with him. Being confident that the precious ore would be found in abundance, Adams did not care to have many in the party, saying that three was crowd enough. These men well knew the dangers of such a trip from the numerous bands of hostile Indians that roamed over the country, but were willing to risk it, having great confidence in themselves.

When Snyder returned to San Antonio to join the party he brought a Negro named Tom to do the work, attend to the horses, and to make himself useful generally. Tom was one of the most trusted hands on the plantation and devotedly attached to his master who always treated him kindly and never overworked him. Tom was his favorite. He was almost a giant in size, six feet, six inches in height and very muscular and of middle age.

Snyder brought also one of the plantation mules—large, strong and gentle, "Old John" by name. He was the favorite plow animal of Tom, who thought a great deal of him and would much rather have stayed on the plantation than to have risked himself and Old John amid the wilds of the great West.

WHEN all were ready to start, instead of going directly west they started northwest until intercepting the Guadalupe River, and then followed this stream to its source, the last spring at the head of the south fork. Here they camped and rested their horses two days, standing guard at night, as signs of Indians were seen. The white men were armed with rifles and a brace of pistols, and Tom with a gun and a big knife.

The route from this camp led across a dry divide between the draws of the Nueces River and South Llano. Adams knew the country, having been an Indian scout there. He knew the next stream to cross, west, was Devil's River, and a dry strip of country lay between. They camped after the first day's ride on the divide at a waterhole surrounded by cedars, not far from the present town of Rock Springs, county seat of Edwards County. Here they saw Indian signs and buffalo tracks. The water vessels were filled and at the end of a long day's ride a dry camp was made on the draws of Devil's River. The country was rough and it took them the greater part of one day to arrive at the river. It was a clear, wide, and rapid stream, dotted with many islands, and enclosed by solid rock walls. Their supply of water had long since given out, and man and beast were very thirsty. It was difficult to reach the water and it was some time before a place was found where the horses could be gotten down, but they finally succeeded and found a good place to camp for the night amid a grove of pecan trees. Fish were in abundance and they caught all they wanted by setting hooks in a deep pool near camp.

After effecting a crossing of Devil's River, Adams and his party kept on toward the Pecos. They came to the stage route from San Antonio to El Paso, which led northward in order to cross the Pecos River which ran in a deep canyon for more than forty miles from the Rio Grande. This road had not long been completed. The prospectors followed the route of Captain Hays until the Pecos was crossed, the crossing at Devil's River being made at the place where Hays camped when the name of the river was changed.

Big Foot Wallace was then on the line driving the stage. He and Adams were old companions and, as the prospectors followed the stage route after intercepting it, they met Wallace near Dead Man's Pass. He was glad to see Adams but warned him in regard to Indians and advised him to abandon his trip unless he had a larger force, predicting that the Indians would certainly get them. On this same outbound trip the Wallace expedition was attacked at the crossing of Devil's River and after a sharp fight defeated the Indians, but was forced to return to Fort Clark on account of three of his guards being wounded.

THE PROSPECTORS quit the stage route at the foot of the Davis Mountains and turned south to the Rio Grande between the southwest base of the Chisos Mountains and the Rio Grande. Specimens of gold were found by Daley, who really was the only one of the party who knew anything about prospecting for gold. They traveled on up the river for some distance through a very rough country but finally turned farther north. Getting out of the valley, they shaped their course for West River in New Mexico.

After getting into the territory in which they wished to prospect, they camped one day for dinner congratulating themselves on a lucky trip, as not an Indian had yet been seen. The place was on the prairie near the head of a draw which coursed south toward the Rio Grande. The intention was to only remain here until the saddle horses and pack animals could rest and eat, and the prospectors could refresh themselves with cold lunch as there was no wood to make a fire. This was an exposed place and they were now in Apache country proper.

If they'd found as many nuggets as they found Apaches, this prospecting trip would have set some sort of record!

A short distance to the south at the head of the draw was a dry sink hole four or five feet deep by twenty in length. Adams had noticed this place when they first arrived and remarked that it would be good shelter in case of an attack from Indians.

No more than half an hour had passed when the horses threw up their heads and snorted. Tom sprang to his feet and facing north exclaimed: "Lord, Mars William! Look yonder, coming!"

The white men were on their feet in an instant and a sight met their gaze which was enough to blanch the cheeks of the most fearless frontiersman. Riding toward them almost in gun shot, over a swell in the prairie from the north, was a large band of Apache Indians. Each man had come to his feet, rifle in hand and still wearing their pouches and pistols.

Adams, taking in the situation at a glance, exclaimed, "To the draw quick!" and bounded away followed by the others.

The Indians and the white men had discovered each other about the same time and the former commenced yelling and charging, shooting at the same time with short guns and bows. One arrow struck the brim of Daley's hat and a ball tore up the earth in front of Adams. Tom was running beside Snyder, his master, when suddenly the latter reeled and fell with a fractured hip, having been struck by a ball.

Tom dropped his gun and, picking up Snyder, ran with him to the sink hole, followed by Adams and Daley, the latter bringing Tom's gun. Some of the Indians came so close one of them leaned forward and tried to lance Adams, but Adams shot him in the face with a pistol—a glancing shot but it turned him back. Snyder had held on to his gun and Tom carried both into the sink hole and was soon followed by Adams and Daley.

The Indians crowded them close but were fired on by Daley, Adams and Tom. One Apache fell from his horse. Guns were hastily reloaded and Snyder told them to take his and to pay no attention to his condition but to make the best defense they could.

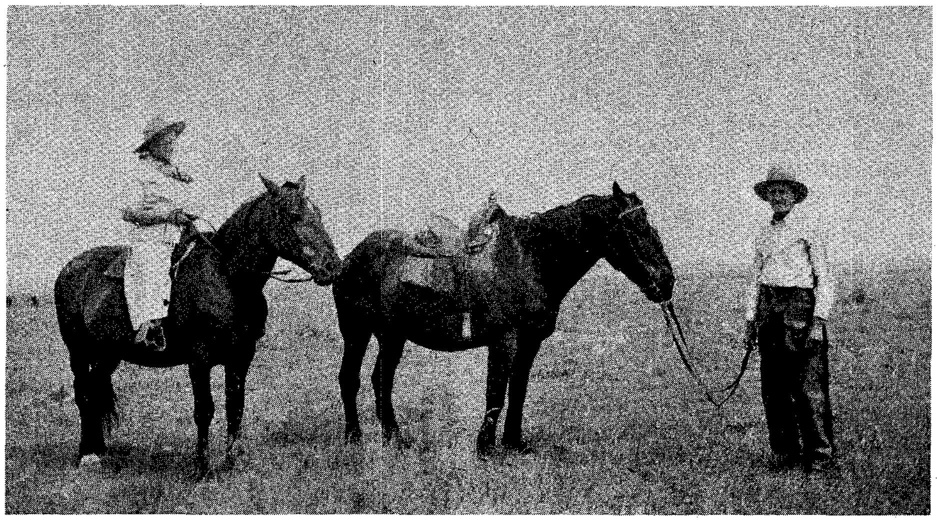
Most of the Indians went back and secured the horses and pack mules of the outfit. Adams watched them closely to see if he could tell by their actions what the Indians' intentions were. He had fought Comanches but this was his first attempt to fight Apaches and he was not familiar with their tactics.

The Indian he shot was evidently hurt quite badly as he hung head down and was surrounded by others. Finally, about twenty of the Indians charged the sink on horseback, circling and firing while lying low on the opposite side of their horses. Daley and Adams did most of the firing but never discharging all of the guns at once, so that some would be ready for use at all times. The empty guns were at once reloaded by Tom.

THE WHITE MEN exposed themselves very little, only an eye above the rim of the sink to fire or to watch the Apaches. The south side of the sink was the most exposed and a man in the draw below could see into it. The Indians now commenced crossing the draw, one behind the other, and shooting as they passed the opening. Adams turned his attention to this place, determined to kill an Indian if he could, but they crossed

(Continued on page 49)

Mabel, mother of eight, shown here with her husband, William Murphy, could handle a horse with the best of them.



The old saying that "The world has a million roosts for a man but only one nest" was eminently suited to the frontier. You could prove up and stay or prove up and go....

HOMESTEADING WAS CONTAGIOUS!

By VERNE BENEDICT

Photos Courtesy Author

Mabel and Ada Kelsey on Ada's claim twelve miles south of Alexander, North Dakota, 1908

INTO THE scramble for open land in the Dakotas rode two sisters, alone, unmarried, but with the same determined goal as the family man or bachelor—to mark their claim and homestead. They were Mabel and Ada Kelsey.

I recently had the privilege of interviewing Mabel in California. Looking younger than her eighty years, she said with the sharp outspoken tone which is reserved only for our senior citizens, "I'm afraid few girls to today would strike out on their own in a desolate place like the Badlands of Dakota," then, with all the grace of a proud grandmother, she smiled, "but, of course, the youngsters of today aren't expected to do all that, either.

"Our family was living in Granville, North Dakota, when a large block of land was released for homesteading in the far western part of the state. If you built a liveable cabin and stayed there for five straight years, 160 acres were yours; or you could stay there for nine straight months, then pay $2.50 an acre, and the 160 acres were still yours. You could claim the land either way."

"I'll bet you and Ada decided to take the short cut and pay the money after nine months," I said.

She sensed what I was thinking. "Well, as it turned out that's the choice we took. My father, Alex Kelsey, owned a harness shop in Granville, and Mother operated her own millinery store. It was decided that Dad would go out first. He'd plot out the ground—that is, stake out the claim—and build a small cabin. The following spring Ada, who was twenty-five—and I who was twenty—were to go out and live there the required amount of time. This was in 1908. I was to get $100 for staying with my sister—to help her and keep her company.

"When Dad returned, we learned that Ada's claim was located near a town called Alexander, which was located about thirty miles from Williston, North Dakota, on the Missouri River."

"Did you have any reservations about going?" I asked.

"I don't think so," she replied. "It was to be an exciting new adventure. It meant mostly that fancy dresses would be replaced with work clothes. Being the youngest, I suppose I was glad to leave the responsibilities to Ada.

"When the time came to leave, we boarded the Great Northern Railway. I watched from my window as we chugged along on our way to Williston. The new spring broomgrass was green and waved along the prairie in the gentle wind. Prairie wildflowers decorated the right of way. It was beautiful.

"We found Williston to be a fair-sized town for that part of the country. Ranchers, wheat growers and homesteaders all transacted their business there.

"The transition from comfort started the minute we boarded the stagecoach at Williston for Alexander. From that point on, whether we were women or still little girls would be decided.

"THE STAGE tossed and rocked as it raced over the dusty dirt road. A few miles of that ride found Ada and me stealing glances at each other—each wondering how the other was enduring. As our eyes met we would smile bravely, then look out the window as if we were enjoying the view.

"We finally arrived at the banks of the Missouri at Indian Hill. Indian Hill was an important landmark and a good example of the rest of the Badlands—

Mabel Kelsey dressed in the riding habit of the times, divided skirt, velvet blouse and crop

rough, rugged, uncivilized—yet unnaturally beautiful.

"There, on the riverbank, the infamous 'Bell's Ferry' awaited us. It was a flat raft with side-rails. I can't tell you anything more because that's all it was—a flat raft with side-rails. It was big enough to hold one stagecoach or two buckboards or buggies. It was pulled across the river by pulleys. Riding that ferry was some experience! I never could figure out why the horses didn't panic, because I easily could have.

"From there we bounced down the trail into Alexander. One glance at tiny Alexander would have caused one to get right back on the stage and return to Williston, and I don't doubt we both had thoughts in that direction.

"If we didn't have thoughts of giving up at Alexander, I'm sure we did when we transferred our supplies to a buckboard and started toward the homestead. The bumps on that trail were the same as on the stage route, only we were going slower, the more to get full benefit of having no cushion on the seats as we had had in the stagecoach. Deeper and deeper into the Badlands we rode.

"At Alexander we had learned that our homestead was located a short distance from a large ranch. Loaded down with supplies, we followed the trail to our claim and, finally, from Dad's description of the cabin, we knew we had come to the end of our journey.

"I'll never forget that cabin as long as I live. It was a one-room shack, eight feet by ten feet and sided with clapboard. There was a door in the center and a small window at each end. The boards of the curved roof were covered with tar-paper. Dad had dumped a load of coal on the ground to last us our stay. A few feet away stood a small outhouse made from scrap boards and covered with burlap.

"For a moment we just sat there in the buckboard and quietly stared. I think even the horses wanted to go back.

"Well, after surveying the outside you can imagine how anxious we were to see what the inside looked like. Ada unlatched the door and we barely stepped inside. I guess we wanted to take this whole thing one step at a time. Neither said a word as we eyed the interior.

"At one end stood the 'shack-stove' (square with four griddles and a small oven underneath). Beside it was a small wooden table and three chairs. At the other end, Dad had built a double bed on hinges so it could be raised against the wall in the daytime, giving us more room. The mattress was filled with straw. Walls were lined with heavy building paper. A far cry from what we were used to, but there we were and there we would stay until Ada received her final papers.

"DAD had forgotten to build a cupboard to store our tin goods, so I prepared to remedy this with some scrap boards I'd found outside. I hammered and braced and wired as best I could until I had what looked (to me) like a real nice set of shelves. I filled them to the edge with our supplies, then stepped back to admire it all. Ada said nothing but she might have known.

"Anyway, that night we went to bed and were trying to sleep. The wolf howls and coyote cries penetrated the darkness, but they were far off and we were safe. Then bedlam! The little shack actually shook, and the shattering rumbling noise scared us out of our wits. When Ada got the lamp lighted so we could see, all over the floor were shattered bits of my shelves intermingled with lard, molasses and oatmeal. My cupboard had collapsed under the weight.

"We quickly learned to laugh at our disappointments. At the very beginning we both realized that it wasn't going to be a bed of roses. We certainly could have given up that first week and gone back in defeat to the comfortable security we had enjoyed in Granville, but we learned that the best way to fight loneliness is to keep busy.

"There was coal to bring in, water to haul, and food to be cooked. We actually began cooking a whole new way after mastering the combination to that shack-stove. Learning to sleep on a straw mattress took a few nights but we adjusted to all that, and it wasn't bad at all.

"As the word passed that we were there, people began dropping by and we started meeting our neighbors. Of all remedies, meeting one's neighbors is the best medicine there is for homesickness.

"They were good, honest, hard working people. Sure, we had some tough characters who drifted through, but they soon discovered they weren't wanted and kept right on drifting. Fortunately, they were few and far between. Indians were the same way. Small groups would break from the reservation and wander through the Badlands. Sometimes they would camp near our homestead. We would simply leave them alone and they us; we were never bothered. The next morning they would be packed up and gone.

"There were a number of large ranches around us. The Powell Ranch was the closest, but the meeting place for everyone in that area was Daddy Gore's Ranch. These ranches bordered us smaller homesteaders and, as there were no fences, the ranchers had to hire cowboys as line riders to keep their cattle inside their own property. We soon learned that the line riders were to be our mail carriers.

"Anyone going into Alexander or Williston would pick up the mail for everyone in the area. On their way back, they would deliver mail to each homesteader and rancher en route. What was left would be given to the line riders to deliver while on their rounds. Mail from home was so very welcome. We mailed our letters back home, using the same hand-to-hand system in reverse.

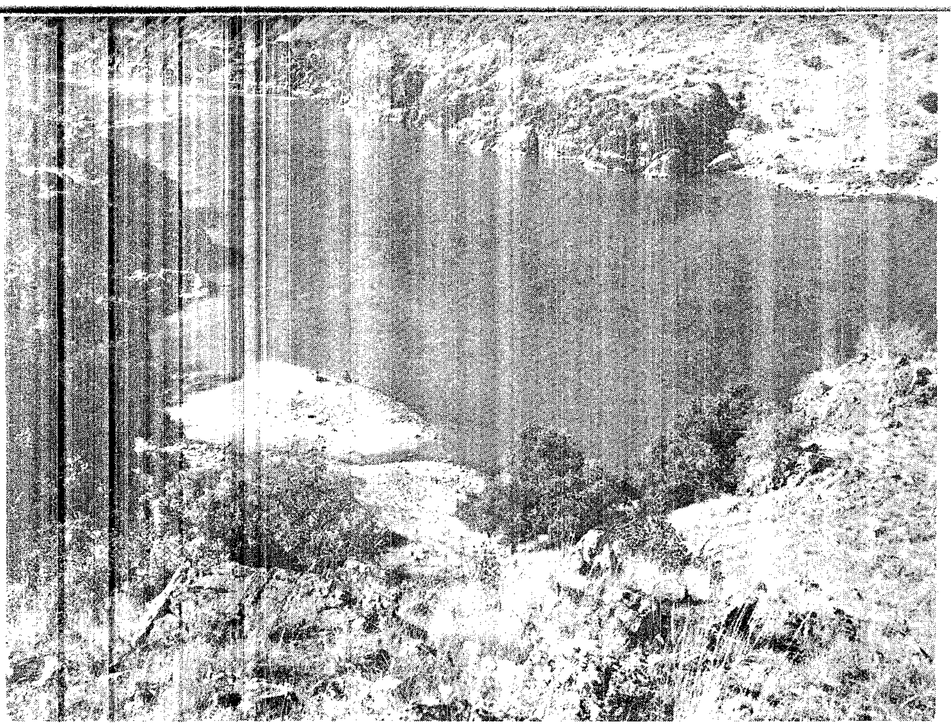
The elegance of the gown indicates the talent Ada Kelsey had as a seamstress.

"The ranches were also a source of fresh milk and eggs. On my way to the Powell Ranch for a pail of milk, I always carried a strong cottonwood branch or a whip. None of us liked rattlesnakes, but here again it was a matter of learning to live with and accepting the Badlands as they were. I got so I could snap my whip or branch across a snake's back and keep right on walking, leaving the reptile stunned for the moment, but hardly ever dead.

"Across the prairie near a draw I could see groups of wild horses. At first I was very concerned about them, also; but soon realized that anything left alone, leaves alone.

"ANYTIME I was ever any distance from our cabin, I kept an eye on the sky. Within minutes the black, ghostly formation of clouds and the rumble of thunder would warn me that an electric storm was coming, and I'd hurry my step to get to the cabin before it arrived. My goodness! the chain-lightning from some of those storms was fierce. Streaking down in double bolts, it would strike the prairie and the whole draw would echo the sharp crack of its thunder. Then, for just a few minutes, the whole land would become dead still. Not a blade of grass would move, not a leaf stir. Gradually the drops of rain would sprinkle ever so lightly, then more and more, and within minutes we would have a regular downpour. But, as fast as it arrived, it was gone and life in the Badlands resumed again—only much cleaner.

(Continued on page 42)



Chinese miners were working the gravel bar in center of picture and along the riverbank to the left of the bar. The murderers were shooting from the ridge in the right foreground and from the immediate foreground, with one sniper stationed on the rocks at the left of the picture.

MASSACRE for GOLD

By GERALD J. TUCKER

Photos Courtesy Author

A band of horse thieves killed thirty-one men and profited nothing. Ironic that the first two to die were the only ones who could have directed them to the cache!

THE CREAKING of gold rockers, the clanging of steel shovels ceased abruptly as twenty-eight pairs of Oriental eyes were raised in alarm at the roar of nearby rifle fire. Only twenty-eight of the Chinese miners looked in alarm for the source of the sudden sound of gunfire, for three of the hard-working group had already slumped to the ground dead or badly wounded.

A second volley followed quickly and another Chinaman fell. It was then the Chinese realized that they were being cut down deliberately by an unseen foe.

Although they did not understand the full implication of the attack, or know exactly from where it was coming, two of the leaders, more quick-witted than their comrades, started for camp shouting for the rest to follow. Among their supplies were a few old, outdated rifles with which they might defend themselves from the shelter of their tents and makeshift shacks.

However, the cunning of the attackers was quickly apparent. As the scattered Chinamen dropped their tools and raced in confusion toward camp, concentrated gunfire again opened up on them, this time from almost directly in front. Before the main body had covered twenty yards, their two leaders were down and several others lay on the ground.

By this time the Orientals had determined that their enemy was concealed behind rocks located at the top of a small bluff between them and camp. Without weapons or any chance of defending themselves, they became badly demoralized and threw up their hands, shouting surrender in their native tongue. They offered their gold and worldly possessions to their unseen foe, not knowing to whom they were speaking and, of course, not knowing if they were being understood. But gestures of surrender and the attitude and posture connected therewith speak a universal tongue recognized by the most benighted savage.

The crack of the rifles continued, and the miners dropped one by one. By now half of them were dead, dying or disabled. Utter panic seized the rest as they realized that there was no quarter, no hope. Turning from the rifles in front, they scattered toward the river and back from where they had come. Many were shot in the back as they fled. The survivors ran head on into a fusillade from a point of rocks downriver from the gravel bar on which they had been working. They were caught in a cross fire, had been from the beginning, but had not realized it.

Two Chinamen picked up rocks in either hand and charged the sniping post. They fell within fifty feet of the redoubt. Several attempted to swim the turbulent Snake River, and its treacherous currents took the final toll. One man made it to a boat which was tied up near the placer workings, only to slump across the bow, badly wounded and unable to push off.

IT WAS all over in a few minutes except for the rounding up of the walking wounded. This pitiful group was herded before the leader of the assassins, who wore a scarf across his face as though afraid to let even those eyes, soon to close in death, see the countenance of the person responsible for such a crime.

The leader demanded to know where the gold from the big strike was hidden, but none of the Chinamen left alive could understand or speak English. The only answer was an outpouring of unintelligible Chinese by one of the captives. This inflamed the white men to greater fury, and the leader shot the miner through the head with a pistol.

Each of the remaining few were questioned and promised their freedom if they would tell where the gold was hidden. None of them could understand so none of them could answer. One of the white men picked up an axe and struck a Chinaman, severing an arm. The rest wielded knives with reckless abandon as each wounded or dying Chinaman was questioned and could only shake his head uncomprehendingly.

There had been only three among the Orientals who could understand or speak English, and they had been among those who were first killed. The white murderers, a band of horse thieves who were camped a few miles away, had supposed that they could force the information they sought. As they began to realize that the only ones who could have told them the location of the gold find had been killed, they seemed to go berserk.

The murderers, who had been lurking for some time near the Chinese camp, had a few weeks before observed intense excitement one day among the miners. A daylight to dark surveillance revealed that the Chinese had found a rich deposit of nuggets and heavy gold flakes in crevices of bedrock which had been uncovered along the banks of the river. This section of bedrock had evidently been at the bottom of the river when, during recent geological time, the river had cut through a rich vein of nearby goldbearing quartz and the crevices of the bedrock had acted in a similar manner to the riffles in a sluice box to catch this large deposit of pure gold.

When it had appeared that the Chinese had garnered most of this rich deposit and the rise of the river had halted activity, the thieves had struck. Now, in extreme frustration they vented all of their racial hatred in an orgy of blood which finds few parallels in the American West.

When there were no more Chinamen alive, the white men made a thorough search of the Chinese camp and found some gold, but only a small fraction of what they expected. They then fired the camp, burning tents, bedding, shacks, everything. As a last gesture of hate they dragged the bodies to the river and threw them in. They piled several into boats, first chopping a hole in the bottom to make sure the boats would sink when well out in the swift current.

The year 1886 was a hard one for the Chinese in the western United States. Major railway construction jobs were over and Chinese workers were looking for any kind of employment. In October several parties of them went up the Snake River from Lewiston, Idaho, to placer for gold. They went in boats, ten or eleven men to each. Completely outfitted and supplied for a long stay, every boat crew, under its own leader, was independent.

The trip upriver was slow and dangerous. Boats had to be pulled over the rapids by sheer manpower. Most of the crew scrambled over the rocks along the banks, straining at the ropes, while two men left aboard fended off the rocks with long poles.

When the Chinese passed the mouth of the Salmon, they scattered out along several miles of the river prospecting for favorable locations. One crew ascended the Snake some ninety miles upriver from Lewiston, and found pay gravel near the mouth of Salt Creek where they diverted the mountain stream to sluice the sand and gravel along the banks of the Snake. The others, after considerable exploratory work, which was apparently not very successful, joined the crew operating just below the mouth of Deep Creek, only sixty-five miles upriver from Lewiston. Here the three boat crews worked the gravel banks of a cove with shovel and pan, and fluvial ore rockers operated by hand. They worked all winter and until the latter part of May, 1887. It was these three boat crews who met death at the hands of the whites.

THE FIRST inkling that something was amiss along the Snake was on June 5, 1887, when the body of a Chinaman was found floating in the river at Pen-a-wa-wa, forty-five miles below Lewiston. Several more bodies were found during the next few days at various places. Some were found as far afield as Reparia, about eighty miles below Lewiston. Bodies were seen there in a large log drift but because of high water only one could be recovered. Another was found at Lime Point above Lewiston on the Idaho side of the river.

On June 11, the boatload of ten Chinamen who had been operating at Salt Creek arrived at Lewiston. They had left their camp to visit the crew at Deep Creek, they reported, and had found the camp wrecked and burned—the signs of a massacre. They had not stopped long, but had hurried downriver on the flood waters. On the way they had spotted a boat which they recognized. It had a hole chopped in the bottom and was lodged on some rocks. The bodies of three of their countrymen were floating in the river but only one of them could be reached because of the treacherous currents.

This crew had evidently been at Salt Creek all winter and spring and did not know that three crews were working at Deep Creek, for they only mentioned ten Chinamen killed. This report confused the facts for some time and the full magnitude of the crime was not generally known for several months.

A coroner's inquest was held at Lewiston on June 14, which established the fact that murder had been committed.

The Sam Yup Company, a Chinese concern operating in the Northwest which arranged employment for Chinese nationals, was notified. When Lee Loi, an agent for the company, arrived at Lewiston, he signed a John Doe complaint before J. K. Vincent, justice of the peace for Nez Percé County, Idaho Territory, on June 18. Mr. Vincent certified the descriptions of three of the bodies found. These descriptions contain some gruesome details: "Shot in back just below right shoulder blade, two cuts in back of head, one on each side, done with an axe"; "shot in breast just below heart, head very much cut and chopped"; "two shot wounds in small of back near backbone, head off, as though chopped, left arm off between elbow and shoulder, both arm and head in coat which was fastened to his body, held there by a belt around his waist, some recognized him as Ah Yow."

Mr. Vincent issued a warrant on June 18 for the arrest of John Doe, Richard Doe and others for murder. The Chinese of Lewiston raised $1,000 which they offered as a reward for the conviction of the killers. Additional reward money was later posted by the Chinese Consul General at San Francisco. Lee Loi employed Mr. Vincent as an investigator in the case.

It was this man's bulldog tenacity and skillful handling which eventually placed in the hands of the courts the necessary evidence for conviction. That none was secured does not detract from the value of the work done by this old '49er and peace officer.

VINCENT left Lewiston by boat on June 24 with James McCormick and a Chinaman. It was his first trip to the scene of the murders—a long, hard journey with frequent recourse to the line at the rapids. Vincent left his companions at a hidden bar along the river a few miles below the place the Chinese had been camped, with instructions to return to Lewiston without looking for him if he did not return within ten days.

He then assumed the role of an old prospector with a pack on his back and a gold pan under his arm. Thus outfitted, he wandered up the river on the Oregon side, soon coming in contact with a group of men who appeared to have no legitimate business in the area. They made their headquarters in a semi-dugout cabin and a couple of tents.

Vincent set about panning gold and visiting the camp occasionally. He made friends with two young fellows whom he entertained with tales of the Mother Lode Country and a fabulously rich vein of gold ore which he knew about but needed assistance to develop. Meanwhile he asked innocent questions and picked up a lot of information.

He learned that a tall handsome man, named Canfield, was the leader of the group headquartering there. Canfield had two lieutenants, Evans and La Rue, who were frequently absent for several days at a time. In fact, various men came and went frequently, there seldom being more than eight or nine in camp at any one time, and usually only four or five. Vaughn and Hughs, the young men whose friendship Vincent cultivated, remained at camp and herded a band of horses in the vicinity.

No special talent as an investigator was needed to see that the outfit was transporting stolen horses between Oregon and Idaho, in both directions across Snake River. Vincent examined the horse herd with a spyglass and noted many fresh brands; and some horses with old or healed over brands were gone the next day.

After watching the camp for over a week, Vincent had counted twenty different men who had been there. He made mental notes of each one's appearance. He suspected that there might be as many as thirty men in the gang. There was no doubt about their being horse thieves and Vincent was fairly certain that they were, or at least some of them were, responsible for the Chinese murders. This suspicion was strengthened when he noticed in one of the tents several sacks of flour with Chinese markings and of a coarse quality not often used by Americans.

Vincent sensed that Canfield was becoming suspicious of him and took pains to show him a small bottle of nuggets

Part of wall of old Chinese building, Deep Creek on Snake River

which he had brought along from Lewiston for just such a purpose. He told of finding evidence of more in the crevices of the bedrock under the gravel bank of the river where he was working. This seemed to dispel Canfield's doubts at the time, but Vincent knew that if they thought he had much gold or had made a rich strike, his life would come to an abrupt close.

Having secured a considerable amount of information and some evidence, and as the ten days were about up, Vincent left one night and joined his companions at the hidden bar below. He decided that his role as a prospector was about played out, so the party returned to Lewiston. He then made a trip to the Salmon River country to check on the activities of the gang in that direction, and again returned to Lewiston. There, Vincent received a letter from Mssrs. Liang Ting Tsan, Consul-General, and F. A. Bee, Consul, of San Francisco, asking for details regarding the murder of the miners. Vincent answered this letter on July 19.

"I have been and am still in the employ of the Chinese company, ferreting out the matter. From what I have so far found, things seem to show that white men were the murderers, as some of the provisions 'flour' I have traced directly to them. I have been following up, for six days, a white man who was at their camp and one who is the last one known to have been there. He has told some very curious stories about the matter, and some circumstances look very suspicious. But there is in that vicinity some twenty or thirty bad men and I was watched very closely for nine days. I expect to start again up Snake River on the east side and will get into their camp by some means and know what has been done with their property, if the agent here thinks best.

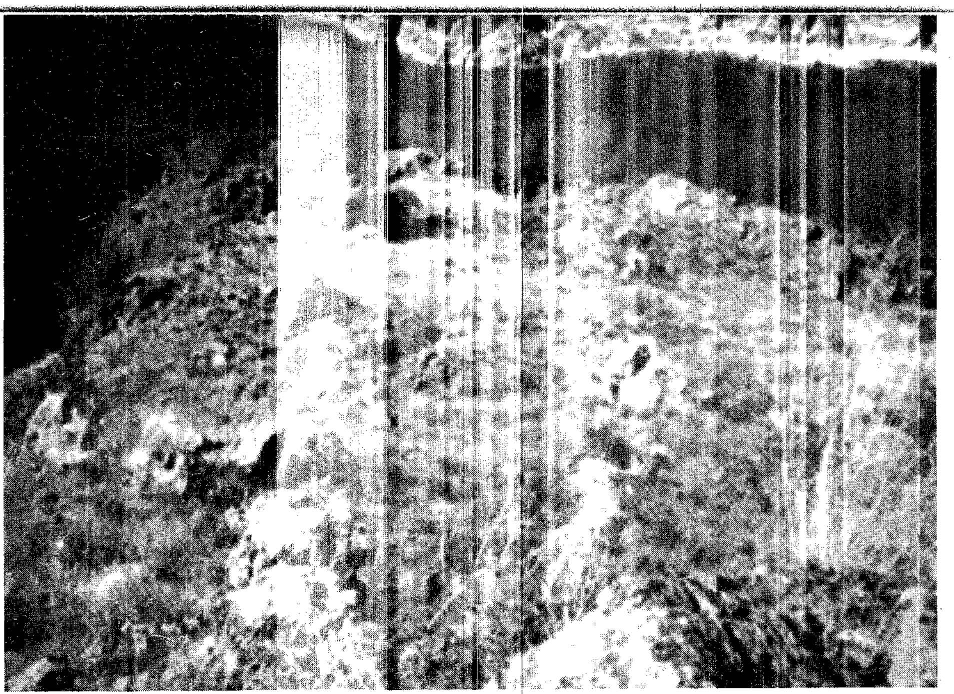
"It was the most cold-blooded, cowardly treachery I have ever heard tell of on this coast, and I am a '49er. Every one was shot, cut up, and stripped and thrown in the river.

"The Chinese here have paid me for what I have done so far, but Government ought to take it in hand, for with actions like this none are safe.—J. K. Vincent, United States Commissioner."

VINCENT went to the Idaho towns in the Salmon country to check on the possible sale of gold dust and nuggets by any of the gang. It was thought the Chinese possibly might have mined as much as $10,000 and certainly no less than $5,000. No leads were turned up along this line, so Vincent decided to visit the outlaws' camp again, hiding by day and investigating alone at night.

He crossed the mountains from Whitebird, Idaho, a small village on the Salmon River, to the Snake River a few miles above the site of the massacre. There at an isolated ranch he produced a letter from the sheriff of the county, requesting that the rancher assist Vincent in every way possible, and particularly to permit him the use of his boat. Vincent now had an operating base only two miles above the site of the massacre and four miles above the outlaws' headquarters, with no bad rapids between.

The officer found it was necessary to poison Canfield's dog in order to approach the camp at night, and until another dog was brought to camp, he was very successful in accumulating information. He listened to conversations between the outlaws, when an uncontrolled cough would have meant instant death or worse.



Low ridge from which snipers shot Chinese overlooks site at left of picture.

Vincent learned that Canfield was to take the gold salvaged from the Chinese camp (which Canfield estimated at $4,000) to some distant point and convert it to cash, after which he would return the following winter and divide it among the men. Vincent suspected that there was more than $4,000 in gold dust and nuggets, and that Canfield meant to keep his confederates from knowing the true value of the loot. He further suspected that Canfield had no intention of returning and dividing up the money.

Vincent also learned for the first time that the Chinese had found a rich strike that spring and that hidden somewhere near the site of the massacre was a treasure in nuggets and coarse gold. Up to this point, he had been unable to ascribe a reasonable motive to the senseless butchery that accompanied the slaughter, but now with the revelation of the treasure that had eluded the murderers, the pieces of the puzzle began to fit together.

Vincent also learned that the outlaws were aware of the fact that an investigator was working on the case and that they were on the point of disbanding and scattering. Canfield, Evans, and La Rue were heading into Idaho, while others were returning to their homes in Wallowa County, Oregon.

VINCENT returned to Lewiston and, working through the sheriff's office, had sent out notices trying to trace the expected conversion of gold to cash. He still lacked sufficient evidence to warrant the arrest of the gang, and decided to lay low for a while.

Early in the spring of 1888, Vincent appeared in Wallowa County, Oregon, and began talking to the young men, Vaughn and Hughs, and their families. He persuaded Vaughn to turn state's evidence, and Vaughn testified before the Grand Jury. As a result of this testimony and Vincent's corroborating evidence, an indictment was issued in March, 1888, against six men: Hiram Maynard, Carl Hughs, Robert McMillian, J. T. Canfield, Bruce Evans and C. O. La Rue.

On April 25, the Honorable James H. Slater, former U. S. Senator from Oregon, writing to Lewis L. McArthur, United States District Attorney, Portland, Oregon, made the following statements: ". . . (Robert McMillian, Carl Hughs and Hiram Maynard) . . . are in jail; the other three, who are regarded as the ring leaders, are at large and out of the State and their exact whereabouts not definitely known, but it is believed that with proper effort they can be secured.

"Detectives will have to be employed to hunt down the three out of State. I believe there is no power vested in the Court or County to employ detectives for the purpose named.

"I feel sure that in such a case the Department of Justice can find some way to aid in the hunting down of these men."

A letter dated May 15, 1888 from the Department of State to Chang Yen Hoon, Minister of the Emperor of China to the United States, and signed by G. L. Rives, Acting Secretary, encloses a copy of Senator Slater's letter for the Minister's information and includes the following statement:

"The crime having been committed against the laws and peace of Oregon, and the Indictment against certain of the alleged murderers having been found by the Criminal Courts of that State, there is no present occasion for Federal jurisdiction in the premises, or for interference to procure testimony on the part of the judicial officers of the United States."

The Wallowa County Circuit Court Docket, Volume A., contains what is believed to be the only record of the trial now extant.

Hiram Maynard
Carl Hughs (Hezikiah Hughs true name)
Robert McMillian
Arraigned for murder August 28, 1888
Plea entered of not guilty on August 29, 1888
Sept. 1, 1888 Verdict of Not Guilty as to each of the defendants above named and the case continued as to J. T. Canfield, Bruce Evans and C. O. La Rue
Sept. 1, 1888 Frank Vaughn. Grand Jury returned not a true bill. Defendant released and his bond ties discharged from all and any future liability therein.
J. L. Rand, District Attorney, Ivanhoe and M. L. Olmstead Attorneys for the men acquitted. Piper and McGowan assisting in defense of M. & H.

(Continued on page 48)

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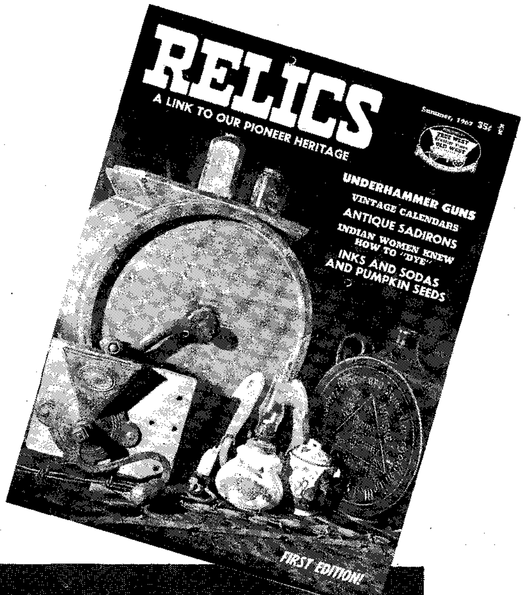
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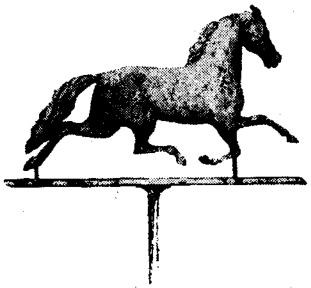
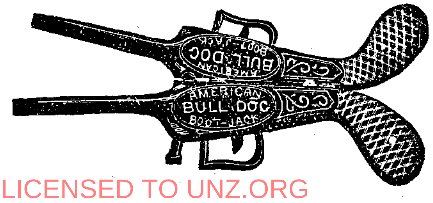
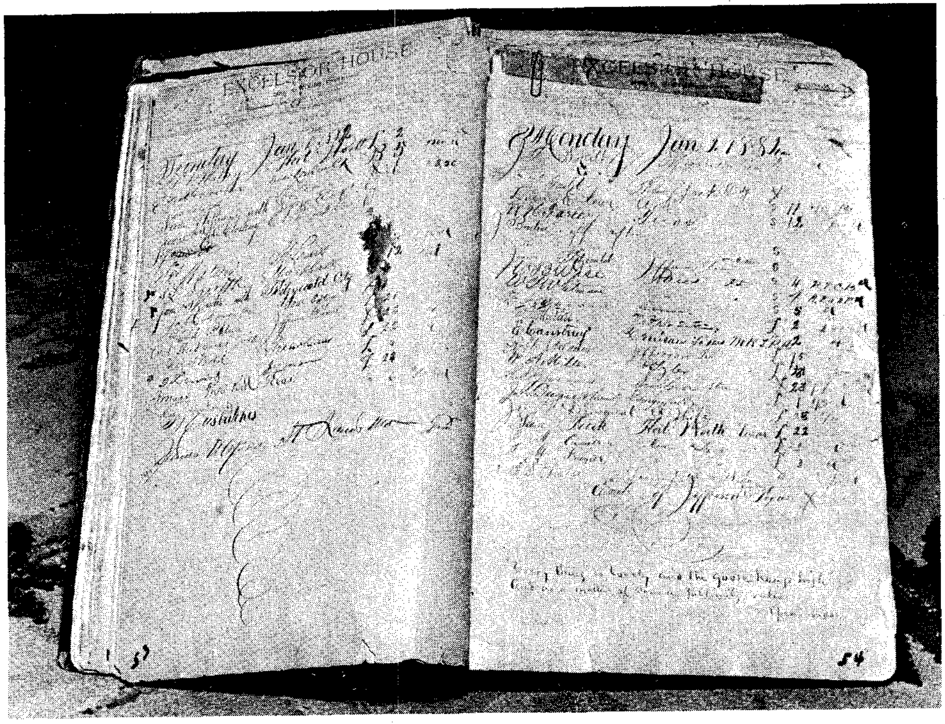



AMERICAN BULL DOG BOOT-JACK

QUEEN

By AL EASON

Photos Courtesy Author



Ledger of Excelsior House showing Gould's signature and his scrawled, "End of Jefferson Texas X"

ALONG a thousand trails over the West, bones lie in unmarked graves of hardy pioneers who passed through Jefferson, Texas, on their way to they knew not what. In very early days it knew many travelers; it was the last place one could hope to get supplies.

Because of a barrel of whiskey, the town did not formally come into being until 1836 but the area in which it was located had been a sort of crossroads for many years before.

Jefferson was founded along the western edge of a no-man's-land between Louisiana and Texas, former colonies of France and Spain respectively. The French and Spanish for many years had an unwritten understanding of their borders, leaving an area nearly a hundred miles in width and over two hundred miles long as a buffer zone between the two colonies. This no-man's-land ran from the Territory of Oklahoma due south to the Sabine River; then along each side of the river to the Upper Gulf Coast.

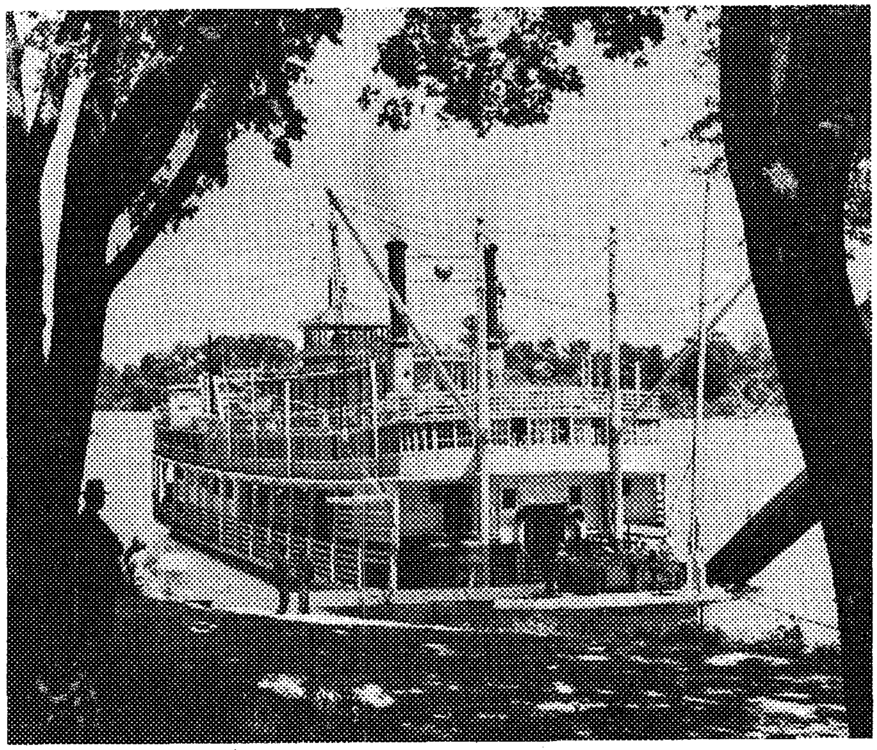
Into the lawless vacuum of this strip of wilderness came a breed of men who would change the fate of Texas. Here men with a past and men with a brilliant future rubbed shoulders, conducted their business, and passed on.

James and Rezin Bowie tarried for awhile, and then James passed on to immortality at the Alamo. David Crockett passed through with a wagontrain led by Andy Thomas in 1830. They had driven their ox-wagons down along the long, hard trail from Tennessee.

Most people passed on through the neutral ground into Texas, but men on the run settled well within the strip where they would be safe from the law. Not until 1820 did respectable men and their families begin to settle within the outlaw territory.

River steamer—Jefferson, Texas

Courtesy *Marshall (Texas) News Messenger*



JEFFERSON, known during it's heyday as "Queen of the West," was the result of three factors—the outlaw strip; the New Madrid earthquake which widened and deepened the basin of Caddo Lake; and the great log jam on Red River which, in backing the waters of the Red into the Caddo-Soda (Soto) basin, created a lake of such immense proportions that steamboat navigation became feasible.

Settlers were suddenly offered a safe comfortable means of passing through the dangerous outlaw country with their lives and goods intact.

The first steamboat arrived sometime between 1836 and 1840. Port Caddo, near the present site of the Caddo State Park, was the official entry port for the Republic of Texas, and by 1840 steamboats regularly docked there. Swanson's Landing on the south shore of the lake, and Port Monterey, on Clear Lake (Jeem's Bayou) were also major ports of call for the steamboats.

Allen Urquhart began operation of a ferry across the Big Cypress Bayou near the site in 1830, and so the story goes, a group of the leading settlers in the lake area saw the commercial possibilities of a city at the location of the Urquhart Ferry. It was a natural crossing around the western part of the immense lake barrier.

They agreed to meet at the site on a predetermined date and discuss laying out a town. When they arrived on the bayou, they found that some enterprising fellow had erected a rough pole shack containing a barrel of whiskey and a lone dipper to be used to dispense the whiskey.

Thirsty after their journeys, the men drank freely and soon became unable to transact the business at hand. After sleeping off the effects of the whiskey, most of them felt so rocky they returned to their homes without further efforts at becoming "City Fathers." The Queen City had to wait until around 1836.

# of the WEST

—but she made the mistake of treating Jay Gould like a commoner . . .

In 1839 Gen. James Harrison Rogers came to Jefferson and built his home, "The Manse," a house of such lavish appointments and beauty as to be practically a palace for its time and place. Permanent settlers and merchants soon followed, and by 1842 the city was bustling with trade. The first court was held that year in the post office, the only Federal building in town.

Two years later, the beginning of the fulfillment of her destiny came to the town in the guise of the *Lama*, a river steamer under the command of Capt. Whithinberry. All night the bonfires blazed along the muddy bayou bank, as people came from the surrounding country to see this new wonder, this mammoth boat with its twin smokestacks belching black smoke as high as the tallest cypress trees. The steamboat era had come to Jefferson, bringing with it the necessities of the frontier and the luxuries of the world.

AFTER the arrival of the *Lama*, word spread quickly among the riverboats and shipping companies. Jefferson became rough and roaring—the melting pot—the cauldron which spewed frontiersmen, outlaws, and settlers out along every trail leading into the unknown lands over the horizon. Jefferson was the jumping off place for the West, and people came in a never-ending stream.

The steamboat and river traffic era which began with the *Lama* lasted unabated for three decades, with the city becoming richer and more important every year. An insight into the vigor of trade can be gained from old issues of the Jefferson *Herald.*

Aug. 13, 1853—Office and cooking stoves just rec'd on steamer *John S.* trader.—S. F. Mosely Co.—The best lot of stoves that has been offered on this market and shall keep a good supply on hand at all times. Terms: Cash.

M. Steinlien & Co.—Just received on steamer *Echo*—50 boxes of drygoods assorted; 100 cases of shoes and boots; 18 cases of hats; 5 cases of hdwre; 6 crates of greenware. Also received clothing, caps, books, saddlery, woodware, also rec'd steamer *Pitser Miller*—a large lot of groceries.

1856—The steamer *Music* which left New Orleans on the 11th inst. for Shreveport and Jefferson, was run into by the steamer *Antelope* a few miles below Baton Rouge and sorely damaged. The *Music* was forced to return to the city for repairs. The steamer *Compromise* brought a number of laborers for the Vicksburg and Shreveport Railroad. They will be put to work between Shreveport and the Texas line.

1857—The steamer *Caddo Belle* from Jef. bound for Shrpt. while dropping down the bayou Sun. last, swung across the stream about 4 miles from Jef. and supposedly struck a stump which caused her to fill and sink. One side of the wreck lies in 13' of water and it is feared the hull broke in two and is a total loss. The *Caddo Belle* was nearly new, having been built last fall at New Albany, where we understand, she was insured for $10,000.

1857—The steamer *Alida* brought the locomotive engine, Louisiana, to Swanson's Landing to be used on the railroad from that point to the town of Jonesville; a distance of 14 miles.

May 13, 1858—There are 9,000 bales of cotton in Jefferson warehouses. Large stocks of hides, peltries and bois d' arc seed awaiting shipment. We would call attention to the card advertisement of the steamer *Bell Gates*, P. W. Brooks, Master. Mr. Brooks is a Jefferson merchant and his boat is brought out in opposition to the steamboat monoply. Is represented as being a fine steamer with spring mattresses on all bunks, a nursery attached to the ladies cabins, and will carry 1,800 bales of cotton. Success to her.

Feb. 1, 1869—The steamer *Mittie Stevens* burned and sank with a loss of 61 lives. According to a report received from the site near Swanson's Landing where the steamer was beached by her captain, the fire started on the foredeck and quickly spread to the rest of the vessel. Despite the heroic efforts of the master and the crew, 61 souls perished in the ensuing holocaust and panic.

BY 1872 Jefferson was one of the leading cities in the state, boasting a population of approximately 30,000. Her exports had risen to a high of 100,000 bales of cotton annually, and bois d' arc seed was selling for $80.00 a bushel on the U. S. market. The seed was used for growing fences which, according to the advertisements, were "Horse-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight." Along with buffalo hides, cotton, peltries, and lumber, bois d' arc seed was one of the most important exports from Jefferson.

All during this time the settlers had continued to pour through the town on their way west. The "make-up" point for the wagontrains was a place near Jefferson known as "Four-Mile-Branch." At this location in 1848, John A. Stewart and Zachariah Lockett started making plows to supply the demand of settlers. They later sold out to George A. Kelly, who in 1860 designed the famous "Kelly Blue Plow," later referred to as "The plow that made Texas." The Kelly foundry and factory was totally destroyed by fire in 1882. Re-established in Longview, Texas, then a new railroad center, the Kelly Plow Works has remained there to this day.

An old news item mentions a wagontrain of forty wagons forming at the campgrounds at Four-Mile-Branch in 1868 for the long, arduous trip to El Paso. Another mention is of a wagontrain formed of Kentuckians in 1850. At the end of their journey they formed a small town in present-day Grayson County, Texas.

Jefferson had the first artificial gas plant in Texas. Pine knots were heated in a huge retort and the steam-like gas which exuded from the heated pine was piped through cast-iron pipes to lamp posts about the town. Here the gas was ignited to provide illumination during the night hours.

Old settlers claim Jefferson had an artificial ice plant as early as the 1860s. The ice was produced in blocks four or five feet long, three feet wide, and one inch thick, and was sold for ten cents per pound. An amusing story concerns a family from San Angelo, who after visiting Jefferson during the summer, returned to their home and began telling

Jay Gould's private railroad car, now on display at Jefferson

about enjoying iced drinks in Jefferson during the summer. After due process and a majority vote of the congregation, they were removed from membership in their church. The charge—LYING!

During the Civil War, Jefferson was the chief source of meat for the Southern armies. The Confederate Government established a slaughterhouse and meat packing plant there, where herds coming in from all over Texas, were processed and shipped to New Orleans.

Shortly after the war, John S. Chisum, of Paris, Texas, and later a participant in the Lincoln County War in New Mexico, was driving a herd of cattle to Jefferson. He was approached by a group of Federal soldiers who intended to confiscate the herd as booty of war, but they had reckoned without the man who owned them. Chisum and his men fought with such ferocity and knowledge of arms that the soldiers retreated, leaving the herd free to continue. The cattle were driven to Shreveport where they were sold at a good profit.

"CARPETBAGGERS" descended on Jefferson shortly after Lee surrendered. Incident led to incident, and it was necessary for the Government to send troops into Jefferson to restore order. The commanding officer of these troops caused a stockade to be built at "Sand Town," a hill near the town. Many of the most prominent citizens of the city were imprisoned there and suffered great hardships during their interment, some dying from exposure and pneumonia.

Cullen Baker was the Cass County scourge of the Federals, and the troops in Jefferson were sent out many times to effect his capture or death. Baker successfully eluded the soldiers but on January 6, 1869, was poisoned by his father-in-law. His body was brought into Jefferson and put on exhibit two days after his death.

Typical of the many brawls and gunfights which occurred in the wide-open frontier town is the one which had for its principal characters a gambler and a blacksmith. According to the old-timers, Rose, a blacksmith who owned a shop on Polk Street, had become infatuated with one of the ladies of easy virtue with whom the town was well supplied. This in itself would have been of little consequence if it had not been for the fact that she already belonged to a gambler named Robertson, who believed Rose's intentions to be of an honorable nature, thus threatening his "business arrangement" with the girl should she decide to marry.

Robertson resorted to direct means to set the matter straight. Upon entering Rose's shop, Robertson fired and mortally wounded his rival without warning, but as Rose fell he also fired a shot. It got the gambler in the chest. Robertson walked across the street as if nothing had happened, then stopped, passed his hand over his perspiring forehead and sat down heavily on the ground. As a crowd gathered around him he said, with a puzzled expression on his face, "Why, I believe the s—o—b has killed me," and fell dead on the street. Strangely enough, the two men were buried side by side in the old Oakwood Cemetery and the two iron posts used to mark the graves were chained together.

NOT ALL of the town's killings were done in the revealing light of day. "Murder Alley" which may be reached by taking the left where Line Street divides, going south to the river, was known as the dumping ground for the bodies of those who had been unskillful or unlucky in brawls of the night before. Few mornings passed during the wild times in Jefferson without Murder Alley giving up at least one or two bodies.

Another example of the night killings is the story of the yet unsolved murder of Chief Justice Haughn. Thought to have been sent to the area by the U. S. Government to stir up trouble between the white people and the Negroes, he entered politics and was elected judge. He was later defeated by Judge S. W. Moseley even though the ballot-boxes had been rigged in his favor.

A political meeting was held at Kellyville (Four-Mile-Branch) which many of the leading citizens of Jefferson attended, Chief Justice Haughn among them. The men from Jefferson tarried after the meeting for a discussion, but Haughn, not being interested, left alone. He never reached home. His body was found in a deep ditch near the old Freeman house the next morning. Managers of all the election boxes were arrested, but were later released for want of evidence.

Of all the murders which occurred during these rough times, the slaying of his pregnant wife by Abe Rothchild was the most shocking. The frontier could stomach the killing of a man, as it was more or less a daily occurence, but to kill a woman was an outrage.

Rothchild had seduced Bessie Moore before they ever made their appearance on the frontier. At first the diamonds and the plush accommodations of the circles where they moved bemused and satisfied Bessie. But, after finding she was with child, she demanded more—specifically, marriage. To this her lover agreed, *but it must not take place in the city where his family was so well known.*

When they reached Linden, Texas, then a small, out-of-the-way, country town, they were married. Their intentions were to backdate the marriage license so the baby would be legitimate.

From Linden they traveled to Jefferson and secured rooms at the Brooks Home.

A look at the city as it was then—during the last three days of Bessie's life—was recorded by W. H. Ward, a writer of the time. "The motley population of Jefferson added color to the restless movement of the town. The streets were crowded with men of many kinds of dress; cowboys in chaps and spurs, gentlemen in morning coats with canes, farmers in dingy overalls, ladies in elaborate flowing gowns, old slavery Negroes, self confident northern Negroes, carpetbaggers, and into the crowd came Bessie Moore, sparkling with diamonds, accompanied by dark and tall Abe Rothchild and did she create a sensation! She was part of this restless life the three short days that she was among them; diamonds sparkled in her ears as she shook her head and laughed. . . . This poor return for her sacrifice satisfied the girl only for a time, then the glittering jewels and silken raiment, which gave her the sobriquet of 'Diamond Bessie' and which were purchased with a woman's shame, began to pall upon her. Bessie Moore was to become a mother."

On the third day of their stay in Jefferson, Rothchild and his wife took a picnic basket and walked across the bayou bridge as if for an afternoon's outing in the country. Rothchild returned alone to the city that evening. When he reached the hotel, he explained his wife's absence by saying she had decided to remain with friends in the country. Rothchild left early the next morning for an undisclosed destination. Bessie's body, stripped of jewelry and with a bullet through her temple, was not discovered until a week later.

The hue and cry began immediately. Because of the prominence of the people involved, the murder of Diamond Bessie was news, and papers responded immediately by sending their best reporters to cover the story. Reams of copy were written about the murder.

Sheriff John Vines went to Cincinnati where he located Rothchild in a saloon and brought him back to Texas. While in custody Rothchild attempted suicide with the same pistol he was said to have used to murder Bessie. His aim was poor this time, however, and he succeeded only in losing an eye.

For seven years Rothchild battled through the courts for his life. He was convicted twice and sentenced to hang, only to be freed in the end as the result of a legal technicality.

IF THE RISE of Jefferson was marked by the advent of the steamboat, her decline was certainly brought about by the coming of the railroad. Jefferson, as did most cities which had long enjoyed the affluence of being a port and river town, looked askance at the new innovation of rails.

Jay Gould, free-wheeling tycoon of the Texas and Pacific, came to Jefferson about 1873 seeking a right of way for his new railroad. He was treated with amused tolerance by the city fathers of Jefferson, who refused to grant the right of way, causing Gould to leave the city after making this statement—"Jefferson will see the day when bats will roost in its church belfries and grass will grow in the streets."

And as further reprisal for the shoddy treatment he had received, Gould built his railroad in a great arc which bypassed Jefferson completely. The shops he had intended to locate in that city were built in Marshall, at that time a much smaller town. Later, Gould returned to Jefferson, and on the hotel register of the Excelsior House, wrote this prophetic inscription beneath his famous "Jaybird" sketch—"The end of Jefferson, Texas."

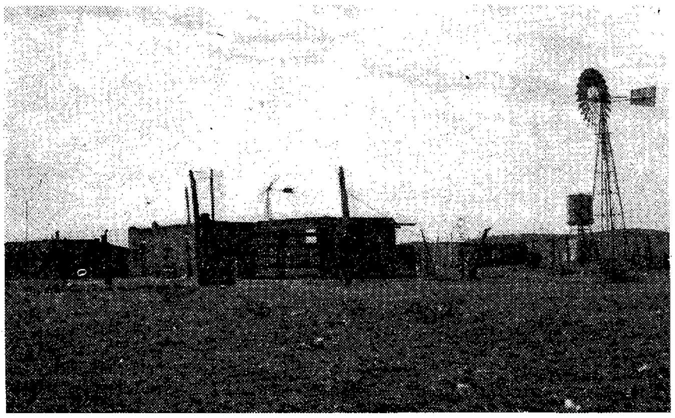
The vanity of the city fathers destroyed the one chance Jefferson had of surviving and becoming one of the leading cities of Texas, for in the same year that Gould offered the railroad to Jefferson and was rebuffed, the U. S. Army Engineers removed the great raft from Red River and Gould's prophecy began to take shape. After the raft was removed in 1873, the life-blood of Jefferson ebbed away with the dark muddy waters of the bayou as it drained back into Red River. A port without water is no longer a port. That was the fate of Jefferson.

The merchants and factory owners held out well into the 1880s, and then, giving up hope of the restoration of the river traffic, moved to the new and booming towns along the railroads.

The frontier was now far removed to the west, and there was no longer a place for her in the scheme of things; at least not on the scale to which she had been accustomed.

But as Jefferson dwindled into the small town we know today, she developed an infinite charm—a riverboat mystique. Her architecture has been preserved, she is worth driving miles to see, and happily she is managing to live like a lady by capitalizing on the only thing Jay Gould left her—the past.

GERONIMO'S GHOSTS



Mexican Custom House at Antelope Wells. It was near this place that the invaders slipped across the International Boundary with the aid of a cow and a bull.

The ranchers were sure somebody was on the prowl, but whoever it was could strike without leaving tracks

By PERCY BROWN

Photos Courtesy Author

NEW MEXICO'S last Indian raid was the strangest of all. It was carried out by a score of outcasts from below the border—with the aid of a cow and a bull! And, although the cattle enabled the raiding party to enter the United States unnoticed, it was the same livestock which finally tipped off the Americans that Indians were on the prowl.

The clever redskins placed pack saddles on the cow and bull and used the animals as beasts of burden as they began the odd invasion. Had they used horses, mules or burros to transport their scant equipment, the American authorities—and ranchers—would have become suspicious. But cow tracks in a cow country could hardly be expected to attract attention. And the wily invaders cashed in on this fact as they slipped across the border near Cloverdale one balmy fall night in 1923.

They allowed the cow and bull to walk boldly up trails, while the savages themselves never set foot in a path or left a moccasin imprint, even in the softest soil. In fact, so successful was the venture, the invaders had accomplished a major part of their strange mission before the Americans learned that Indians had been operating in their midst for over a week, creating havoc in their own inimitable way.

Their motive for the invasion had its beginning way back in 1886, when the great Indian Chief, Geronimo, surrendered to General Miles at Skelton Canyon, Arizona. As was commonly known at the time, not all of the Apaches laid down their arms with their leader. An intrepid few retired to the wilds of the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico, to live the life of their forefathers, subsisting largely upon acorns, piñon nuts and game, but never passing up an opportunity to pilfer from unguarded camps and *ranchos*. Thus, a small remnant of Geronimo's once great band managed to survive.

ONE of the major objectives of the raiding party, it seems, was to again visit the site of Geronimo's last camp in Skeleton Canyon. The Indians, traveling at night, crossed the line and made their first camp in the towering Animas Mountains in New Mexico, eighteen miles above the border. The next night they separated into small bands to escape detection as they crossed a stretch of open country to the west. Many a rancher and homesteader slept peacefully that night, unaware that half-naked savages were slipping past their places as silently as ghosts.

What transpired at this secret rendezvous no one knows, but it is a fact that it was at Skeleton Canyon that the Indians became obsessed with revenge. They stole two horses from Ross Sloan, a rancher, cut his fence and boldly rode the animals away. Sloan and his brother took up the trail and attempted to overtake the horse thieves. However, the trail, plainly visible at first, soon became difficult to follow. Within a few miles it seemed to evaporate into thin air.

In very short order, the country was plagued with horse thieves. Citizens throughout the Skeleton Canyon country began losing horses at an alarming rate. And, try though they did, the men could never trail down the thieves. Several rash citizens armed themselves and began casting suspicious glances at their neighbors. As they put it, "Horses don't have wings—and no stranger could whisk 'em away from beneath our noses without leaving some kind o' sign."

This is how things stood when Cole Evans, a Diamond A cowboy, found evidence that a cow had been butchered near Black Hill Springs, New Mexico. Evans immediately reported his find, but before the authorities had time to investigate, things started happening.

"The horse thieves musta turned to rustling beef," opined several ranchers as they got out their "shooting irons" and began riding the range, armed. One New Mexico cattleman, upon hearing about the butchered beef, stubbornly insisted, "It's the work of some of the nesters that's come into the country lately. We'd better run them out!"

This kind of talk didn't set well with the homesteaders. And, when two cowboys paid a nester a visit and began looking around for the carcass of the freshly killed beef, the explosive situation almost blossomed forth into fireworks. The men found no evidence that the homesteader had butchered lately, and nesters for miles around were offended by this unwarranted search. Too, they had lost several horses and they were not so sure but that the ranchers were out to make things miserable for them.

Suspicion was rampant when a deputy sheriff rode out to the scene of the butchering and found a hand-woven grass mat, like those commonly seen below the border. This find indicated that someone from Mexico had done the job—or someone had deliberately planted the mat to divert suspicion. As no further evidence was found, the mystery was more complicated than ever.

THE final outcome was a surprise because the Indians themselves gummed the works. The raiders had returned to their hideout in the rugged, brush-covered Animas Mountains. With some two dozen stolen horses in their

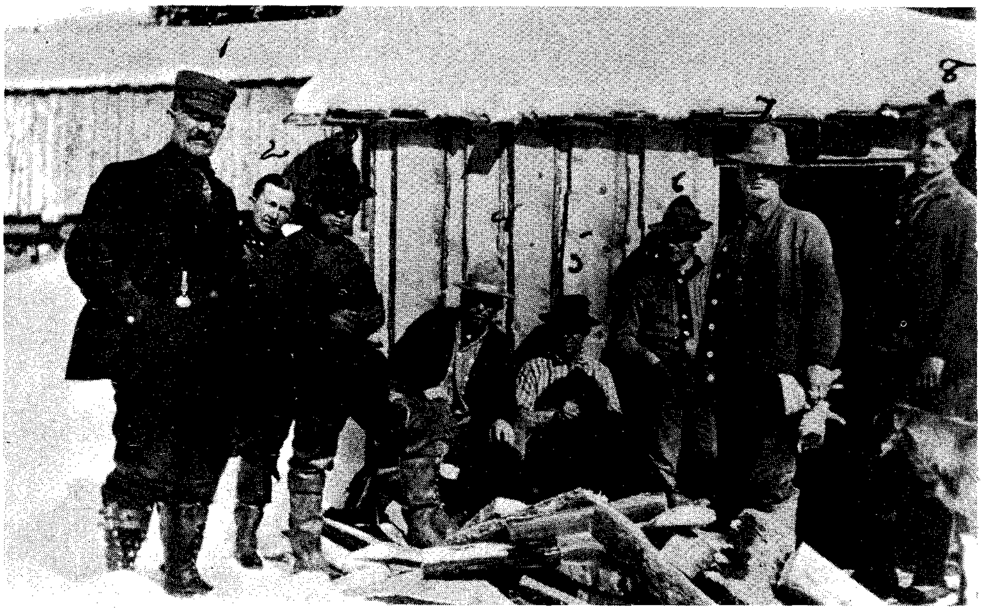
(Continued on page 59)

Holmes Maddox, who helped solve the riddle of the mysterious night riders, with saddle and tanned cowhide taken from the raiders

HAPPY DAYS and

By FRANK B. BRYANT

Photos Courtesy Author



The "Big Brass" of Leesburg Mining Company gathered at the Italian Mine cookhouse, Winter, 1910. Left to right: Hans Elliott, President; John Elliott, Engineer; Frank B. Bryant, Superintendent; Sam Muldrow, Shifter; Herb Acheson, Blacksmith; Tom Munroe, Boss Timberman; B. D. O'Brien, General Manager; Fred Widner, Captain in Imperial German Army.

LESTER HARDIN'S "Forgotten City of Napias Creek" in *True West*, (August, 1965) caught at my heartstrings. Hardin wrote of "an old but plainly visible road making its way almost straight up the mountainside, across the river west of Salmon." Well, that was the only road into Leesburg Basin in my time.

I was "super" at the Leesburg Mining Company (Italian Mine), from June 8, 1909 until September 8, 1911. The Italian Mine is eight miles southwest of Leesburg on Arnett Creek.

Dock Hudkins, Mont Caldwell, Fat Andrews and Bill Ferguson hauled a thirty stamp mill, four hundred and fifty horsepower plant up that hill for us, besides tons and tons of other material. The stuff was freighted ninety miles on Arnett Creek from Red Rock, Montana. Arnett Creek joins Napias, from the west, four miles below Leesburg.

The trip of seventy miles from Red Rock, Montana, to Salmon, Idaho, the first week in June, 1909, on the front seat of a Concord coach behind six good horses, a top-flight skinner driving, was the most pleasant excursion in all my eighty years. Jimmy Coale, a halfblood, was handling the lines. I had ridden with him from Lewistown, Montana, to the mining camp of Kendall, a year before. The big sand flies were bad. They were vicious. The instant they hit a horse the blood started running. Jimmy could reach out with that long lash and explode one of them without touching the horse. He was a craftsman.

We stopped for dinner and a change of horses at Medicine Lodge, twelve miles out. Medicine Lodge was famed as a road agent hold-out in Vigilante days. The post office sat on a bench above the road. The barndog handed Jimmy the ribbons but, before starting, Jimmy called to the postmaster's daughter standing on the bank, "How about a kiss, Babe?"

Babe's response was a big boulder, the size of a man's fist thrown with deadly accuracy. Jimmy bent and took it on the ribs with a resounding "poonk." I offered him the solace that that was a good, solid kiss, one that he would remember. He agreed that he sure as hell would; that boulder hurt. Babe's kisses came high.

As we drove up Horse Prairie (land of stage robbers and Vigilantes), far up the valley we could see a freight outfit slogging along. Coming abreast of the freighter, Jimmy greeted him, "Hello. Say, Katey's in town."

The freighter jerked to attention, "The hell she is. When's she goin' out?'

"She ain't goin' out, Jim, she's stayin' in."

That clinched it. Jim barked at a leader. "Git up, Dan," and started bombarding the leaders with rocks they kept on the seat to liven up the horses beyond reach of the lash. Jim had sixteen horses and three wagons in his outfit besides his jockey cart (camp wagon). Looking back as we drove on, we could see the freighter going down the valley in a swirl of dust, on a dead run.

We stayed overnight at Midway, a couple of miles east of the Continental Divide. O'Brien and I ate an early breakfast and hit out on foot for Cole Springs at the foot of the western side of the Divide. We had dinner and changed teams. They hooked a raw, green bronc into the swing team. Cross tugged him to his mate and fastened the jockey stick to his bit and to the collar of his partner. This prevented him from balking and throwing his head across the neck of the opposite horse and piling up the outfit. We started down Lemhi Valley at a full gallop. The bronc did his best to stack us up, but had cooled off when we reached Tendoy where we ate dinner and changed horses.

Late that afternoon we wheeled into Salmon on a dead run. This was correct protocol for a long line skinner—his prerogative—the major share of his compensation for being one. The regality of driving that last quarter mile, making the turn to the post office with horses at a full gallop and tossing the ribbons to the barndog, stamped him with the Star and Garter.

IN A MANNER, a caste system existed among the drivers. To the initiated, the height of roll on the overall leg indicated the number of horses driven. A roll of a couple of inches indicated that he was driving a single team, the pants turned up three or four inches meant that he was driving a four, but the overall turned up most to the knee proclaimed him of the elite—he was skinning six.

The drivers on the seventy-mile run from Red Rock to Salmon received $45 a month and board. The plebes driving two horses forty miles to Gibbonsville, drew $60 a month.

Stage drivers were a tough breed. Sitting on the hurricane deck of those coaches, through blizzards, wind, weather of all kinds, they took it as it came. Their garb—a cap pulled down over their ears, (the parka hadn't been invented yet or at least I never saw one); a wool scarf wound around their faces; cowhide, calfskin or horsehide overcoat with a six-inch heavy leather belt about their middles. This wide belt contributed much to their comfort. Heavy wool socks with a silk one drawn over, and old loose shoes with cloth-topped overshoes was standard footwear. Two pairs of silk gloves under Busby buckskin gloves protected their hands.

The stage line from Red Rock, Montana to Salmon, Idaho was said to have been the last horse-drawn stage line in the United States. I rode on its last trip, the latter part of April, 1910. Hirshler and Miller of Wisdom, Montana had purchased the rolling stock and horses. Mr. Hirshler rode in with me.

The morning following our arrival in Salmon, O'Brien hired a team from Skinner's livery barn to take us to the Italian Mine, twenty miles west. We loaded our duffel on the buckboard and started up that "old but plainly visible road making its way almost straight up the mountain." We took it slow as the road was steep. We got about six miles up that hill when the off horse quit, threw his head across his mate's neck and refused to move.

O'Brien savvied horses. He tried everything in the book but to no avail. That plug wouldn't move. At last Dan made a twitch and twisted it on the upper lip of the balky bronc and gave me the stick. I led that stubborn horse by the upper lip four miles to the Mountain House, ten miles from Salmon. Here we ate lunch, fed and watered the team.

The twitch had changed the politics of the wayward bronc. He hit the collar and we rolled over the mountain to Leesburg, stopping only long enough to make ourselves known to Mr. Woods, the postmaster. We had climbed out of Napias and were driving along the steep flank of Arnett when we met a string of pack horses. Farther on, we met Grand Rood, the owner. We went on past more packs to meet Mrs. Rood bringing up the rear. Rounding a coulee, a hundred yards behind her, we met a small bay pony. He carried a baby, maybe a year and a half old, strapped into a sort of a crib lashed to the packsaddle. The small horse would stop to graze and then break off and hustle along to overtake the string, the baby's head bobbing like it would fall off. We saw the family several times later—always the same deal for the baby. They raised 'em rough in those days. We reached the Italian Mine that evening in time for supper.

I KNEW Dan Davis very well, Mike Cullinan, Mr. O. E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. McNutt, Mike Quinliven, Jim Hochensmidt, Jim Priest, (teller of tall tales), George Shoup, Jimmy Mullen and many others. Of all of those I knew, Mike Cullinan and Mr. McNutt stand head and shoulders above the rest.

Mullen had been a freighter but didn't haul for us. He was good to his stock. They were always fat and in good shape. Mont Caldwell was the opposite. His horses were just the "running gears." The story was told of Mullen that should one of his string get cold-shouldered, Jimmy would climb down, adjust the harness, lift the collar and then warn the shirk. "If you don't get into that collar and tighten those tugs, I sure as hell am going to sell you to Mont Caldwell." Jimmy always got a pull.

Doc Hudkins, a big, red complexioned man, was boss freighter. I saw him pull the spud of a dredge twelve miles from Salmon to Bohannon Bar. The spud weighed 36,000 pounds. He put it on a special wagon with thirty-two head of horses hooked onto it. He adjusted the harness on the near wheeler, gave him a lusty kick in the belly, and so on around the thirty-two head. Then he climbed aboard the near wheeler and called. "Yeah, Blue." Every horse leaned into the collar and the spud moved off. Doc hauled that tremendous load to the dredge site in one day. It was an outstanding exhibition of horsemanship for sure, the best I have ever witnessed.

There was a legend of Doc coming into Salmon with a load of perishables. A hind tire broke on Poverty Flat, thirty-five miles from Salmon. He had no choice, he had to fix that tire and quick. He jacked up the wagon, took off the wheel, laid it flat on the ground with outside down. Doc had two tools to work with, a hammer and a pair of shoeing tongs. He gathered dry sagebrush and cow chips, and built a big fire. After heating both ends of the tire red hot, he turned back a length of both ends long enough to fold down over a rough lock link. He folded one down on the link. Next he gathered more fuel and heated the whole tire a bright red, dropped it on the wheel, drove the link over the stub and beat it down over the link, quenched the tire with water, and shrunk it on. It took Doc to Salmon. I saw the wheel. What a job to be done with such tools as he had! I thought and still think it the best repair job I have ever seen—an example of the extraordinary ingenuity of the old-timers who conquered the West.

BERT BASCOM had been a stage driver and freighter. His initiation into stage driving was on the run from Mackay to White Knob. Riding with the driver on his first trip, the skinner spoke to one of the horses, "Gee, Dick."

Bert, in his slow, sonorous drawl, inquired, "Which horse do you call 'Gee Dick'?"

Bert was of massive frame and wore a horrific moustache—genuine quills which extended well beyond his nose. He worked in the mine at the Italian. We had several good log cabins in the camp.

The Bancroft cabin was the plushest of them all with three nice large rooms and windows. Bert stopped me one day and said, "Frank, I'd like to have the Bancroft cabin."

I was amazed at his request and asked what in the world he wanted with the big cabin. He floored me with the announcement that he was to be married in the near future. Certainly Bert Bascom was the last man on the job I would suspect of contemplating matrimony. Unbelieving, I asked, "You're going to get married, Bert? For heaven's sake tell me about it."

"Well," he drawled, "I made her the proposition and she accepted." And that was it. Get married he did. Poor Bert.

Shorty Yardley was a noted character in the Basin at that time. He was a throwback to Cro-Magnon in stature and mentality. He had the torso of a very large man with legs not over twenty inches long. His hairline and eyebrows almost coincided. His mouth was large, and such massive teeth! The strength of his arms was tremendous. His legs being too short to reach the stirrup of a saddle, he simply grabbed the horn and swung himself very neatly into the seat. Upon meeting you, his first proposition was to wrestle. Fortunately, Milt Merritt, for whom he worked, had him under control. Just one bark from Milt and Shorty came to heel.

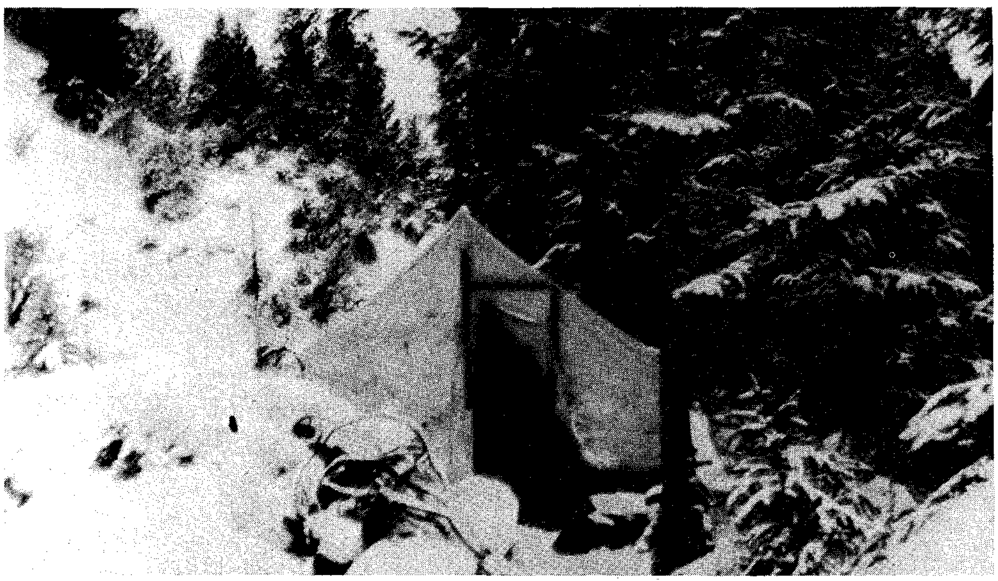
One morning, early, I started on foot from Salmon to Leesburg. At the bottom of Nip and Tuck, I overtook a large man with black hair and an immense beard. We took our time climbing the hill and ate our lunch at the Mountain House spring. We reached camp at suppertime. I asked the stranger to break bread with me. Up to that time I hadn't introduced myself nor had he. I told him my name and really was set back on my heels with his identification of himself as Jim Hochensmidt. He was past eighty years old and one of the first men into the diggings. I spent several evenings with him afterwards. He was a fine fellow.

Charley Kubet was another old-timer and another outstanding character. He had been out of the Basin for several years when he returned and went to work at the Italian. Charley was a small man, 5' 3" tall, weighing 125 pounds, and with fiery red hair, judging from the stray

HAPPY MEN

Every single one of them was convinced he was going to be rich—and to tell the truth, they already were, in every way except money

Winter residence on Big Creek during Winter 1910-11



remnants above his ears. His nose had been flattened by many fists, which cost him his front teeth also. A cleft palate distorted his speech. When angry or excited he was absolutely inarticulate.

Charley had been a harness jockey. He complained that he had been barred from every race track in the United States for such minor infractions of the track as drugging horses or preventing them from developing their maximum speed. Of course, he stoutly maintained his innocence, but Charley Kubet was a wizard with horses.

In Salmon, O'Brien bought a beautiful Palomino saddle horse with a nice gait, but unknown to Dan he was an outlaw, a stampeder. Dan was enjoying an easy ride to Salmon, jogging down Rapps Creek. The Palomino stampeded. Away he went through brush, trees, over boulders and down timber. Dan was still aboard, although he had lost most of his clothes and large areas of hide before he got the wild beast under control.

Charley saw O'Brien return and lead the horse into the stable. He learned that O'Brien meant to get rid of that horse just as soon as he could get to Salmon. He intended also to have a talk with the man who had sold him the horse. When Charley offered to buy the horse, a deal was made right there.

Charley Kubet went to work on the outlaw that very evening. In no time he was a pacer. An English company was working the California Bar at the mouth of Arnett Creek, four miles below us. Charley rode by the camp several times with the Palomino doing his stuff. The night before a big Fourth of July celebration, an Englishmen hailed him. He wanted the Palomino. Oh, no! Charley couldn't think of parting with his saddle horse. The Englishman persisted until Charley—out of the goodness of his heart—consented to sell the horse. He took the money and packed his saddle back to camp where he related the details of the deal in his distorted mutter. Charley insisted that he didn't want to unload the outlaw on the unsuspecting Englishman, but just couldn't turn down that much money. I could see the glitter in those blue eyes.

The following morning the English party in full riding gear took off for Salmon with the Palomino in the lead. On the crest of the divide between Napias and Salmon the outlaw took off, charging through trees, brush, rocks, and finally scraping his rider off on a low-hanging branch. His companions followed and picked up a thoroughly aroused, well skinned and bruised Britisher.

We were preparing to build a power plant four miles below Leacock's Station. Mrs. Leacock boarded the crew until we got set up at the power site. Our moving the crew to camp infuriated Mrs. Leacock. She had been doing very well, financially, boarding them.

I was doing some surveying on Big Creek with Charley as my helper. We wound up at Leacock's about seven o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Leacock, in no uncertain terms, refused us supper. If we wanted supper, go back to our camp. She had a nice garden—would she sell us some carrots, turnips, rutabagas or anything? The same story, no sale of anything to me.

I remarked to Charley, "Partner, we have eighteen miles to hike without supper."

That jockey was mad, real mad. He walked over to Mrs. Leacock, jutted his chin into her face and muttered, "Damn you, you've never been squared away, have you? You've never been gaited! Well, I'm the laddy buck that can do it."

We started our long trek home, Charley cussing every step, and reached camp at two in the morning.

JIM PRINCE had supper with us one evening, and as usual, monopolized the conversation. He told us of taking water out of Woodtick over the Divide into Hoodoo. Intrigued, I asked, "How in hell did you do that, Jim?"

"Oh," he said, "I just zigzagged it up the hill." Jim was a Californian. He told us of packing $100,000 in dust forty miles one night from some creek into Sacramento. That amount of dust would weigh 400 pounds. Jim's weight was, at most, 150 pounds.

Mike Cullinan was the first man to rustle me for work when I hit the Italian. I liked him instantly and he reciprocated. He was a tall, slim, Old Country Irishman with blue eyes, sharp features —just bone and muscle. He was a Civil War veteran. Immediately upon discharge from the Union Army, he had hit for the Salmon River diggings. There was a toll bridge across the Salmon River at Salmon which cost four bits to walk across. Mike was fresh out of four bits, so he got a job until he accumulated the exalted sum of ten dollars.

This was the most sunlight seen by the author's group from November 1, 1910 until February 10, 1911. The flume to the power house then under construction is shown at lower right.

He walked the sixteen miles to Leesburg and went to work for McNutt on Kirtley Creek. McNutt told Mike later, that for a considerable period that summer every man shoveling into the boxes paid him $1,500 a day. That was the best bar in the Leesburg Basin.

Mike Cullinan and Dan Davis were Union veterans; Mike Quinliven was a veteran of The Lost Cause. Some prankster would relay imaginary derogatory remarks of Quinliven regarding the courage of the Union soldier to the two Yanks. Over the two would go, and demand the Rebel retract his slander.

The same deal would be pulled on Quinliven. The report would reach him that Cullinan and Davis were claiming Grant with a single regiment had whipped Lee in two weeks. The old Rebel would stride over and have at the two Yanks. "You never whupped us, you starved us to it."

Yet there was a comradeship between the three veterans. One night about 10:30, in the dead of winter, Mike came to tell me that Dan was sick. He and Mike were taking Dan into Salmon. He was bundled up in a roll of Hudson's Bay blankets on a toboggan. Would I lend them my "boog"? (That was a carbide lamp that was just coming out.)

Both men were in their late sixties or early seventies. "For heaven's sake," I protested. "Mike, let Bill and me take him in."

"Nivir mind about you and Bill. Will you lend me your boog?" With the lamp, the two veterans took their comrade in, thirty miles to Salmon, over two summits.

Shortly after I came to the Italian, an intestinal disorder hit the crew. It was called mountain fever. It hung on with me for two weeks. I couldn't bear the thought of food. I was badly worried. We had a crew of men working. It was absolutely necessary for me to get *on* the job or get *off* the job.

One morning just at daylight, Mike came into my room with a bowl of black brew. He said, "Here, Frank, drink this. It will fix you up."

No questions were asked. I downed the fearful potion brewed from sage. Shortly, I went to sleep and slept around the clock. Three days later I was back on the job.

Mike told me that when he was young, he was the "Bull of the Woods." The following episode, the details which he related to me, confirms that he could qualify. Most of the miners from the Basin wintered in Salmon. A Chinaman had left Salmon for Leesburg but hadn't shown in the camp. His countrymen grew worried and offered $50 to find out what happened.

Mike rolled a double blanket with a bit of grub, boarded his skis and started to climb Nip and Tuck, a rise of 4,000 feet in 10 miles. A half mile before reaching the Mountain House, ten miles out, his quarry left the road and took off north around the steep mountainside. Following the tracks a couple of miles, Mike found the Chinaman's skis standing in the snow. He knew it wouldn't be long now. Within a mile, as he rounded a ridge, he saw his man across the ravine sitting in the snow, his elbows on his knees, his faced cupped in his hands. His heart was still beating but he was unconscious.

Mike cut his blanket into strips, trussed the frozen man to his back, boarded his skis and slipped off the mountain thirteen miles to Salmon. As he slid to the door of the Chinese restaurant he called, “Here’s your Chinayman; where’s me $50?”

MANY of the old-timers made sourdough bread, though the great majority used baking powder. A few, a very few, made white bread with yeast. Dan Frye was one of them. How he did swagger and plume himself on his prowess as a cook.

I was at Mike’s cabin one evening, when here came Mr. Dan, freshly bathed, clean clothes from the skin out, his old corncob pipe belching blue fumes of Seal of North Carolina. He leaned against the door and casually announced that he had just taken six large loaves of white bread out of the oven. He meant to bring Mike a loaf, but had forgotten it until he was half way down the mountain. Mike rose from his supper to shake a long, bony finger under Dan’s nose and take him to task. “Damn you, Dan, you’ve been fergettin’ me for forty years now. Let me have no more news of your white bread.”

Dan, completely unruffled, turned and strolled down Arnett to pull the same line on the rest of the miners working the gulch below.

Mike worked at the Italian in the winter, but with the arrival of spring and water, he would return to a bar he was working on Arnett. Often, after shift, I went up to his diggings to give the old boy a hand. One fall, after cleaning bedrock, he came to the office one evening and handed me half an ounce of dust in a small poke.

“Here, Frank, is the dust for a ring for the girl.”

I told him there was no girl, but he insisted, “By Jasus, there will be.” My wife wears a band today made from that gold.

The Gilmore and Pittsburg Railroad built into Salmon in 1910. O’Brien brought us news of the arrival of the first work train. I went up to Mike’s cabin that evening to give him the word. Dan Frye, Dan Hanley, Dump Creek Jones, and a couple of others were there. I certainly wasn’t prepared for the reception of the news. Mike was the first to express himself.

“Well, boys, it’s time to be movin’ back. We can’t live with a railroad tootin’ and whistlin’ in our front yard. How in hell is a man goin’ to sleep? I’ll bet all the crooks in the country follow it in. Salmon is probably full of them now. It’s time to move back.”

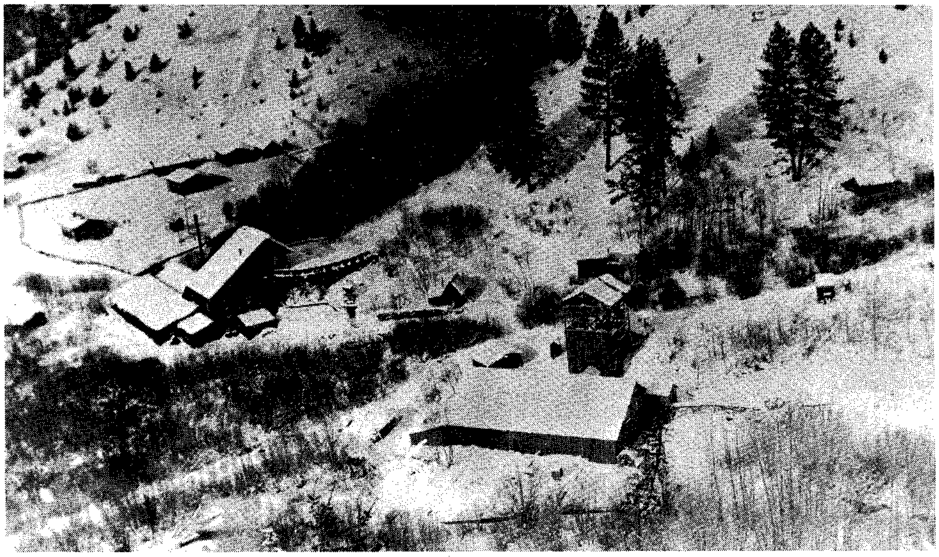
They all agreed the situation was deplorable, if not intolerable. We were thirty miles from Salmon!

I wanted a picture of Mike so badly, but he would stand for no “pitcher takin’.” No sir! I bluntly asked him one day why he wouldn’t let me have a picture. He said he had been in the “Klondike Excitement.” He had put in a winter in Circle City near the Artic Circle. His claim was on Candle Creek—wonderful diggings—right under the brow of a huge glacier.

The first day the sun came above the horizon in the spring, all hands and the cook came out of a saloon and had their picture taken. Someone sent one of the pictures home on the first boat back to the States, and the first boat to return brought a U. S. Marshal. He arrested one of the group, took him back to the States and “hoong him, Frank, hoong him,” Mike said.

“So what? You haven’t killed anyone.”

“I know, I know,” he retorted, “but you can’t tell what will happen yet.”



Black Eagle mill at Yellow Jacket, Idaho, was equipped with wooden stamps and mortars.

One evening after quitting for the night, he walked toward home with me. As we parted, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, “You can have the pitcher, boy.”

You can bet I got the picture the next day. Three weeks later, to the day, Phil, his youngest child, woke me early in the morning. “Mr Bryant,” he said, “I wish you would come up to the cabin. I can’t wake Papa up.”

Bill and I raced up to find my old friend, Mike, in the peaceful repose of eternity. What a privilege to have known him and to have had him for a friend! He gave me so many stories that I had not the sense to write down.

AND I remember Mullen, who acquired a dredge on attachment and made a good stake with it on Pine Creek. He turned his stock into a big pasture and promised them they would never wear another collar. And they never did.

Dan Frye was an odd character. He was an excellent cook. His cabin was spotless and he slept between white sheets. Dan had a “Spirit” who guided his prospecting. She often got her wires crossed and Dan’l dug many holes in which the gold was conspicuous by its absence.

Mr. McNutt was a banker. He was a large man with white hair and blue eyes. He had some money when he came into the Basin, and bought dust from the miners at a discount. He was lucky, too. He had the richest bar on Kirtley Creek.

He related the various ruses he employed in getting gold by the road agents who were operating boldly around Cole Springs. He had accumulated a considerable amount of dust that he wanted to get to the mint. He knew there was a good chance of being stuck up.

The wheel horses, especially on rutted roads, took a bad beating from the whipping tongue. Often their sides were beaten down to raw meat. To obviate this as much as possible, the tongue was given a heavy wrapping of burlap. McNutt took advantage of this to conceal his dust. He wrapped the tongue with pokes of gold, then covered the buckskin with burlap. Sure enough, the road agents appeared near Cole Springs, ordered everyone out of the stage, broke open the baggage and scattered it on the ground. They slit open the mail bags (mail bags were of sole leather), and stripped McNutt. No dust! The looters notified McNutt they would get him yet.

On another trip, he bought a large sack of red apples and put the dust in the bottom of the sack and covered it with the red fruit. He set the sack on the driver’s seat between him and the skinner. On the trip from Salmon to Red Rock they ate dinner at Tendoy, ten miles out, then started the long haul over the Continental Divide to Midway for the night.

As they began the slow climb over the mountain and into the heart of road agent territory, McNutt and the skinner began working on the apples. The bandits were waiting for them. They gave the stage a genuine going over. They even opened the horse collars, but failed to examine the bag of fruit sitting on the bare seat. McNutt told me that as he climbed back into the seat, he had a wild urge to offer them an apple but figured he had better let well enough alone. Such a fine gentleman he was. How enjoyable to visit with.

Tom McLung worked on our crew. Tom was a small man with an engaging personality. He told us of a prospect near the mouth of Soldier Creek, on the west side of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. The prospect belonged to a man named Lee Wyatt. At last, Bill Gaines, my partner, could stand it no longer. We had to have a look at it. We inveigled the manager into giving us two weeks off to go into the Middle Fork for a look-see. Tom took us in.

I rode a small Injun cayuse. We went down Napias to Leacock’s Station at the junction of Napias with Big Creek and up that creek to Forney. We stayed with Ed Treloar that night and headed west for Yellow Jacket in the morning and arrived around noon. After lunch we continued west over Woodtick and camped that night at Snowshoe Johnson’s on Wilson Creek. He had a nice camp, a large cabin, a deluxe arrastre, and best of all was the nice warm spring he had rocked up, hard against the corner of his cabin. We surely took advantage of that swimming pool.

The hillsides were blue with ripe huckleberries. We worked on them pretty hard but there seemed to be just as many as before. That is a rugged country, the hillsides are badly scarred with snow slides with great heaps of debris piled on the canyon floor. We reached the Middle Fork at noon, ate our lunch and

(Continued on page 50)

A CURSE UPON HIS HEAD

Sam Brannan

THE ROUGHLY constructed frontier settlement of Council Bluffs, Iowa—predominantly Mormon—was scarcely visible amid the thousands of immigrants thronging its haphazard streets. It was June, 1846, and the exodus to the Promised Land under the leadership of Brigham Young was underway.

Into this mass of humanity galloped a lone rider, his Army uniform almost indistinguishable beneath layers of dust. His name was Captain James Allen and he carried a message from the President of the United States to Brigham Young. The Mormon leader was in conference with two of his most capable lieutenants, John Weimer and Sam Brannan, and received Allen with those gentlemen beside him.

"The compliments of the President of the United States, Sir," said the captain, after introducing himself. "I am here in accordance with the President's negotiations with your representative, Elder Jesse C. Little. The President has requested a contingent of 500 able-bodied men from your people to form a U. S. Battalion, which is to make a march to San Diego, California, in the war against Mexico."

"Sir," replied Brigham Young, "You may rest assured that we love our country in spite of the fact that we have been forced to leave it. You may tell the President that he can have all of our men that he wants, to fight in this war. And if we haven't enough men—the women, too, stand ready to serve their country."

Brigham Young placed John Weimer in charge of recruiting the Mormon Battalion but had other plans for Sam Brannan, who protested that he had been an officer in the Nauvoo Legion and therefore should have a prominent place in the new battalion.

"No, Brother Brannan," said Brigham. "We need your services in another capacity. You have been selected to charter a ship and take some of our people from the vicinity of New York to San Francisco."

It was a proposition adventurous enough to appeal to the imagination of young Sam Brannan. He set out for New York immediately to organize his company. Of the 238 men and women who finally took passage on the *Brooklyn*, perhaps not the least comely was dark-eyed Ann Corwin, destined before the end of the voyage to become Brannan's wife.

As the *Brooklyn* sailed down the east coasts of the Americas, Sam Brannan stalked her pitching decks like a Napoleon. At the outset of the voyage he established hard and fast rules for men and women alike. The women were to make up the cabins, do the cooking and keep the ship tidy (he saw to it that the lovely Ann Corwin was assigned as stewardess to his own cabin).

For the men he had more important plans. They must become soldiers—well-trained soldiers. It was a comical-looking army with tools and broomsticks substituting for guns, but training them was no laughing matter to Sam. Nor was his courtship of Ann Corwin. One evening, while the company celebrated the birth of a child to one of the Mormon women, Sam popped the question, was accepted, and announced his intentions for an immediate wedding! Then, amid rousing cheers, he ordered the festivities to continue while the captain of the ship performed the marriage ceremony.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS were a port of call on the main route from New York and Boston to the Orient; even California-bound ships stopped there to sell or transfer cargo and pick up freight. The *Brooklyn* followed this path and the Mormons debarked at Honolulu, where Sam sought out Commodore Stockton, whose frigate *Congress* was at anchor in Pearl Harbor.

"I'm going to California," Sam announced, 'to capture Yerba Buena from the Mexicans. Then I'm going to build a city for my people. I've got a battalion of well-drilled men but I need guns. You've got guns to spare."

When the *Brooklyn* resumed her voyage, 150 rifles and a good stock of ammunition were neatly and conveniently stacked beneath her billowing sails.

After a total of six months on the high seas, the *Brooklyn* sailed through the Golden Gate into San Francisco Bay.

"Not over a hundred men in the town," Brannan chortled, secure in the thought that he had almost twice that strength. All would soon be his by right of conquest.

Then he gulped in astonishment—for, snapping in the breeze above the customs house, was the Stars and Stripes, and riding at anchor in a little cove was the sloop *Portsmouth*. Captain John B. Montgomery of the U. S. Navy had beaten Sam to Yerba Beuna by three weeks!

Sam swore at that sloop, at its commander, and even at the flag. "I could have torn it down and put up the Mexican flag again," he said years later. "That's how badly I wanted to take that town myself."

The following Sunday Sam Brannan preached the first sermon in English that Yerba Buena, the settlement which was to become San Francisco, had ever heard. In many ways it was more like a political speech. Sam Brannan proposed to use the entire strength of his army to back the laws of this land and, furthermore, he proposed to establish Yerba Buena's first newspaper, the *California Star*, to abet the cause of order and justice and the spreading of knowledge—"to eschew with the greatest caution everything that tends to the propagation of sectarian dogmas." The Mormons were not there to make converts but to build houses and live peacefully.

Sam made good on his promise of a newspaper by setting up a small press he had brought with him on the *Brooklyn*. Next he became the builder and operator of the first flour mills in California. These, together with the newspaper, enabled him to go in heavily for Yerba Buena real estate, which he promoted with all the publicity his newspaper could afford.

This venture instigated a feud with Dr. Robert Semple, who had gained fame in the Bear Flag revolt and was publishing the *Californian* at Monterey. Semple was booming another townsite on San Francisco Bay, which he named "Francisca" after the wife of the wealthy General Mariano Vallejo.

Semple and Brannan carried on a fierce and vitriolic war in printer's ink. Feeling a need for a name with greater impact than "Yerba Buena," Sam ap-

By NORMAN C. PIERCE

Photo Courtesy Author

In a measure it came true; in another way it didn't. For a strong man is hard to bend— and almost impossible to break

propriated the name of San Francisco—already known to ship captains around the world—and in 1847, by official proclamation the name of the town was changed.

From then on Semple's advertisements for "Francisca" were misinterpreted by strangers to be for San Francisco. In a rage, Semple changed his town's name from Francisca to Benecia, Madam Vallejo's middle name, and the name by which it has been called to this day.

William T. Sherman, later to gain fame in the Civil War, was an aide to the military governor at Monterey and a good friend of Semple. In his memoirs, he wrote, "Such impudence in stealing the name of San Francisco was a little circumstance big with consequences. Benecia should be the city of palaces . . . it has by far the best natural site for a city. The name 'San Francisco', however, fixed the city where it now is; for every ship which cleared any part of the world knew the name of San Francisco Bay, but not Yerba Buena or Benicia. So all ships consigned to California came pouring in and dropped anchor in front of 'San Francisco'."

BRANNAN wanted the rest of the Mormons to come to his new city to build it up, and feeling he had to bring them there before they settled elsewhere, he set out to meet Brigham Young.

With two other Mormons, he rode through the Sacramento Valley, then journeyed up the American River canyon to the snow-crested high Sierra. On the lower slopes of the eastern side of those peaks they encountered evidence of the dreadful fate of the Donner Party, many of whom had perished during the past winter, but Sam and his companions determinedly pressed forward.

On over the wastelands of Nevada, 300 miles to the Great Salt Lake, then on again into the Wasatch Mountains into Wyoming, Sam and his companions hurried, at long last meeting Brigham Young and his company of pioneers on the Green River near Fort Bridger.

Brannan attended Brigham Young with all the eloquence at his command. "We've got a paradise on the West Coast," he boasted. "I'll lead you there—to the Promised Land, to a land of milk and honey and sunshine and plenty!" There was no doubt in Brannan's mind that Brigham Young would accept.

But the Mormon leader was silent. If the land was that good, everyone else would flock there, too, and his people would be swallowed up or suffer more persecution. Or worse still, they would become lax and drift into indolence. Young wanted a place where his followers could develop unity, strength and integrity—a solid group who would form his version of a literal "Kingdom of God"—until they had grown strong and permanent and the nation had become more tolerant and stabilized.

Brannan traveled west with the pioneers, bragging about California to all who would listen, until the dramatic 24th of July, 1847, when Brigham Young looked over the Salt Lake Valley from the Wasatch Mountains and uttered four words against which Sam Brannan's most vehement eloquence proved powerless: *"This is the place!"*

Sam must have thought his ears had played him false. An alkali flat, covered with sagebrush and a few gnarled cedars, fringed by a lifeless salt sea, was preferable to his lovely California? Sam argued with Brigham in vain and then shouted, "If you won't come to California with me, I'll return alone. And when I do, I'm through—completely through—with you and your church!"

On his way back to San Francisco, Sam's enterprising spirit prompted him to buy the store at Sutter's Fort, the center of an inland empire of thousands of fertile acres belonging to a shrewd Swiss named Captain John Sutter.

Soon after Brannan arrived in San Francisco, John Weimer, with a small group of mounted soldiers and a few wagons from the Mormon Battalion, appeared in the city. Now honorably released from Army duty, this small group (some with newly acquired families) were making their way to the Great Salt Lake Valley to join the main body of pioneers.

"Heard you were doing all right up here," Weimer told his old associate, "so we thought we'd come this way and see if you could steer us on to a little work. We need to earn enough to make the trip to the Great Salt Lake."

"There's plenty of work for all of you at Sutter's Fort. Sutter's going to put up a sawmill and a lot of other buildings. I just bought a store there myself, and am returning tomorrow to take it over. You might as well go along with me."

That fall of 1847 Captain John Sutter contracted with Marshall, Weimer and Bennett to install a sawmill in the South Fork of the American River where the town of Coloma now stands. Both Weimer and Bennett were former members of the Mormon Battalion, as were nine of the twelve men digging for them. On January 24, 1848, Marshall let water into the millrace and picked up a gold nugget, which he handed to Weimer's wife. Immediately all the men quit work and began washing out gold "and that was the end of the mill-building," as Sam's newspaper reported.

Marshall, Weimer and Bennett, together with Captain Sutter, claimed the right to the gold discovery and thought they were entitled to a percentage of the gold the boys were finding. The Mormon Battalion men, dissatisfied with that arrangement, went down the river to prospect for themselves. They soon discovered rich diggings on an island in the river—which thereafter became known as "Mormon Island"—one of the richest diggings on the river.

Sam Brannan had a contract with Sutter to furnish the men at the mill with the necessary supplies from his store and, consequently, he was one of the first to learn of the big strike. Brannan hit upon the plan to resume his position as spiritual leader of the California Mormons and collect a Church tithing. These Mormons were all simple, obedient souls, and would pay without hesitation. As they did not know of Brannan's break with Brigham Young, he could still assert his authority as presiding elder. He would get ten percent of all the diggings the Mormons could find. And he would see to it that plenty of them came to find it!

SAN FRANCISCO had refused to take seriously the rumor that gold had been discovered on the American River. Even Brannan's newspaper refuted the report as "all sham—a superb take-in as was ever got up to guzzle the gullible." But when Sam came into town he put the news in glaring headlines and stalked through the streets distributing newspapers free and bellowing, "Gold! Gold on the American River!" A flask filled with glittering metal dispelled all doubt as to the reality of the strike. Almost every man, woman and child—including the military of the *Portsmouth*—deserted the city and followed Sam to Sutter's mill.

Sam put up a branch store at Mormon Island, calling the place Natoma, after the Indians there, and took John Weimer on as an assistant. His golden harvest of tithes from the obedient and faithful Mormons, whose ranks had been increased by the migration from San Francisco, soon made Sam as wealthy as any man in the diggings.

Word of this situation finally reached Brigham Young in Utah and he at once sent Apostles Parley P. Pratt and Charles C. Rich, both members of the Council of Twelve, to the gold fields to reason with Brannan and urge him to send the money to the Church where it rightfully belonged.

"You go back and tell Brigham," roared Sam in retaliation, "that I'll give him the Lord's money when he sends me a receipt signed by the Lord Jesus Christ, Himself, and no sooner!"

Apostle Pratt rose and with measured words declared, "Very well, Samuel, it is clear that your heart is set more upon the things of this world than upon the things of God. Your desire for wealth and power may be well satisfied as you pursue the path you have chosen this day, but I prophesy in the name of the Lord you have mocked, that you will die in poverty and be buried in a pauper's grave!"

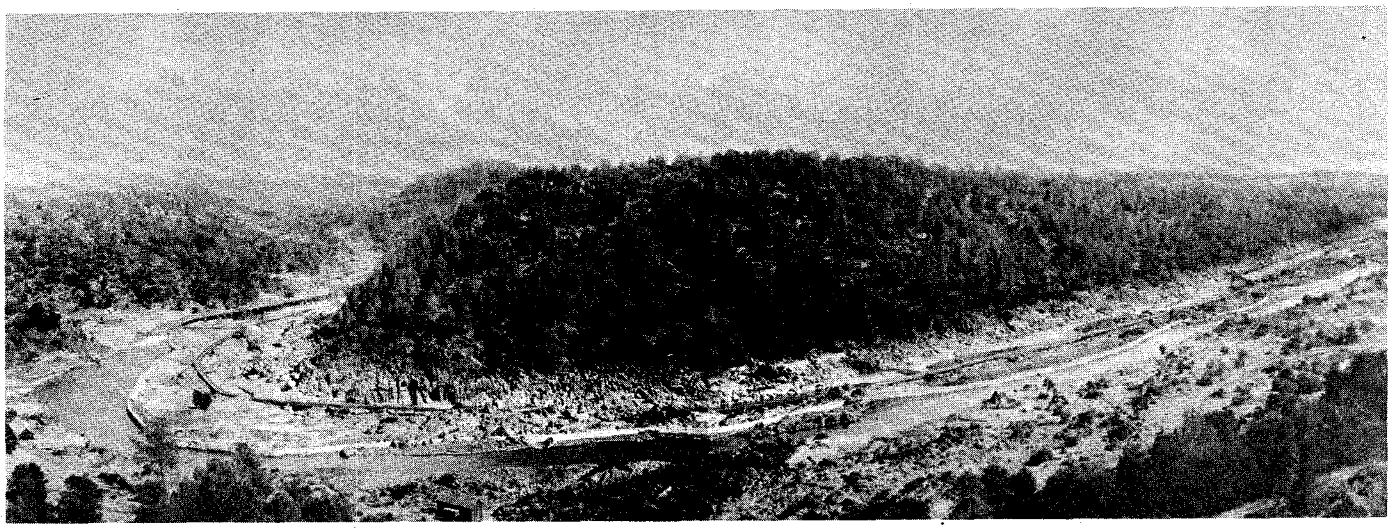
When John Weimer, who had witnessed the clash between Sam and the Apostles, packed up to desert his employer, Brannan wooed him back by revealing some of his intentions.

"I've sent hundreds of copies of my newspaper all over the country by Pony Express, announcing this big gold strike. And very soon now there will be thousands and thousands of people coming here to seek gold. I control practically all of the food and clothing supplies here. I own most of the important real estate blocks in San Francisco and around Sutter's Fort. Everyone will have to deal with me and I am going to be California's first millionaire!"

Overnight San Francisco became a boom city. Sam's real estate investments skyrocketed. His three stores at Sutter's Fort, Mormon Island, and Sutter's Mill took in more than $150,000 a month. In a very few years Sam made good his boast.

THE GREAT INFLUX of gold seekers brought with it criminals from all parts of the world. An organization called "The Hounds" terrorized the city; their depredations culminated in a murderous

(Continued on page 57)



View of Feather River near Oroville. In foreground are sections of three-mile-long "Chinese Wall," the $12,000,000 project of a promoter who diverted the river for gold mining. The project became a colossal flop when it was found that the river had been mined piecemeal decades before.

MY OWN PERSONAL GOLD ON THE

By **FRANK A. PETTENGILL**

Photos Courtesy Oroville Area Chamber of Commerce

THIS is written in the hope that it will offer encouragement to the young men who start out every year to make some money prospecting, but quit before they get started because of the brainwashing they get from people who have absolutely no knowledge of the subject.

I know that there are many men today who would like to fire the boss and find some way to make a living where the product of their efforts and labor would go into their own pockets.

I believe a prospector has just as good a chance (and better conditions to work under) as the Forty-niners ever had, but in the West today we have a different breed of men than the Forty-niners or the old-time Chinamen.

If the old-timer had half a sack of grub and any kind of a pick and shovel, he would walk up a river fifty or a hundred miles adding to his stake a little every day until his shoes gave out. Then he would make something for his feet out of bark or an old deer hide and walk out of the mountains to get a new outfit.

But the modern man, before he starts on what he likes to think of as a prospecting trip, must have a jeep or truck with a four-wheel drive. On the seat beside him there must be a two-way radio to call for help in case he gets a few yards off the highway and gets lost. Besides the two-way radio, he must have all of the latest electronic instruments. These are supposed to locate gold mines from the front seat of the jeep or truck as the owner drives in comfort along the highway. On the front end of the vehicle there must be an up-to-date television set so that he can watch his favorite ball game while making his first million.

It is a dirty shame, but when the modern prospector so equipped takes to the hills all those hardrock gold mines have no choice but to come on in to the highway and surrender.

THE SIERRA NEVADA RANGE is 600 miles long and 60 miles wide and it is just one small range in the West. Each and every mountain range holds mineral treasures so vast that no man's imagination could picture it.

There are millions of acres of mineralized ground that have never been stepped on by a mineral prospector, the pick and shovel man who has made ninety-five per cent of the commercial ore discoveries in the United States. There are so few of them, and the areas which hold the possibility of finding a commercial body of ore are so large, that I do not believe that ten per cent of this ore will be found in the next 10,000 years.

I decided to put in the winter of 1932 and '33 prospecting along the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. But first I made a fast trip to Sacramento's skidrow.

I have learned over the years that if a person wants a general picture of a state and is in a hurry about it, the best thing to do is go to the skidrows of the big cities and start asking questions. On the skidrows one will find men who have worked all over the country on mining, bridge, pipeline, dam logging and powerline construction projects.

Collectively, these men can—if they will—give information in a few days that it would take years to learn any other way. But I found that the men along Sacramento's skidrow were willing to talk and answer questions about almost anything until I asked questions about gold. They then either gave me a sarcastic or a totally inaccurate answer.

Here are samples of the questions I asked on skidrow and the answers I got.

"Did you ever do any prospecting?"

"No, and I never intend to. By the way, do you happen to have fifty cents you could loan me?"

"Do you think there is any gold left in California?"

"No. The Forty-niners found and mined everything worth finding and mining. Then the Chinaman mined the few spots of placer gravel the white miner did not want and carried the gold back to China where he came from."

"Do you think that it is possible to find some hardrock or placer that would pay to work, that the old-timers missed?"

"Gold in those hills (the Sierra Nevada Mountains)? Are you crazy? There never was any gold in those hills—that's an old fairy tale. By the way, the sawmill company I was working for went broke and none of the crew got paid the last month we worked. Could you lend me five dollars till I get to work again?"

"Do you think there is much hardrock mineral ore left in the mineralized areas of California?"

"We are a have-not nation as far as mineral is concerned. If you will take my advice, you will look for a good paying job, and not waste your time and money looking for a mine. Prospecting is a thing of the past."

STAYING in Sacramento through the heavy rains which came in February and March that winter, I began to hear about the big goldrush that took place every spring near Oroville, California. I had to see it of course, so up to Oroville I went. I soon learned the rush usually started from a big, old-time saloon owned by a man named McClung.

Oroville is on the Feather River about 100 miles north of Sacramento. A week after I got there, the bums who had laid up through the winter in places farther south came into town (of course, the "winos" of Sacramento were well represented). After the first free drink that McClung set up in the morning, they all became first-class mineral prospectors and went to work on poor McClung to get a grubstake out of him. The two who yelled the loudest wore down the old man to the point he could no longer stand them, and he went to the cash register and got six one-dollar bills. After making them give him a solemn promise that they would never come back, he gave them three dollars each.

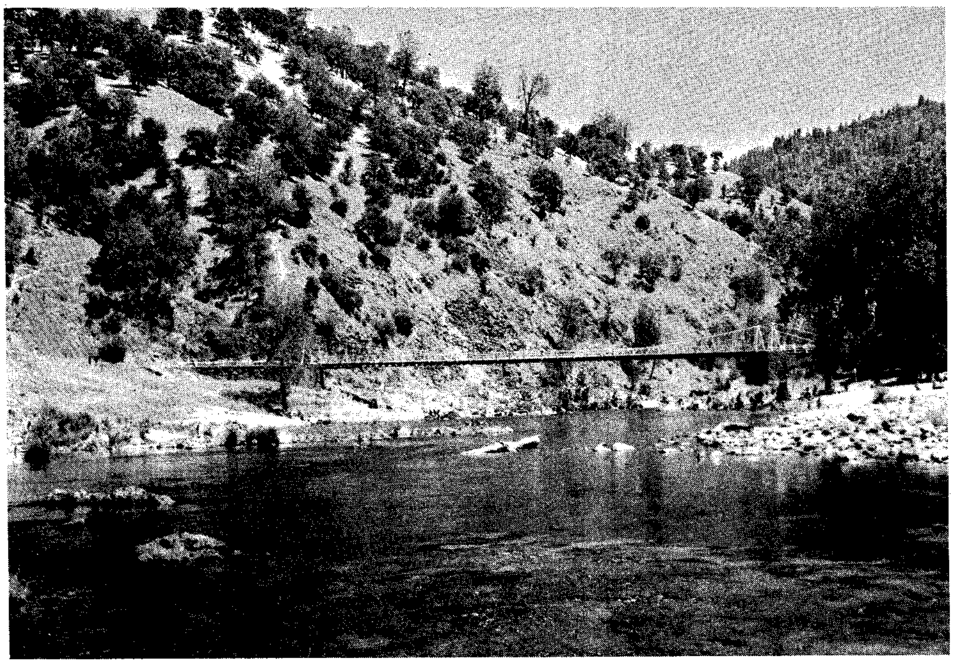
Bald Rock Canyon area of Middle Fork of the Feather River east of Oroville

RUSH

FEATHER RIVER

This claim waited forty years for some lucky prospector to rediscover it. The author tells how he became that lucky one

Bidwell Bar Suspension Bridge on Middle Fork of the Feather River was constructed in 1856. The first of its type in the western states, the cables were brought around "the Horn."



The unlucky ones drifted out to find someone else to grubstake them and soon they started up the river with their supplies: about a dollar's worth of canned goods and five dollars' worth of wine, but no tools.

At that time good California wine could be bought for less than a dollar a gallon so the goldrushers were really loaded down. It was plain to see that they would never get very far up the river with a load like that, which is probably why they stopped so often to lighten one of the gallon jugs.

They made good progress on the sidewalks out of town and then along the Western Pacific Railroad tracks. But when the goldrushers had to leave the tracks to get down to the river, the going became rough. Once down on the gravel beside the water, it got even worse.

I started to follow the first two prospectors, but it turned out they were not the fastest. By the time they had stumbled along the river a half-mile, there were a dozen men in sight of each other. The two in the lead came to a large boulder and, in their befuddled condition, could not find a way to get around it. Slowly but surely the others caught up with the leaders and a miners' meeting was held but had to be called off on account of darkness. The goldrush had come to a stop.

It was only a mile-and-a-half to Oroville so I walked back to Mr. McClung's saloon and had a drink with the old man. When he asked me if I had seen any of the goldrushers, I told him that they had a big boulder staked out upriver and that he probably would never live long enough to spend his share of the money. I told him that night that I was going upriver the next morning and he said to be sure to come to the saloon before I started and he would have a sackful of first aid supplies for me to take along.

The next morning I called at the saloon for the sack and then started out. In thirty minutes or less, I was looking over the sad ending of a goldrush. The big boulder was still there but now it was splashed with blood. The canned goods must have been thrown in the river because I could not find a single can—not even an empty one. There was a circle of broken glass around the boulder fifty feet in diameter.

Strewn around were about a dozen men who looked as if they were the survivors of some terrible hurricane. It was very evident that a dispute had arisen in the night as to who owned the boulder. Or the battle could have been over the ownership of the last of the fifty or more gallon jugs of wine they had started out with.

Finding that the sack McClung had given me contained iodine, yards and yards of bandage, and a bundle of splints, I went to work patching them up, hoping that at least a few would live. And I knew that the ones who did live would tell for the rest of their lives about how they had lost several fortunes mining and prospecting for gold on the Feather River.

SOMETIME in the 1930s, a newspaper which specializes in mining news, came out with a story that there were at that time 50,000 prospectors mining gold in the hills and along the rivers of California, and that they earned an average of fifty cents a day.

That was the story; here are the facts: mineral prospectors almost never do any mining. It is not possible to learn their average earnings per year. The best information that I can give is that mineral prospectors working in the mineralized areas of California, at any one time, number around ten or twelve! I do not think it varies much from year to year.

The same spring that I watched the big wine-jug goldrush out of Oroville a little Mexican mineral prospector was walking along the railroad track some fifty feet above the river. He was on his way to get samples from a prospect he had found the year before about fifteen miles farther on and ten miles back from the river.

Looking down he saw a place which appeared to him as if it would be a catch for gold. He was right. With only the tools he was carrying, the man dug out over $1,800 in gold nuggets and dust in three days. Then he went on to get his hard rock samples.

I did not know this man at the time, but a year or so later became acquainted with him and saw the mint receipt for the amount I have quoted.

In the fall of 1934 I went to Mr. McClung's saloon. While visiting with him, I overheard two men at one of the tables across the room from the bar talking about a lost mine.

Buying a quart of good whiskey, I went over and joined them and asked them if there was anything secret about the lost mine and, if not, I would be glad to hear the story.

About forty years ago, said one of them, while he was twisting the cap off the booze, a mineral prospector had staggered into Oroville almost dead with pneumonia. He had a few pounds of ore in which specks of gold could be seen. He told his wife that he had dug four prospect holes on a ledge, which he said was all white quartz until it ran into a high point of rock that had a lot of iron in it. The sample assayed $40 to the ton. The man drew a map for his wife and told her to have someone stake it for her and then have it recorded at the county seat in the county in which it was located.

The man she sent out never did find it. Her husband died and the lady herself passed on. The two men I was talking to told me they had rented her old home and had found the map in some boxes of old papers. The old assay paper was with the map. Many mills in California at that time were runing on ten-dollar ore, so forty-dollar ore was worth finding.

The first three or four years they had put in whole summers in the search but the last years before I met them, they had only put in a few weeks each summer and now had given up the search altogether. They had lost the old map, but drew one for me which they said was just as good as the old one and told me that if I wanted to waste my time and money the lost claim was all mine.

It was rough country but I was fool enough to go after the gold. Knowing that no hit-or-miss searching would be of any use, I sectioned the map off into squares and began a thorough, day-by-day, foot-by-foot search of each section I'd marked off.

Three years after I'd just stepped into the region, I was working along a deer trail in the timber one day, and saw a few very small pieces of white quartz. Stepping into light bushes off the trail a few feet, I caught sight of the first of the four prospect holes that the Oroville prospector had dug forty-three years before.

For the price of a quart of whiskey at McClung's saloon I'd made myself a neat little pile of money. Who says there ain't gold in the Sierra or that "lost" prospects can't be found?

Homesteading Was Contagious!

(Continued from page 25)

"The behavior of wild animals during those electric storms was a curious thing to watch. The mustangs fascinated me most. Their sense of protection was unmatched on the prairie; whether it was security from the wolves or safety from electric storms, they roamed the Badlands in large groups, feeding off the oceans of broomgrass and drinking from the cool creeks.

"One night a storm moved in and the lightning was exceptionally sharp. Ada and I were in bed when, all of a sudden, the little cabin began rocking back and forth. Fear of the unknown can bother you—something happening and your not knowing just what it is. Well, it didn't take us long to get out of that bed.

"Ada moved across the weaving floor to get the lamp. I looked out the window, and there in a flash of lightning I saw the answer to our predicament. The cabin was completely surrounded by mustangs. They had huddled around our cabin for protection from the storm, and some of them were rubbing their necks against the corners, actually rocking the little shack. Ada told me to tap my ring on the window glass, and when I did, you should have seen that bunch of horses scramble down the draw.

"On the other hand, rather than running from people, they could be protective as well. An example was the time Ada had to go into Williston, and I was to stay at the Powell Ranch until she returned. I rode with her as far as Alexander where she took the stage to Williston.

"In the meantime, one of our neighbors had sent her little boy over to the Powell Ranch for a pail of milk. He was about nine or ten years old but was slow at learning. His mother never would have sent him had the day not been clear and sunny. The youngster had hiked over to the ranch for milk many times and despite his mental condition he knew the trail well and there was never any mishap. Mrs. Powell would fill his pail and send him straight back home.

"At Alexander I said goodbye to Ada and watched the stage ramble down the dusty street and out of town. It was getting late so I immediately started back to the Powell Ranch. At the same time Mrs. Powell had just sent the youngster, pail in hand, down the trail to his parents.

"I WAS about half-way to the ranch when I saw a black mass of clouds moving over the prairie, and I hurried along. My sense of timing told me I'd just make it to the ranch before the storm struck. My! the lightning was fierce and the thunder, too.

"It was late evening. When I arrived at the Powells', the storm seemed to be reaching its peak, and there was turmoil at the ranch. It seemed the boy had not reached home and his folks were terribly concerned. At this point every ranch-hand on the place mounted up and fanned out over the prairie in search of the youngster.

"That was typical of the wonderful people who blazed those first trails, who civilized that part of the country. The line riders searched and searched for the boy, to no avail. One by one they returned to the ranch empty handed. The boy's parents were frantic.

"Finally, little Kenny Blanchard (he couldn't have been over twelve years old) jumped on his Shetland pony and trotted off yelling, 'Don't worry, I'll find him!' And with all those experienced cowhands looking for the boy, you might guess who found him—young Kenny.

"As the storm had heightened, the boy had become confused and lost. In desperation he climbed to the top rail of a log fence and simply sat there, waiting. But when Kenny found him, he wasn't alone. Here again is that strange sense of protection you find in the wilds. Sitting there, one little hand still clutching the pail of milk, the boy was talking and laughing to the company around him. He was completely surrounded by a herd of wild-eyed, shaggy-maned mustangs.

"They weren't afraid of the boy; rather they somehow sensed that he needed help from the storm, from wolves, from everything. Another strange thing was the fact that lightning streaked and the thunder roared all through the search. but the inevitable downpour of rain didn't come until the boy was safe and sound back at the Powell Ranch. Then, as if it were rejoicing with the rest of us, the rain fell in torrents.

"The thing that made homesteading successful was the people sticking together, helping each other unselfishly. Building a new house or barn was always a good excuse for a get-together, with everyone pitching in until it was finished; then a celebration always followed.

"All the furniture would be moved out in the yard to make room for dancing, and someone would pull the plug on a barrel of spirits. Old John Throvaten would strike up a tune on his fiddle and the party was on its way. My, how they danced! Drinking was moderate though everyone usually ‘felt his oats,’ and there was always plenty of food.

“As the adults danced, drank and ate, the children would amuse themselves riding calves in the corral or racing their ponies. There was never any rowdiness or fights. Contrary to what you might think, the cowboys and line riders were absolute gentlemen at all times.

“THE HORSE roundup at Daddy Gore’s Ranch was a big occasion, too. One has to pay today to enjoy the very thing we experienced for nothing. The breaking of those broncs was spectacular, indeed—man taxing his brains against a beast’s brawn. And the beast usually lost.

“Maybe it was for lack of anything else to do, but someone was always daring or making a bet that someone else couldn’t do this or that. This type of thing would always happen in the breaking corral. An exceptionally spirited horse was irresistible bait for one cowboy making a bet with another as to who could ride it.

“This wasn’t confined to the men alone. I remember one time when Ada and I were going into Alexander, we waited at the Missouri for Bell’s Ferry so we could cross. At one point the river was narrow, and some of the men had constructed a cable across it with a big wicker basket hanging from the cable. A line was attached to pull the basket across. Well, I wasn’t about to get in the thing, but it didn’t take a dare for Ada. She was game. I watched as she climbed in the wicker basket, grabbed the line, and away she went sailing across the river.

“The time we spent homesteading went by very fast. Our outlook on life was bettered. Before we knew it, Ada had ‘proved up’ and the land was hers. She eventually put the claim up for sale, and Denny Rousch decided to buy it. When Denny took over, we simply walked out the door of the little shack, taking only our clothes. Everything else stayed.

“We took the same stage from Alexander to Williston that had previously carried us in—but this time, as we looked out of the window, our thoughts were quite different. We were a little proud, a little sad, but not a bit afraid.

Day of the Big Whirlwind

(Continued from page 7)

respect, and were on the watch at all times.

Father told us that if we needed help, I was to run to the post office as we could depend on someone being there; and if I could not go, then my brother was to go. He knew that either of us were able to run that far, as we had done it many times before.

We children had some salt, two cows giving milk, and chickens that provided from twelve to fourteen eggs per day. The cows had good buffalo grass to eat, and the chickens grasshoppers and other bugs.

We ate two meals a day. The eggs were gathered each evening and I divided them into two parts. I would take one part, beat them up, and cook them in milk for our supper, cooking the rest the same way for breakfast the next morning. When we wanted a change, I would boil the eggs. The milk that soured was scalded and made into cottage cheese. We also had a bit of blue squaw corn (you old-timers will remember the squaw corn). I would parch it, and sometimes grind it in a little hand-coffeegrinder. We enjoyed it soaked in milk. That was our diet, unless the dog caught a young rabbit; then I would cook it and we would have a real feast. Our fuel was the cow-chips that we picked up in the pastures.

Our cousins had no more than we, and used the same system that we did. We had been told that we could spend one night every other week with our cousins, and they could do the same with us. That way we could be together one day and one night each week if we went home and did the milking at chore time. We always took our own eggs and milk with us, as no one ever had any to spare for company. Since we had no calendar and all days were alike to us, we may have run in a few extra visiting times—who knows?

I DO NOT remember just how long it was after Father and Mother had left us, that we children had gone down to play one afternoon in a dry creek about one city block south of our house. The creek had around four feet of clean sand all over the bed and was a favorite playground of ours.

We were over by the little bluff playing when my brother cried, “Oh, look!” and there coming at us was a big cloud with dust and weeds whirling around and around. I called for them to run for the house, and it may have been the fear in my voice as much as the sight of the storm that made them hurry.

I can still see them—brother a little ahead, and sister with her little red calico dress that came below her knees, and her long braids of white hair streaming out behind her. Though little sister could run like a deer, she could not keep up with the other two. I held her hand and we ran as fast as she could go, but soon I saw that we were not going to make it. Catching her up in my arms, I ran the last few yards to the house.

It looked like I had waited too long, and I will admit I was scared. Entering I whirled to shut the door, but before I could latch it, I was knocked down and everything seemed to explode. Everything in the room that was loose was rolling, whirling, and tumbling—stovepipe, pans, kettles, buckets, tablecloth, dish towels, even the chairs and bench. Dust was so thick I could not see. As I lay there on the floor I felt my small sister press against me, and I held her tight and wondered about the other two and their safety.

I do not know how long it lasted—maybe ten seconds more or less—then it was over and all was still. Oh, it seemed so still. I jumped up and, as the dust cleared, saw my brother and sister on their hands and knees looking up at me from the bedroom door. The look on their faces cannot be described; their mouths were open and their little eyes seemed to stick out.

When we found that no one was hurt, we took stock of the damage. The bedroom was in pretty good shape, but the other room was awful. Both windows were blown out and lay, frame and all, on the ground with all the glass shattered. The contents of the room were strewn everywhere, even out across the yard. I think the stove and cupboard were the only things that had not moved. The stovepipe was all down, and some of the dishes had got broken when the cupboard doors had blown open. Everything was covered with dust.

There had been no lightning or thunder or rain, so we just called it “The Big Whirlwind” instead of a tornado or cyclone. We had a cellar but had had no time to get in it, even if we had thought of it. Anyway, we could never have opened the door in time.

I was thankful that the windmill, which stood about one hundred feet west of the house, was not damaged. If it had been, I would have had to pump water by hand and our well was so deep, it was no small job for a young boy.

As soon as we could gather our wits after all the excitement, we started to clean up. Sister and I started getting the house in order, while the two younger children picked up and brought in all the things they could find in the yard and pasture.

I first got the stovepipe back in place so we could cook our eggs for supper, and after we had things straightened up a little I got two canvas horse blankets and hung them at the windows for the night. After the milking was done, we ate our supper before dark since we could not find the chimney for the kerosene lamp that night. (My brother and sister found it unbroken out in the pasture the next day, over 200 feet northwest of the house.) Four very tired little kids crawled into bed, and were soon asleep.

The next morning all the dishes had to be washed and the cupboard cleaned out. Then I tackled the job of getting the windows back in place. The pegs had all broken off as they tore out of the sod so, armed with a little dull hatchet and a butcher knife, I started to make eight pegs one inch in diameter and about ten inches long. After I had gotten them so each would fit in its hole, the big job was to get the frames in place.

We could not lift them up and set them in as men could do, so we had to invent our own way. We found we could lift one end. After nailing a stick across the frame so it could not fall through the hole, we set it up then tied a rope to the sash, running it through the house and out the other window. This was anchored to a peg driven in the wall under the window so the frame could not fall back on us. We kept prying it up and blocking it with anything we could find until it was even with the window seat. I then went inside and decided where it was to go and drove pegs so it could not go any farther. After removing the cross-stick we finally got it worked into place, and I drove in the pegs. The west window was up—maybe not plumb, but solid.

All we had to do after that was take two of mother’s tea-towels and tack them to the sash, and that side of the house was closed. The job was finished none too soon as it rained hard from the northwest that night.

Using the same process, we soon had the east window in, but it took a week’s work before we could settle down to just milking, cooking, sleeping and playing once more.

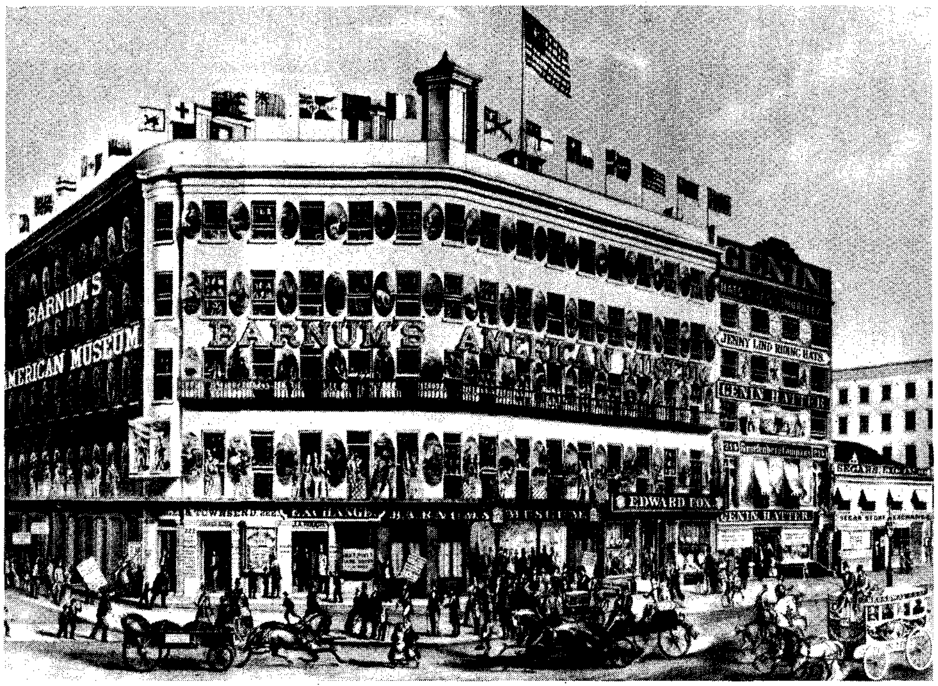
The summer passed at last, and Father and Mother were home, arriving before school started. The men had found work someplace up north of Brush, Colorado, so besides food for the winter, we children each received a pair of shoes and material for our winter clothes.

Staying by ourselves that summer didn’t seem to hurt us a bit. My sisters and brother and all of my cousins are still going strong. We look back on our “batching” as just a childhood adventure, except we realize now that we would have been in real trouble if the cows had gone dry, the chickens had quit laying, or if that big whirlwind had had a little more force in its center.

Courtesy Chief Morris S. Britto, Bethel, Conn. Police

P. T. Barnum

PRINCE of HUMBUGS



Courtesy Elizabeth Sterling Seeley Collection

Above left, P. T. Barnum and Tom Thumb. Above, Barnum's American Museum in New York.

IF YOU HAVE reached a certain age, you saw—heard—and *felt* the magic. Your father and his father knew it too—the golden, mellow magic of a circus parade.

There were few western towns, no matter how dusty the streets or how poor, whose townspeople did not welcome the fusion of excitement, color and noise that was part of Circus Day or whose people did not feel a sense of gratitude to the man who made it possible—P. T. Barnum.

For weeks the gaudy circus posters that he printed were eagerly read and gawked at by young and old. Those big posters promised in great bright letters THE MOST STUPENDOUS! THE BRAVEST! THE WILDEST! Barnum advertised a street parade which would include 100 cages, 20 elephants and hundreds of performers—some riding in wagons of aristocratic elegance that gleamed with *real* gold leaf! In 1882, he promised, "See the whole of my magnificent street parade. . . . It will take you an hour to see it through to the calliope."

On the great day, spectators in Broken Bow, Great Falls or San Jose waited for hours for the noise of the hoofbeats, the rolling wheels and the shuffle of the elephants. Eyes peering down the too-familiar Main Street watched and waited. Then, away in the distance, an excited yell would be heard, "Here it comes!" And the magic would begin.

First was the band in red suits trimmed with gold, riding high on a wagon with beautiful horses. The thumping of the big bass drum and trumpets shrilling the *Entry of the Gladiators* turned spines to water. The music makers were followed by beautiful ladies riding sidesaddle and these by the gilded cages of wild animals rumbling past. Finally, swaying slowly along, came the elephants, ridden by swarthy men in turbans . . . the mahouts. All too soon the great steam calliope was in view, the driver more wildly feathered than a scalp-mad Sioux. This told the crowd the parade was over and it was time for the Big Show, itself.

WHO WAS behind all this magic? Mr. P. T. Barnum. People were always of two minds about Barnum. Robert Edmund Sherwood wrote in 1926, "I consider him the greatest genius that ever conducted an amusement enterprise in this country . . . a man of superlative imagination, indomitable pluck and artistic temperament." On the other hand, the editor of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* wrote in 1855, "He will ultimately take his stand in the social rank . . . among the swindlers, blacklegs, blackguards, pickpockets and thumb-riggers of his day!"

Two different writers—two different viewpoints—and between them is probably the truth about one of the most fabulous showmen (or, as some called him, "The Shakespeare of Advertising") of all time.

He was a man who crammed his life with high drama, mad fun and many wildly scandalous deeds including fathering an illegitimate child. He was also the man who, as a swindler, pushed off the "FeeJee Mermaid" onto the public, as well as the incredible Wooly Horse and the Cardiff Giant.

But he was also the man who was well enough versed in music and the arts to realize when America was ready for its first taste of great music and so risked his fortune on a Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, whom he had neither seen nor heard. He presented her in concerts all over the country and in Cuba, concerts that made her world famous and very rich. She was such a smash hit she had clothing, furniture and even a clipper ship named after her. She also lined Barnum's purse with gold.

Today, if you mention his name most people immediately think "that circus fellow." He was, of course, but he did not get into the circus business until after his sixtieth birthday. He had earned and lost at least three fortunes before he ever put on the first circus parade ever seen in this country, of any real size. He earned these fortunes by exhibiting such unusual beings as General Tom Thumb, a twenty-inch boy; Chang and Eng, Siamese Twins who detested each other and Barnum most of all; and, of course, his first "freak"—an ancient, colored slave, Joice Heth. She was billed as a "Nurse to Gen. George Washington."

Barnum was a massive man, a kind of Santa Claus in appearance. He was partially bald and quite fat at forty. He had bushy eyebrows over penetrating eyes, and a nose as prominent as a lump of clay on his round face.

His private life was as fascinating as any of his exhibits. A near-alcoholic, he almost ran for President on the Prohibitionist ticket. He served a jail term, as well as several terms in the Connecticut Legislature. He worked with strange human beings—Plutano and Waino, the two Wild Men of Borneo; the eight-feet-tall Chinese giant, Chang-Yu; Japanese jugglers and daredevil trapeze artists—but he also had as friends such men as Lincoln and Mark Twain.

By ETHEL E. BANGERT

Photos Courtesy Elizabeth Sterling Seeley, Curator,
The Barnum Museum, Bridgeport, Conn.

A cruel family joke he endured as a child may have been the secret to a great showman's success. He learned early about suckers—he had been one himself at age ten!

AFTER a marriage which lasted past the fortieth anniversary, he married a dainty English girl, Nancy Fish, forty years his junior and much younger than any of his three daughters. This young woman, whom he first met when she was eight years of age, in time (after two more marriages) became a French countess and a confidante of the lonely Empress Eugenie.

One thing is certain about P. T. Barnum—he was a rugged individualist. He projected an independence at once sturdy, manly, self-reliant and self-promoting, courageous and persevering. He also made the major theme of his life a kind of wryly humorous acceptance of whatever buffetings fate gave him, even when it took the dread form of bankruptcy and fire. Conversely, he always expressed a warm appreciation of life's bounty when that bounty was his and a scathing contempt of personal weakness when it was not.

He was the "Prince of Humbugs"—his favorite title—and he was known for his pretentiousness; he showed an intense affection for protocol and pomposity but he also had a pride of country no less genuine than that of any other American of his day. A slightly sardonic humor, natural enough in those who experienced the indignities of a time often cold toward anyone who tried to lift himself above "his station," never destroyed his respect for the first rate, and a sympathy and friendliness toward the second rate. This unusual combination resulted in his acceptance by the lowly and the most high. Barnum had a resourcefulness and adaptability which made it possible for him to meet whatever came with a stout heart and ready fist.

Actually, of all the strange things in stalls or cages, of all the monstrosities and odd beings he offered to the public in his day, in the way of interest and entertainment many felt the great showman himself was by far the most interesting.

He had almost everything in life a man could want—the adulation of thousands, interesting companions, wealth, two devoted wives and a loving family. He had unusual homes (the one he called Iranistan was copied from an Oriental palace built by George IV in 1787), and he became a legend in his own time.

MUCH of his skill in later years in "fooling people" could have started with the deeply engrained hurt that sprang out of a practical joke played on him as a child by his own people. This man, who had a kind of genius—an instinctive understanding of just what could thrill and astonish the public—also had a deep desire to reach out for the shimmering, magical place his family had bestowed on him as a baby—the wonderful place known as "Ivy Island."

Ivy Island deeply disappointed him but he held to his dream in spite of the hurt. Eventually for him the whole world became the fairyland he had stumbled toward that hot, terrible day in his childhood.

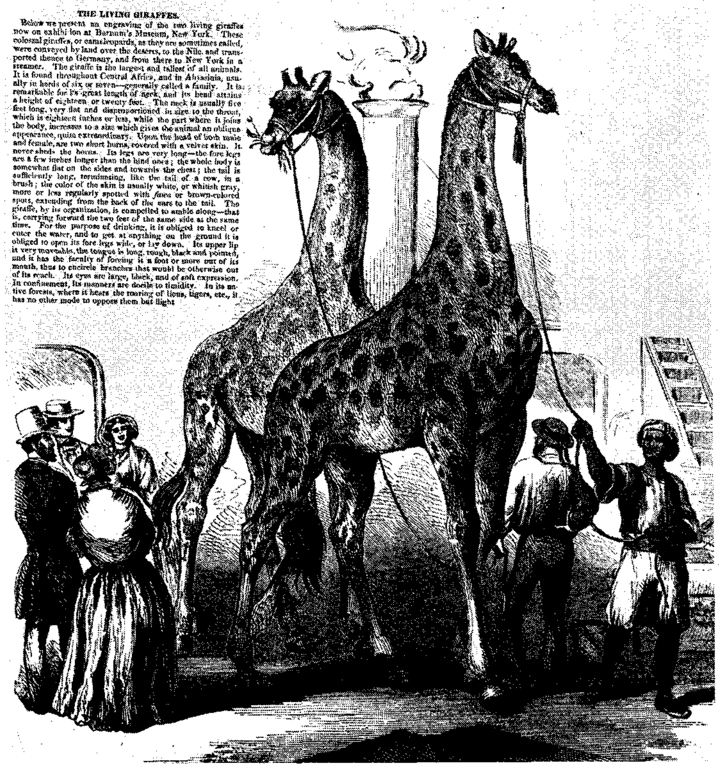
When he was christened by his grandfather Taylor, who really adored him but who loved a practical joke even more, he was presented with a deed to five acres of land in the Parish of Bethel, Connecticut. This tract was known as Ivy Island. From the time Barnum was four years old until he was ten, he heard endlessly that he was a most favored person and a rich landowner. As he put it, "My grandfather always spoke of me (in my presence) to the neighbors and even to strangers as the richest child in town since I owned the whole of Ivy Island—one of the most valuable farms in the State. My father and mother frequently reminded me of my wealth and hoped I could do something for the family when I attained my majority. The neighbors professed to fear that I might refuse to play with their children because I had inherited so large a property."

In his innocence Barnum magnanimously assured all his friends and his family that he would not allow his great wealth to go to his head. But in all his waking dreams he obviously conjured up visions of himself as a man richer than an Oriental prince.

When he was ten years of age, Barnum begged his father for permission to see his treasured Ivy Island. His wish was granted. A hired hand accompanied his father and himself and as they approached the area, Phineas pestered his father with questions about his property and begged to know where it was located.

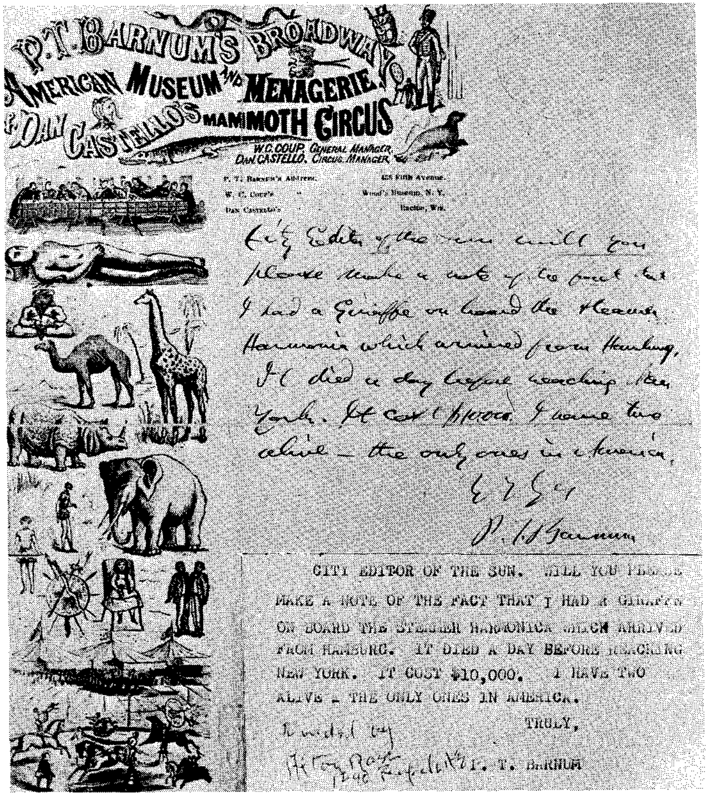
"Yonder," his father said, "at the north end of this meadow where you see all those beautiful trees rising in the distance."

Rushing across muddy swamps and creeks, through brambles and past hornets' nests, Barnum at last reached the exact center of his precious domain.



THE LIVING GIRAFFES.

Below we present an engraving of the two living giraffes now on exhibition at Barnum's Museum, New York. These colossal giraffes, or cameleopards, as they are sometimes called, were conveyed by land over the deserts, to the Nile, and transported thence to Germany, and from there to New York in a steamer. The giraffe is the largest and tallest of all animals. It is found throughout Central Africa, and in Abyssinia, usually in herds of six or seven—generally called a family. It is remarkable for its great length of neck, and its head attains a height of eighteen or twenty feet. The neck is usually five feet long, very flat and disproportioned in size to the throat, which is eighteen inches or less, while the part where it joins the body, increases to a size which gives the animal an oblique appearance, quite extraordinary. Upon the head of both male and female, are two short horns, covered with a velvet skin. It never sheds the horns. Its legs are very long—the fore legs are a few inches longer than the hind ones; the whole body is somewhat flat on the sides and towards the chest; the tail is sufficiently long, terminating, like the tail of a cow, in a brush; the color of the skin is usually white, or whitish gray, more or less regularly spotted with *fawn* or brown-colored spots, extending from the back of the ears to the tail. The giraffe, by its organization, is compelled to amble along—that is, carrying forward the two feet of the same side at the same time. For the purpose of drinking, it is obliged to kneel or enter the water, and to get at anything on the ground it is obliged to open its fore legs wide, or lay down. Its upper lip is very moveable, the tongue is long, tough, black and pointed, and it has the faculty of forcing it a foot or more out of its mouth, thus to encircle branches that would be otherwise out of its reach. Its eyes are large, black, and of soft expression. In confinement, its manners are docile to timidity. In its native forests, where it hears the roaring of lions, tigers, etc., it has no other mode to oppose them but flight



P. T. BARNUM'S BROADWAY AMERICAN MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE & DAN CASTELLO'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS
W. C. COUP, GENERAL MANAGER.
DAN CASTELLO, CIRCUS MANAGER.

P. T. Barnum's Address, 425 Fifth Avenue.
W. C. Coup's " Wood's Museum, N. Y.
Dan Castello's " Racine, Wis.

City Editor of the Sun will you please make a note of the fact that I had a Giraffe on board the Steamer Harmonia which arrived from Hamburg, It died a day before reaching New York. It cost $10000. I have two alive — the only ones in America,

Truly

P. T. Barnum

CITY EDITOR OF THE SUN. WILL YOU PLEASE MAKE A NOTE OF THE FACT THAT I HAD A GIRAFFE ON BOARD THE STEAMER HARMONICA WHICH ARRIVED FROM HAMBURG. IT DIED A DAY BEFORE REACHING NEW YORK. IT COST $10,000. I HAVE TWO ALIVE - THE ONLY ONES IN AMERICA.

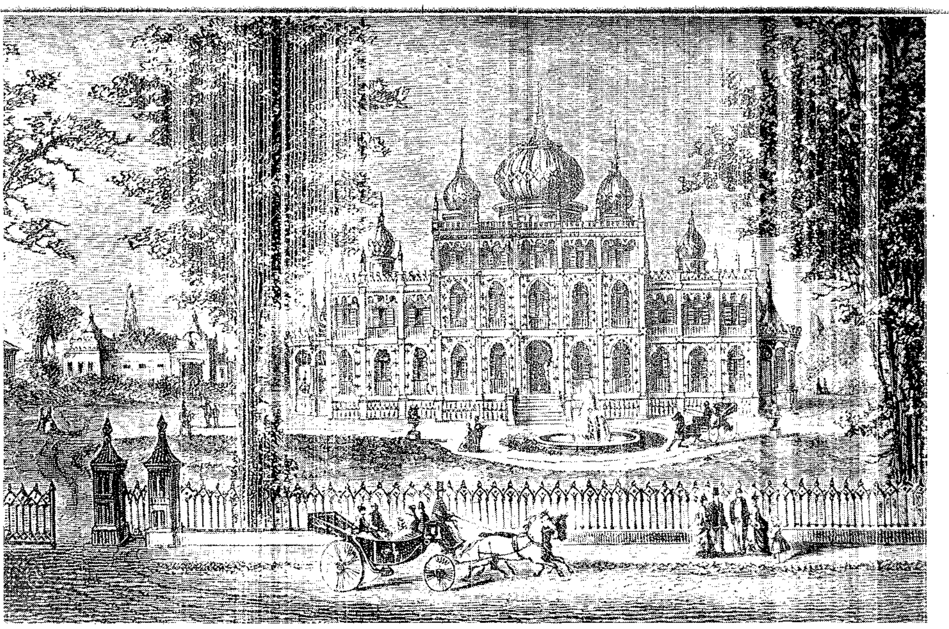
TRULY,

P. T. BARNUM

Donated by [illegible] 1946

Left, publicity material on Barnum's giraffes, Colossus and Cleopatra, circa 1854. Right, letter by Barnum on high-powered promotional stationery.

Courtesy Elsie Beth Clark Collection



Courtesy Elizabeth Sterling Seeley Collection

Iranistan, P. T. Barnum's first Bridgeport home

A soggy, hot, snake-infested land containing nothing but a few straggling trees and a few struggling ivies surrounded him. The truth flashed upon the disappointed boy.

"I had been the laughing stock of my family and my neighborhood for years," he later wrote. "My valuable Ivy Island was an almost inaccessible, worthless bit of barren land."

As his father and the hired man roared with laughter, and later when his grandfather gravely congratulated him, Barnum struggled to keep his composure. He never returned to the place. His burden of disaster and humiliation was carried into his old age, however, as he once admitted: "A part of the weight that made the wheel of fortune begin to turn in my favor at a time when my head was downward—was Ivy Island." At that time he used it for collateral for a much needed loan to keep his business affairs afloat; at ten, however, it was a cruel joke to play on a small and trusting boy and it must surely have been the most protracted practical joke a whole family ever staged.

Barnum has been credited with having said, "There's a sucker born every minute!" and while these may or may not have been his exact words, the thought behind them could honestly have been his and just one more echo of his inner silent cry on that hot, disappointing day years before.

ONCE when he returned to Connecticut to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with his family at the Franklin Hotel in Bridgeport, an establishment owned and managed by Philo Barnum, his younger brother, Phineas made a prophecy.

"As long as we don't run out of quarters," he said, "my American Museum will be the most popular place in New York City. Do you know, whole families come prepared to spend the day? They even bring their lunch. On the week ends, I have to turn them away. You won't believe this, Philo, but it got so bad I had to come up with a scheme to get them out. So I put up a fancy looking sign at the back of the museum over a passageway that led into the side alley. It read, 'TO THE EGRESS'." He began to shake with laughter. "They all think it's some new kind of an animal and before they discover they've been hoodwinked, they're out in the street."

This was, of course, after he had achieved some degree of prominence in New York as the proprietor of the American Museum. There he displayed a collection of relics and stuffed animals he had bought with great effort from the daughters of the man who had first collected them.

The Thanksgiving holiday was pleasant for the thirty-two-year-old Barnum and it amused him slightly to see the attention paid him by his home folks but he scarcely expected a miracle to happen for his benefit in Bridgeport. He would have been startled if anyone had told him that as he sat in his place of honor at his brother's festive table, he was sitting practically next door to fame and fortune.

Philo listened to the story of the EGRESS and then said slowly, "You could never get a quarter out of me to see your freaks—not even your phony mermaid! Why there are queer things all over the world! Right in this town there's a lad, for example, who doesn't even come up to your knee."

P. T. Barnum laid down his fork and gazed solemnly into his brother's face. "What did you just say, Philo?"

"It's true," Philo's wife put in. "That little Charlie Stratton—I don't believe he's even twenty inches high. As a baby, I hear, he was bathed in a teacup, and his wrist now is no thicker than my ring finger."

"I would like to see this little man before I return to New York" P. T. said eagerly. "Suppose you inform his mother that P. T. Barnum of New York's famous American Museum would consider it a great honor if she and her son would join him for breakfast tomorrow morning."

When Barnum saw the child, the youngster was not two feet high and weighed less than sixteen pounds. But he was a perfectly formed, bright-eyed little fellow with light hair and ruddy cheeks and enjoyed the best of health.

After seeing and talking with him, Barnum was determined to exhibit him to the public. Charles was then only five years old and at first Barnum offered the mother three dollars a week for four weeks plus all of their traveling and boarding expenses.

Barnum went to great pains to educate and train his diminutive prodigy devoting hours, day and night, to the task. Charles was a very apt pupil and made rapid progress in preparing himself for the performances which Barnum planned for him.

The small boy speedily became a public favorite and before the year was out his weekly salary had increased to twenty-five dollars. This, today, does not seem an important sum but if you remember that the most excellent teachers of that period could earn little more than twenty dollars a month, it becomes more impressive. Soon, with salary increased again, he was exhibited in Europe.

As popular as Charles was from the beginning, even Barnum could not foresee that this small person would bring him in close contact with kings, queens, lords and many illustrious commoners, all eager to see for themselves the famous tiny man. To be certain that no one saw "General Tom Thumb", as he was billed, before the proper hour, Barnum had the mother smuggle the boy in her arms from the docked ship into Liverpool, as if Charles were an infant.

This was only the beginning of a long career for the twenty inch, fifteen pound midget and the beginning, too, of an attachment between the General and Barnum that lasted a lifetime and brought them both all the fame and money they could desire.

P. T. BARNUM was born on a hot Fourth of July in 1810 in Bethel, Connecticut. His schooling ended at ten years of age, soon after the Ivy Island incident. When he was fifteen, his father died and left his mother insolvent and with four other children to rear. It was obvious that Phineas would have to go to work. Actually, he had worked from the age of twelve but now he went to work as a store clerk to pay for the shoes he had bought to wear to his father's funeral. As he was later to point out wryly, when overcome with debt and for the moment penniless, "This is not a new condition with me. I can truly say I began with nothing and was barefooted at that."

Phineas was reared in a deeply religious home and he feared God and preached morality until the day he died; but he was also a man who could never give up reading both sides of a coin before he flipped it and in his formative years behind the counter of the country store where he worked, he became inured to the "dog-eat-dog" life that was the lot of the Colonial New England storekeeper. He also dabbled in the sale of lottery tickets and at times his profit from this was much greater than his salary of six dollars a month as a clerk.

It is possible that more revealing than his introduction to the capricious whims of human nature as a lowly clerk, was a trip he made to New York with his grandfather, Phineas Taylor.

Traveling by boat, and embarking at Norwalk on Long Island Sound, the young man had his eyes opened within minutes to the difference between the more trusting "country man" and the crafty "city man." That one trip told Barnum he had found his business climate—the market place for his efforts as a superior salesman; it was quite a number of years, however, before he found the proper product to sell—the satisfaction of human curiosity.

Married early, at nineteen, to long-suffering Charity Hallett, the newlyweds set up housekeeping in a boarding house which Barnum managed near the bustling waterfront of New York.

Cooking, cleaning and working like a slave for their boarders, Charity was as busy as she could be but her young husband was bored. He wandered around lower Broadway finding sights that set his young blood "a-boiling" to get in on the profits that were being made around him.

Barnum watched for his opportunity and when he saw this advertisement in the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, dated July 15, 1835, he knew he had found it.

"CURIOSITY. The Citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity have an opportunity of witnessing at the Masonic Hall, one of the greatest natural curiosities ever witnessed, viz JOICE HETH, age 161 years, who formerly belonged to the father of General Washington. She has been a member of the Baptist Church 116 years. All who have seen this extraordinary woman are satisfied of the truth of the account of her age. A lady will attend at the hall during the afternoon and evening for the accommodation of those ladies who may call."

That statement, "She has been a member of the Baptist Church 116 years," may seem a strange bit of copy to put into an advertisement concerning such an odd exhibit, but at the time this old lady was being displayed, laws in New England were very strict and very blue and the tone of life a deep dirty gray. Theaters and exhibitions of all kinds were considered playthings of the devil and only by tying this oddly electrifying announcement to the church could the exhibitors of Joice Heth hope to bring in the crowds—especially the woman—at twenty-five cents a head.

JOICE HETH did draw great crowds, for she was something different and broke the drab monotony of her viewers' lives. She was, they felt, a living link to the first President, dead now almost thirty-six years. Her croaking voice, many thought, *might* have cooed to the infant Washington and those bent and gnarled hands *could* have caressed his curls.

At any rate, titillated, excited thousands invaded "Niblo's Gardens" when P. T. Barnum rented them (for one-half of the receipts) to put his exhibit on display. They came, they saw and clucked over the so-called proof of her great age.

This was a yellowing document, greatly creased and worn, enclosed in a glass frame. It purported to be the bill of sale from Augustine Washington to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Atwood, for "one negro woman, named Joice Heth, aged fifty-four years, for and in consideration of the sum of thirty-three pounds lawful money of Virginia." The document was dated February 5, 1727 and it was witnessed by William Washington and Richard Buckner.

When Barnum first saw the aged Negress, he wrote, "She was lying upon a high lounge in the middle of the room. Her lower extremities were drawn up and fixed in their position and could not be straightened. She could move only one of her arms at will. She was totally blind and had no teeth, but possessed a head of thick, bushy, gray hair. Her left arm lay across her breast and she had no power to move it. The nails upon that hand were about four inches in length and extended above her wrist."

He reflected that she could as easily be a thousand years old as any other age but he found her "sociable and finally garrulous . . . especially when she reminisced about her servitude under George Washington's father and her duties in raising 'her dear little George' to maturity."

Barnum felt he had to have this exhibit and when a Mr. Lindsay (who had purchased her from the Mr. Bowling who had owned her) wanted to dispose of her, his price was set at $3,000. Barnum pointed out that the old lady could die at any moment and offered Lindsay $1,000. Lindsay accepted this price and Barnum, having only $500 to his name, set out to get the rest of the money. What the young bridegroom said to his young bride about his proposed purchase of a 161-year-old slave while the bride was working her fingers to the bone to keep a roof over their heads can only be guessed; but in time P. T. obtained the living antique and put her on display in Niblo's Gardens.

When Joice Heth died (and a post mortem indicated she had been in her early eighties) she was followed by an Italian juggler, Signor Vivalla, then by the FeeJee Mermaid (a hoax made by a Japanese fisherman, who used the head of a monkey and the body of a fish) and shortly, by the American Museum which in time grossed over $100,000. Barnum had won New York—then, America proper. Now, he wondered if the world was ready for him. It was.

TOM THUMB opened the door to the world's riches for Barnum. Holding the General with one hand and a suitcase with the other, the showman sailed for England and fame.

Queen Victoria saw the midget three times. Prince Albert entertained him. In the daily *Court Circular* it was mentioned, "General Tom Thumb's impersonation of the Emperor Napoleon elicited great mirth and this was followed by a representation of Grecian statues, after which the General danced a nautical hornpipe and sang several of his favorite songs."

After this third visit to Buckingham Palace, the crowds who rushed to see the little man were so great Barnum was hard put to handle them. It seemed that the English people felt that *not* to try to see the midget would be a kind of insult to their beloved Queen who had found him so appealing.

Once England had accepted his rare offering, the rest of Europe followed suit. Barnum became very rich in the next three years that he remained abroad as did, of course, the General.

The other side of Barnum's nature took the upper hand for a time when he returned home. He felt he must have a place in the manner of the country squires he had met in England. So he built his fabulous Iranistan.

The showy mansion was two years in the building and cost him over $150,000, an astronomical sum in the eighties. The place was part Moorish, part Turkish, part Byzantine and it was capped by a center dome rising ninety feet above the ground. The showplace also had many lesser minarets as well as many piazzas. It was 124 feet wide at its entrance and faced a park which contained a great fountain. Tame elk wandered in the gardens; at times a trainer and an elephant mowed the grass.

The interior was dazzling. A great staircase rose to the second story and along this were niches filled with marble statues imported from Italy. The art on the walls, unfortunately, was disappointing—mediocre oil paintings of doubtful value. While he was in Europe, at a time when he could have purchased a Rossetti, Whistler, Constable, Corot, Ingres or even a Delacroix for very little money, he chose instead this abominable collection. The furniture was good, however, and each room was decorated in a different period. The house also had one of the few bathrooms extant, with a shower that ran hot or cold water. The dome was outfitted with astronomical equipment and used as an observatory. The cellar was stocked with vintage wine and champagne which Barnum probably enjoyed even more than his hundreds of guests did.

This enjoyment did not last, for Temperance stalked the land and in Bridgeport, Barnum fell under its spell. He signed the pledge and broke every bottle in his vast basement.

LIFE was not all profit and glory for the big showman for he was soon, as he put it, "cruelly swindled and deliberately defrauded." The swindle grew out of his ever-present longing to be not only the world's greatest "humbug," but also a civic leader and respectable family man. He thereupon sought out this happy state with such fervor and passion that he was left bankrupt, bewildered and adrift in a world he created for himself.

It began when, with another wealthy citizen of Bridgeport, he bought 224 acres of land along the Pequonnock River. He wanted to start a new town and to be known as a "Prince Among Men." His town was to be complete with homes, stores and manufacturing enterprises. He called it East Bridgeport and built a large toll bridge across the river so it could be reached from Bridgeport proper. Barnum urged young businesses to locate in his new town, and to such enterprises he advanced credit with a liberality that seems incredible considering his usual good "business head." Certain that once East Bridgeport was flourishing, his investment would return to him a hundredfold, his faith in almost any business scheme was boundless. What he did next however seems insane. He granted a simple little manufacturing business, the Jerome Clock Company, a loan of $110,000. Within five years he was bankrupt.

One editor and publisher who had hated Barnum from the first days of the American Museum wrote in the New York *Herald*, when the news of his losses were made public, "The author of that book, Barnum's Autobiography, glorifying himself as a millionaire from the arts and appliances of obtaining money upon false pretense is according to his own statement, completely crushed out. All the profits of all his FeeJee Mermaids, Greenland whales, Joice Heth, Tom Thumbs, all his monsters and imposters of all kinds, are all swept away by the invincible showman's remorseless assignees. It is a case eminently adapted to point a moral or adorn a tale."

As if the loss of his entire fortune was not enough to humble him, Fate pulled another black card from its deck and decided Iranistan must go. It burned to ashes—a complete loss.

After this, although many former friends signed a letter of confidence in him and some, including Cornelius Vanderbilt, James W. Gerard, Robert Stuyvesant and other New York millionaires, offered him a number of benefits, Barnum declined in the newspapers saying, "I have ever made it a point to ask nothing of the public on personal grounds and should prefer, while I can possibly avoid that contingency, to accept

(Continued on page 55)

Massacre for Gold

(Continued from page 28)

GEORGE CRAIG, well known Wallowa County cattleman and banker for many years, owned the cabin used by the outlaws. Craig used the cabin during the winter months as a headquarters camp, while looking after his cattle which wintered there in the snow-free canyon. The outlaws moved in after Craig moved out to take his cattle to summer range. Craig had observed the Chinese operating near his cabin that winter and knew there were thirty-one of them.

Testimony by Mr. Craig, taken on March 2, 1936, contained the following statements: "Hughs, Maynard, Vaughn and McMillian turned state's evidence and told the story on the witness stand and I was present at the trial and heard every bit of it because I was interested to know. I knew all of them except La Rue and was curious to know what the facts were.

"Hughs and Maynard were sent one up the river and one down the river to see that nobody came. That was the first thing that was done. Vaughn was left in the house to get dinner and Bob McMillian held the horses and watched them kill the Chinamen.

"Carcasses of these Chinamen were found for years after this along the river. I have buried several of the carcasses myself."

In an interview with Fred Lockley, an account of which appeared in the *Oregon Journal*, George Craig is reported to have said in commenting about the affair: "I guess if they had killed 31 white men something would have been done about it, but none of the jury knew the Chinamen or cared much about it, so they turned the men loose."

There were, of course, the usual stories about the three ring leaders—Canfield, Evans, and La Rue—telling about how this one was killed in a shooting in California, and that one was in the penitentiary, and the other had drowned in a shipwreck. However, this type story was frequently started by a man on the dodge, to get the law off his back. At any rate, none of the three was apprehended to stand trial and, as their accomplices had been freed by a jury, no convictions were ever secured.

One of the most interesting sidelights of the story concerns indemnity paid by the United States to the Imperial Government of China for "losses and injuries sustained by Chinese subjects within the United States at the hands of residents thereof."

As far back as 1885 an article appeared in the November 26 Lewiston, Idaho, *Teller* stating that the "Chinese Government has resolved to demand from the United States Government reparations for outrages against the Chinese in the West."

On February 24, 1887, an Act of Congress appropriated $147,748.74 to be paid to the Chinese Government in consideration of losses sustained by Chinese subjects by mob violence at Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, on September 2, 1885.

Chang Yen Hoon, Minister to the United States from the Emperor of China, on March 3, 1888, submitted to Mr. T. F. Bayard, Secretary of State, an itemized claim for indemnity for property and lives lost in the United States by Chinese subjects, for a total of $346,619.75 The claim ends with the following interesting paragraph.

"If the Snake River murders are omitted, of which no accurate information is yet received, there remain 40 lives of Chinese by riots and violence for which no compensation has yet been made. If the indemnity paid by Spain to the United States in the Virginius case is accepted, $2,500 as the lowest sum, there would result a claim for $100,000. Add as above, property losses, $246,619.75: grand total $346,619.75."

On October 19, 1888, by Act of Congress, the following appropriation was added to the Deficiency Bill for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1888: "To pay, out of humane consideration, and without reference to the question of liability therefor, the sum of two hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred and nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents ($276,619.75) to the Chinese Government as full indemnity for all losses and injuries sustained by Chinese subjects within the United States at the hands of residents thereof."

It would appear therefore, that for the forty lives lost, indemnity was paid at the rate of $750 each, and that no indemnity was ever paid for the thirty-one lives and property lost in the Snake River massacre.

Not many Americans have ever heard of this terrible blot on our history. Fewer still realize that nothing was ever done to compensate the relatives of the victims of the massacre, or to punish those responsible.

No monument or sign marks the location of this awful crime, but somewhere near, carefully hidden and undisturbed for eighty years, lies a fortune in raw gold.

Like A Bottle Ready to Explode

(Continued from page 21)

and Riverside Mountains north of Blythe. Apparently, the horse was unable to rise and Brown sat down on a rock to think things over. When he looked up he noticed the white gypsum deposit on the other side of the gulch.

Other stories have it that he and Jack Grey came upon a white bank of a deposit which the young rockhounds quickly realized was almost pure gypsum. Dekens, on the other hand, avers that Brown was accompanied by Henry Hartman when he found the gypsum and that the two split the money which resulted from the sale of the mine to the U. S. Gypsum Company, namely $7,000.

If we stick with the story of the Los Angeles *Times,* however, Brown was called to Los Angeles by U. S. Gypsum for negotiations and was offered a share in the business which he turned down in favor of a cash payment of $100,000. It is, of course, possible that all these stories are true because Floyd had long been interested in the country where his father and Jack Grey's father had done so much prospecting.

At about that time, Floyd discovered a gold mine in the area and operated a little gasoline driven engine mill near Blythe Junction, a town Brown himself established at the tracks of the Santa Fe Railroad. From there, a desert trail led to Blythe, and somewhere along this unimproved road, Brown and his wife Jessie decided to build a home and do a most unusual thing—dig a well.

To mill his ore in Blythe Junction, Brown used salt water which he got from shallow wells. Several miners had tried to dig sweet water wells in the desert but had always given it up as hopeless. If miners gave up digging for water after about 100 feet, Floyd would dig 150 feet!

It was in 1911 that he set up a whim on the ground, operated by a mule. Jessie was in charge of the whim while Floyd worked down in the well, four feet in diameter, digging three feet at a time, securing it with redwood casing, and digging on again. He reached 150 feet *but still had no luck;* yet he refused to give up. Meanwhile, Jessie made frequent trips to the Colorado, some eighteen miles away, or even to Blythe, a distance of thirty-five miles, to procure water.

When he had reached 200 feet, Floyd called in his friend Harry Hartman who had had considerable experience in digging wells, and together they went a hundred feet deeper. When at last they struck water, they did not stop until the water in the well was three feet deep. It had been a long and terrible chore, but they had their drinking water.

REALIZING that Blythe was cut off from the outside world and that, in order for Palo Verde Valley to compete successfully in marketing its crops, connection with the railroad would have to be made, Brown decided to throw his support to the Santa Fe which passed by Blythe Junction north of Blythe, while other freighters preferred to haul goods from Glamis into Blythe from the south. Brown built a restaurant and a house in Blythe Junction which was operated by Jessie, and obtained a franchise for a telephone line.

In the first issue of the *Palo Verde Valley Herald*, dated February 2, 1911, we find an advertisement announcing Floyd Brown's stage line between the Junction and Blythe, which negotiated the forty-two miles in about four hours. It also mentioned a telephone connection via Brown's Well. "For irregular trips," the advertisement proclaimed, "wire stage office at Blythe Junction or telephone Mr. Floyd Brown either at Brown's Well or Blythe City after you reach Blythe Junction."

Blythe Junction was situated half in Riverside and half in San Bernardino Counties, and there are old-timers who can still recall "Ma" Brown telling a customer to move over to the other side of the room so the sheriff of one or the other county could not arrest him.

Being so far away from a town of any size, Blythe Junction was not claimed by the sheriffs of either county and soon became a haven for outlaws. Early in 1914, lawmen of both counties finally got together and swooped down on the desert town arresting all residents except the railroad agent who, at that time, happened to be Floyd Brown.

After a time, Brown succeeded in improving the road connecting the Junction with Blythe. Competing with business which reached Blythe from Glamis, he managed to cut the cost of freighting from $20 to $10 per ton. With his progressive ideas, Brown switched from mules to trucks and was the first in the area to operate track-laying tractors which could haul a full thirty tons at a time.

But fate was slowly preparing a heavy blow for Floyd Brown. He had helped Blythe Junction win out against Glamis and it was decided that a railroad line would be built into Blythe from the Junction in preference to Glamis, an idea to which he wholeheartedly subscribed. It was this enterprise which almost ruined him financially and signaled the beginning of his downfall.

Brown undertook the grading of the railroad in 1915, but his bid was too low and every one of the forty-two miles cost him a fortune. He lost almost every penny he had and was forced to sell most of his property.

His marriage, too, went on the rocks. With his wide variety of interests, Floyd had had to be away from Jessie more and more. According to Dekens, Floyd was always interested in pretty women, and he was a jealous man besides. This eventually led to a breakup of his marriage and the Browns were divorced in the early 1920s. Jessie, still remembered by some of the residents of Midland, died in 1927.

Meanwhile, Brown had gone back to work with the water company in Blythe, but the old restlessness forced him to quit again. He became involved in building a bridge across the Colorado at Ehrenberg and sank all his remaining funds in the project, but it turned out to be a failure.

Brown had married again, this time to the widow of a friend of his who had operated a ferry across the Colorado and who had been drowned in the great river.

During his last days Brown worked at an aerial ferry across the Colorado at Searchlight, Nevada. In 1935, en route from Needles to Searchlight, Brown was killed in a collision with a truck.

Today two reminders of Floyd Brown can still be seen. At the old site of his first gypsum discovery, according to the company magazine *Midland Sage*, the mine which was operated for years by the U. S. Gypsum Company is known yet as the Brown Mine. And looking down into the gulch we can well imagine the young man, in 1909, sitting on a rock looking down on his horse which had fallen into the chasm, and then looking up into the blinding white gypsum before him—gypsum which turned out to be one of the richest deposits in the world, running 98 percent pure or better.

For the desert traveler not afraid to take an unpaved road, a trip north toward Blythe Junction—renamed Rice later in honor of a railroad engineer—may be well worthwhile. For there, in the very heart of that terrible desert, we can see the ruins of the house built by Floyd and Jessie, and not far from it, a hole in the ground some four feet in diameter, a piece of pipe perhaps still sticking out of it (although most of it was covered up by General Patton on his maneuvers during World War II).

This is the well dug by Floyd Brown when the pioneer extraordinary, some three hundred feet underground and persistently digging a well where no one had dared dig one before, was yet sitting on top of the world.

Lost Meteor Diamonds

(Continued from page 15)

buried somewhere in the canyon's network. They didn't know by whom or why, but their grandfather, or their father, got the story direct from a man who knew all about them. Cagily, for they were convinced of someday finding the stones, they would divulge a few of their clues. None that I ever heard from the new generation of hunters was anywhere close to the facts.

THE LARGEST cave in the canyon is Apache Cave in a side defile at Two Guns. The summer of 1960 two young men arrived on a Sunday. Claiming to be cave explorers they asked permission to enter it. The following Sunday and the next they were back. Full days were spent in Apache Cave. Finally they said that having heard a hoard of diamonds was concealed in it, they had searched underground for four and a half miles. They found no treasure hoard either.

That fall a Navajo Indian elk hunter, Frank Debora, drove his jeep to the old stage crossing. It is about three and a half miles upstream from Two Guns and nearly the same distance from Meteor Crater. Walking up the canyon floor he found where the bank had been washed out during the spring run-off. Revealed were several thin, flat pieces of brownish red oxidized pieces of meteorite, one of which he pocketed. Climbing out of the canyon on top, he got his antelope and brought his kill by the post. He showed me the piece of nickel iron, asking what it was. When told he nodded his head.

"Rimmy Jim Giddings used to sell this stuff for big money."

He had known well the early day roadside trader a few miles down the road. The very next day he drove back to the crossing, and with help dug out 500 pounds of meteorites. He came by the post, where I examined the heavy particles in the overloaded jeep. They were about hand size but were not stony meteorites that could be broken apart. A few had a crystal in them visible to the naked eye. When a glass was used, all revealed microscopic diamonds. Debora sold them to stores and curio places up and down the highway for $1.00 a pound. Although I didn't tell him so, he undoubtedly found one of Cannon's meteorite caches.

McCormick, who died in 1949, searched the canyons for more onyx and walnut burls. While doing so he found a cliff ruin somewhere in Canyon Diablo, in 1936. An immense overhang had fallen down in a slant, covering it except for a narrow entrance to the south.

McCormick explored the ruins. On several occasions when he had only a day to spend he took his oldest son's wife along. She was the only other person who ever knew where it was located.

A couple of years before his death, McCormick told me that he was convinced Cannon stashed most of his recoveries somewhere in the ruins. He recalled that the old man always carefully avoided this one area in daylight. Never seeing him around the site, nevertheless he had sometimes found his tracks and that of his burros on the rim overhead. Later he was to locate an easy way down onto the ledge, and it had obviously been used.

He reasoned that Cannon dug out the old mud mortar, stuck his buckskin pokes in and replastered the wall. Either that or perhaps he used one of the cracks in the stone cliff, camouflaging it the same way. To this end he spent a lot of time digging out hardened mud.

His daughter-in-law, who survived him four years, would talk about the cave. However, she would never reveal its whereabouts. Her statement about it was this:

"When he quit searching the cave, Dad told me it was mine. One of these days I am going to find something in it that will make me a lot of money."

She did go back many times before her sudden death. But she would not tell or allow her husband or any member of the family to accompany her to the cave.

Despite the fact that reputable scientists declare no worthwhile diamonds are to be found in fragmentary meteorites, people are still hunting for Cannon's hoards. It is certain that he found the gem stones. Could it be possible in about thirty years of pottering around the crater, that he picked up almost all that were readily recoverable?

Present-day week end and holiday searchers think so. Therefore all they need do is find one of his caches and be rich overnight. Their hunts are clandestine, with themselves disguised as rock hounds, game hunters, cave explorers, archaeologists and even bird watchers!

Without question some of Cannon's minor burials have been found and brought out. But the really big ones remain intact. The chances of locating them are remote. He was in many ways a clever man. Those found were likely of a temporary nature awaiting removal to a permanent hiding place.

Battle of the Sink Hole

(Continued from page 23)

so rapidly and lay so low on their horses that he let seven pass before he would take the risk of a shot. When the eighth passed, he aimed at the shoulder of the horse, hoping the ball would pass through and kill the Indian whose head was against the other shoulder. The ball passed under the neck of the horse but at this moment the Indian attempted to fire under the horse's neck, and the ball from the rifle struck him in the face, killing him instantly. The horse, however, carried him clear of the draw and out onto the prairie before the Indian fell to the ground.

The Indians set up a great yelling and peculiar howling, indicating that a brave chief or noted warrior had been killed. Several of them attempted to carry the body away but one of them was badly wounded by Daley and they gave up the attempt for the time being. Another dead Indian now also lay within rifle shot of the sink. Tom was greatly distressed at the loss of Old John, the mule, and was anxious to shoot an Indian and was allowed to try his hand. He failed to kill the Indian he fired at but knocked a wildcat-skin cap from the Indian's head.

The Indians remained passive for some time after failing to carry the position of the white men, and Adams examined and dressed the wound of Snyder as best he could under the circumstances. The hip was in bad shape and much blood had been lost, causing thirst and weakness. No water was to be had.

The situation was bad and not one of the white men ever expected to get out of the difficulty alive, but brave men fight on and die in the last ditch.

While Adams, assisted by Tom, was dressing the wound of Snyder, Daley watched the Indians who seemed to be undecided as to their next move. Finally several of them rode around the position of the whites, evidently trying to discover what damage they had inflicted. To discourage them, as Adams said, all arose in plain view, yelling and waving their hats, the wounded man having to brace himself up against the bank to do so. The Indians then turned and rode back to the main body, all being out of rifle range of the sink.

Night came on and the situation was not changed. The Indians placed their guards around the sink. Their voices could be heard in various directions at intervals during the night but no attack was made. They dreaded the foes whom they had trapped. If all had been sound of limb, Adams would have proposed a break in the night toward the Rio Grande; but the condition of Snyder prevented

(Continued on page 62)

Happy Days and Happy Men

(Continued from page 37)

swam the mighty Middle Fork of the Salmon. It is a fearful stream, fast and deep. Why that power remains undeveloped is unanswerable.

LEE WYATT and his partner, Gibtown Mame, had a lovely place. A big cabin, three logs long, a beautiful garden and grape arbor. She introduced herself as Gibtown Mame. I have forgotten her name, but it wasn't Wyatt. She was well past the "noon" of life, but erasing the seams, it was evident that she had been very good looking. What a supper she prepared for us.

Bill and I slept in the middle room of the cabin. Sometime before morning the bear dogs (everyone had bear dogs—Lee's were Airedales) began to raise Ned. We could hear Lee and Mame talking and saw them strike a light. We had decided to get up and give them a hand when here came Mame clad in a short chemise, a kerosene lamp in one hand and a .45-90 Winchester in the other. We had started out when we heard the report of the big gun. She had shot a big lynx (a true lynx) off the ridge log and the dogs were wooling the carcass. She picked up the gun and lamp off a big fir stump and strode back to her quarters without a single word. When I said Mame's chemise was short, I used the word short advisedly. A modern skirt is the trailing gown of a bride in comparison.

In the morning we went up to their diggings on the Brown Beauty claim. The gold vein was narrow. Eighteen inches was the extreme width we saw. It assayed eighth-tenths of an ounce gold. Their arrastre on Soldier Creek, a short distance above the cabin, was a jim dandy. It had a capacity of 500 pounds in 12 hours. Lee packed the ore down on horses. Mame was the metallurgist. Five hundred dollars in bullion supplied their needs for a year. Lee made one trip a year to Salmon for supplies.

Mame was a character. The wonderful stories she told! She had been in the Klondike and had run saloons in various camps, besides one in British Columbia and one in Gibbonsville, Idaho. Mame was in Tex Rickard's saloon in Dawson the night he lost it in a card game. She had known Soapy Smith and other colorful characters in the famous diggings. She had made several stakes. Now, here she was 120 miles from town. Her shadow was well in the east, but was she discouraged? Not a bit. All she and Lee needed was a ten stamp mill on the Brown Beauty. Poor soul, just another unfulfilled wish and hope.

After dinner, I started up their shake walk with a pan of dirt to wash down. I could hear a lot of buzzing and remarked to Lee, "Sounds like Jingle Bugs (rattlesnakes) to me."

He agreed that it was rattlesnakes. We found the little villains, a half dozen of them just born. They were perhaps six inches long, with just a pointed black bottom on the ends of their tails. They could buzz, they were mad, and they wanted to bite. The mother was a large, tawny snake with scarcely a mark on her but you can bet she was all set for business.

We were at the Wyatts' a week. Lee's brother, Sam, had a good prospect some distance below, which we looked over. The vein was white quartz, much harder than the country rock. Erosion had stripped off the wall rocks, leaving the vein exposed clear to the top of the mountain.

The Mormons had another spread below Sam's with some sort of a mill on it. I believe it was the largest log structure I have ever seen. Those mountainsides are steep; what a job it must have been to get the long logs up there. The proprietors were very aloof and distant so we made no attempt to examine their spread.

One afternoon Bill, Lee and Tom went down the river to a natural salt lick to get some meat. Mame took me up Soldier Creek to look at a copper prospect. It was little more than a stain and we didn't tarry long.

It was hotter than blazes in that canyon. We stopped in the friendly shade of a big fir to catch our breath. Right out of a clear sky Mame turned to me and said, "Mr. Bryant, I have a little girl in Ohio, sixteen years old. I haven't seen her since she was a baby. I'll see her before I die. I'll steal, I'll do anything, but I'll see my little girl." She shook her fist repeating, "I will, I will."

I prayed to God that she would. She hadn't seen a woman in four years, yet it seemed not to bother her at all. The one thing churning in her heart was the fierce yearning to see her daughter.

RETURNING, we stopped overnight in Yellow Jacket. I wanted to visit Dick Willard and Angus Cameron, two old-timers who had worked in the Jacket in its heyday. I had known Stewart Thompson, the manager of the Yellow Jacket in the Black Hills; Dick and Angus had worked for Stewart and this loosened their tongues.

It was a privilege to prowl the old camp of the '90s, to see with our own eyes what had been done. The resourcefulness of the old-timers is beyond belief. The Yellow Jacket mill of thirty-one thousand stamps, together with all manner of mine and camp equipment and even a sawmill, had been packed in eighty miles on horses' backs from Mackay, Idaho. The six mortars weighed seven thousand pounds each. They had been sectionalized into load weights of two hundred fifty pounds each, the sections grooved to be joined, and dovetailed keys. Shafting and pulleys had been segmented, as had the water wheel which furnished the power. The saws for the sawmills were bolted to platforms built on the pack saddles.

But the wonder of it all was the wire rope tramway a mile long, which had been packed in on horses' backs. The two track ropes, each a mile long, an inch and a quarter in diameter, weighed approximately six tons each. The two traction ropes, of the same length and five-eighths inch in diameter, weighed considerably less. These ropes couldn't be segmented. The two track ropes had been packed in on eighty horses in a string, so many coils on each side of each horse. We could still see the swath (1909) cut through brush, trees and downed timber to straighten the route as much as possible for this unbelievable string of horses tied together with a great wire rope. Dick said they were several weeks bringing the track ropes from Mackay. It was utterly unbelievable but there was the stamp mill and tramway. Later, a road had been built in from Leesburg.

The Black Eagle mill was another thing for the book. The mill had ten stamps. The stamp stems, tappets, shoes, dies, huge cams and mortars were wood. The stamp stems, hewed from fir logs, were six inches square with a huge block (an integral part of the stem) on the bottom soled with boiler plate. That served as a shoe. The dies were blocks of fir topped with boiler plate. The huge cams were cut from fir plank and faced with strap iron. The mortars were of wood clamped with bolts and lined with sheet iron. As at the Jacket, the amalgamation plates were copper sheets a quarter of an inch thick, four feet wide, four and a half feet long and fitted together with tongue and groove. The plant was powered with a waterwheel. Such a deal! It has pounded out some money, though it is not to be compared with the Yellow Jacket. Forbes Rickard reworked the tailings of the Jacket in 1911.

In Thunder Mountain, the Dewey Mine had packed in two 60-horsepower boilers as sheets, and imported boilermakers to put them together.

We rode into camp the evening of the second day after leaving the Jacket. I want to say it was irksome to put on the yoke the next morning and get back on the job. My feet were itchy, but my poke was flat. It was back to my chains.

What a trip. How fortunate I was to see that big country in the raw, to see it before it was scarred with Forest Service trails and roads, to meet those fine men and women, all in their sunset years. All were optimistic—another round or two out of the face or bottom, or waiting for someone to build them a mill. We were genuinely welcomed everywhere. All were so disappointed we couldn't stay a week. There were so many things to show us. No one bade us goodbye. Their parting words were, "Come back. Come back."

All are gone now. I am the only one left of my party, and I am eighty-one. The trip to the Middle Fork of the Salmon and the two years in Leesburg Basin afforded me some of the happiest memories of my life. Who wouldn't want to be a young engineer and look down from the mountaintops again?

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The Treasure's Still on Sawtelle

(Continued from page 6)

triangle there were very few stones, yet inside there were many scattered about. This difference was quite noticeable. The old man said this was a stone floor, indicating the presence of a cache—of little value—made by the Indians. He figured some of the stones in the floor would be marked to indicate the spot directly over the cache. He studied the surface for a while but didn't find anything definite.

I thought the whole theory of the stone floor damned tommyrot. Yet, it got under my hide to think I'd run across a half-breed out in the hills and he showed me unobtrusive things like stone floors and could read meanings into them. I doubt whether a white man, after walking over it for years, would have noticed the triangle. Why should this Cherokee notice it? Why should he hunt for such a thing? Where did he get the clue to the idea that they had a meaning?

Whatever the reason, he certainly had a keen eye for detecting inconspicuous markings. Occasionally the meaning would be strictly a "code" meaning, entirely unrelated to anything logical. For instance, a square meant one particular kind of ore, and a diamond another. Usually the symbol and its meaning were logically related. For instance, a circle with a cross inside, which the old man pointed out one day on the surface of a rock, was only a few feet from our "dig." This circle was 3" in diameter and both it and the cross lines very faint. Yet it could be seen as a perfect circle with straight lines inside. The old man said this was the Spanish mark representing the cardinal points of the compass. Logical, thought I, setting my compass on it and finding one of the cross lines pointed just about true north.

OUR SECOND DIG was about 100 feet downhill from our first hole, where a rock about 3' x 6' protruded about a foot above ground. On the downhill face of this rock the old man had discovered a faint horizontal band a couple of inches wide that he said represented water (therefore water would be found in the "dig"). Both above and below this band was a fish, each about 10" long (meaning the ore in this mine was both above and below the water level). On one end of this rock he showed me a dagger 6" long. This, the old man muttered seriously, was the "death sign"—death to anyone who attempted to break into the old dig. He added that we should be prepared for a fight if we continued at this spot.

Later he again called my attention to the Indian face previously mentioned on the key rock about 100 feet away. By now it was not necessary for him to point out this to me for the face was staring directly at the rock with the dagger.

Coincidence? I didn't think so.

If the old man was correct in thinking this canyon was the site of an old Spanish dig sealed off and guarded by the Indians, one could scarcely help feeling some uneasiness about digging into it. The fact that the Cherokee was afraid didn't help. This was something one couldn't really believe, nor yet entirely disbelieve, for a few days later we had a disagreeable illustration of what a devilish proposition we could be up against if the old man was right.

We had dug the second hole down a few feet. The old man was in it, passing buckets of dirt up to me to be dumped, when without the slightest warning a couple of men appeared on horseback within a few feet of us. This was a shock. They were dark-skinned, evil-looking fellows. I was so startled I don't recall what was said, except that I made some casual remarks and one of the riders spoke a few words in a surly tone. After giving us a brief once-over, they rode on down the canyon.

The old man worried a lot about this visit. He insisted they were Indians who had been watching and had come to get a close look at him. They had wanted to know if the fellow following their marks were an Indian. I said I thought they were sheepherders who probably had ridden over the mountain to bring up a bunch of sheep. Yet, I had to admit the other herders I'd met were pleasant fellows willing to talk in a friendly manner.

When I thought about it, the two dark-skinned riders did illustrate how easy it would be for anyone to get the drop on us. All they had to do, even on horseback, was ride down the trail, which was old and so grass covered a horse could walk silently, until they emerged some 30' from our hole. We had hoped that if we kept our eyes open, we could spot anyone on foot before they got close to us.

The old man found another sign to indicate the dagger rock was a promising point to dig. This was a slightly burned hardwood "plug" about ¾" in diameter and 3" or 4" long protruding from the trunk of a big fir about 100 feet from our digging. This "plug", when cut out by a knife, was of a harder variety of wood than fir. It was located about 3' above the ground in the side of the tree facing the dagger rock. I sighted along it and discovered that it pointed at the rock. This may have been the hard dead stub of a branch that had grown on the tree but seldom does one find any such remnants of branches on the lower trunk of two- or three-hundred-year-old firs or pines. The old man said this was a Spanish method of marking a special spot on the ground. The Spanish put plugs in different trees in the vicinity of buried treasure, each one pointing so that projected lines would intersect at the desired spot.

In this instance we could not find plugs in other large trees in this vicinity so I assumed the other plugged trees had probably fallen and decayed. This would not be improbable. A big tree had fallen recently. It lay with its top close to where we were digging. There was another fallen giant a hundred feet from our tent.

Another Spanish method of indicating a "spot" was to "lean" several young trees to point to the spot and they would continue to grow that way. I don't mean the trees were bent; instead, they were loosened at the roots to tilt slightly. One huge old tree leaning toward our tent was growing this way and there were a couple of other sturdy trees nearby which were leaning quite heavily for no apparent reason.

The old man noticed everything like this, things that were a trifle unusual in nature which a white man would not have thought about.

IN REGARD to the trees, I shall mention what appeared to be another plugged tree a few miles from camp. In this instance we found the second plugged tree a hundred feet from the first one. We did not find the third although we searched for it quite a while. This was one of the several places we intended to investigate thoroughly later on. But a few miles up the canyon above camp, near the ridge, we found another plugged tree. This one was in an isolated group of half-a-dozen very old trees, all "painted" yellow on one side; all had a huge blaze on one side several feet above the ground and all of them "pointed" to another isolated tree a hundred feet away. The last tree was the finest specimen of a "bent" tree we had seen anywhere. It was about 18" in diameter, with a beautiful right-angled bend some 6' above ground. The trunk at this point was horizontal for several feet, then grew vertically to the crown.

At another place in the bottom of the canyon, a mile or so from camp, we discovered a huge spruce which had a Spanish "placer" blaze on it. This blaze was several feet long and made a slight lateral angle so that the bark on one side of the gash overlapped the other side. The queer part about this placer blaze was the fact that the old man had described how a placer blaze should look before he ever saw this tree.

Another way of indicating placer ground, he said, was to cause a round lump to grow on a tree by pounding a spot on the bark (the lump representing a nugget). One thing which added a bit of interest to the above placer blaze was the fact that not far from this tree there was a fair-sized depression in a small patch of level ground near the creek which appeared to have been excavated years before. It seemed as if the rocks had been piled along the creek in some places and the channel changed.

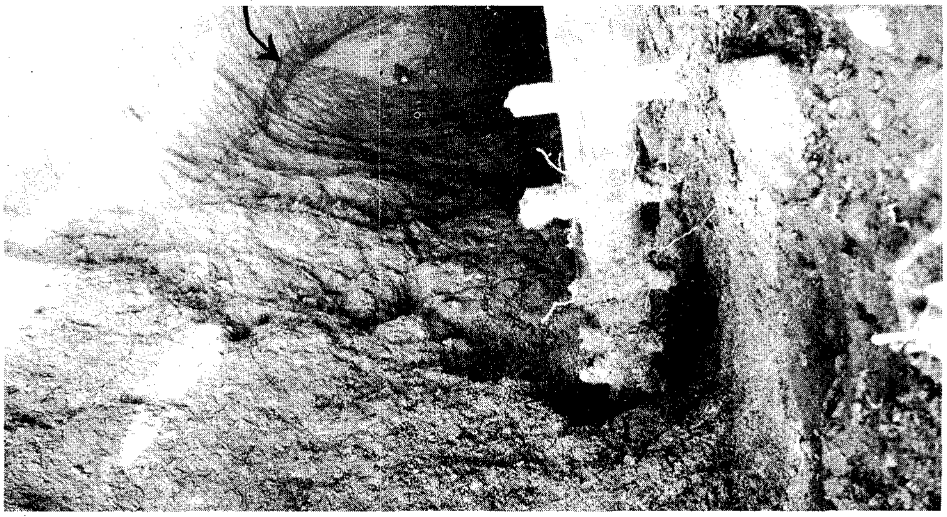
Although we panned the creek and the gravel from our first hole, we never found a trace of gold. The old man thought the Spaniards had so thoroughly placered the creek that there were no values left in it.

Later on a rancher living at the foot of Sawtelle told me a story (told to him by an old-timer who'd run the trading post) that had some bearing on this idea. He said that in the early days, a prospector—an Irishman—came to Sawtelle from Butte, Montana, and spent the summer somewhere in the vicinity of our canyon. Once he had come to the trading post for grub. He had paid for it with gold dust that he claimed he'd gotten on Sawtelle. At the time a sheepherder had attempted to trail the Irishman but he was unable to locate his diggings. In the fall the Irishman left but the next spring he came down from Butte and, while in a drunken condition, was swept off his horse and drowned fording the river near Sawtelle.

The rancher told me that although the storekeeper vouched for this story, he personally did not think there was gold on our side of Sawtelle. He had prospected this side of the mountain himself.

On the trunk of another nearby tree, some 8' up, we found some old scars about 1' long that had a remote resemblance to the front view of an elephant facing the dagger rock. This was the Spanish mark meaning something big, or of great value.

When we had dug our hole at the "dagger rock" about 8' deep, we exposed the full depth of the huge boulder. It could be seen that this boulder formed a crude resemblance to an elephant standing on its head. This rock, then, possibly was what the old man called an "antediluvian", a crude monolith of an animal such as the Spaniards carved near the entrance to a mine. The fact that the monolith was 8' deep verified the 8' indicated by the height above ground of the elephant on the tree. *(Next page)*



Looking straight down into the 27 foot shaft after abandonment of mine. Note primitive type ladder. The vein shows plainly (arrow) near the bottom and part way up the side even after a considerable lapse of time. The bars of light are caused by sun shining between the logs laid over shaft.

Later on, when our hole was down 12' and nothing in particular was revealed, he looked about some more. He found a moderately sized pine tree, perhaps 100 years old, growing a few feet from our hole. It had a "picture" about 24' up the trunk on the side facing the dagger rock. By using a bit of imagination, this looked like an Indian sitting down. It could have represented an Indian resting after having filled up the old workings. Being 24' up might also have represented the depth mark of 24'.

To summarize, we had the following "pointers" to designate a favorable spot to start our second dig. A rock with the "death warning" and other symbols; (2) the "Indian guard" on the key rock staring directly at the death symbol; (3) the plug in the tree pointing exactly to the same spot; (4) the elephant on the tree facing the key rock which, when excavated, resembled an elephant.

WE STARTED a shaft about 6' square against the south face of the dagger rock. After digging down through a few feet of black soil, we dug a couple feet of river gravel. In the river gravel the old man detected the representation of a "snake" (a number of large-sized stones in a wavy line).

It was the old man's belief that we were digging in a place which had been carefully filled by the Indians. More than once I pooh-poohed the idea that Indians would do so much work of this kind. But the old man stubbornly insisted that he had seen an old dig opened in Arkansas which had satisfied him that they would do an incredible amount of careful work when they wished to conceal something.

I didn't take much stock in the snake in our hole. Yet, supposing the stones did represent a snake? Anybody could see that it was crawling out of the northwest corner of our shaft as if coming from in back of the dagger rock. Since a snake represented direction and this direction had to be backtracked, the old man suspected that the dagger rock had been placed to block the entrance of an old tunnel.

After we had dug down about 8' to the base of this boulder, he began to feel that the boulder might be a "deadfall trap," which would topple on anybody digging around it. To look at it, one would say it was at least two or three feet thick at the top, with an equally substantial base. Yet one couldn't be sure of this, especially if one considered that a sinister "Indian guard" was leering down at everything one did.

So, before going deeper, we blasted off the front of the boulder to square up our shaft and to assure ourselves that it would not slip of its own accord later. (There was also the prospect that if this were a slab in front of a tunnel the blasting would reveal it.) However, our blasting showed that the boulder was firmly seated.

After digging through the gravel bed, we came upon a peculiar, dirty-gray formation like old rotten cement, too tough to shovel out but easily dug up with a pick. Ordinarily, I might have assumed that this was a sort of volcanic ash hardening into a semi-rock. But the old man figured this was refuse from an old Spanish smelter, which the Indians had used to backfill the mine entrance.

Anyway this was a puzzling formation. It turned almost white when dry. Later on, when our shaft got down into rock which seemed pretty well mineralized, the old man built a clever little rock-lined furnace in the creek bank. He burned some of this mineralized rock at a high heat to test if it were a similar kind of rock from which the Spaniards had smelted gold. Ash panned from the furnace failed to reveal any gold. But when burned in the little furnace the rock became rather soft and could be broken into a whitish powder, tallying somewhat with the old man's idea that it was such material the Indians had used for the cement-like backfill.

The Spanish smelter might have been located close to the "welted" tree. A couple of huge rocks outcropped to form a long sloping channel which could have been bricked over to form a draught chimney for a furnace. To add to the weight of this theory, it was apparent that the faces of these rocks were quite red—as rocks with iron in them became after being heated—whereas the remaining surface of these two boulders were not red.

The idea occurred to me that this might explain the welts on the big tree differently. If there had been a furnace close to this tree, the Spaniards might have had a stiff-leg derrick to handle the ore and have tethered the top of the derrick to the tree; the swaying of said derrick could have caused the tether to cause the welts. But this method would not result in welts on different sides of the tree. Again I was puzzled.

AT THIS TIME we had to go to the lumber commissary ten miles away to get more grub. With the old man to feed, restocking of the grub pile was necessary every two or three weeks. Alone, I could pack in enough grub on a horse to last me six weeks or even two months. On this particular trip over the Continental Divide between Montana and Idaho, I outfitted at Armstead, Montana, on June 1. I did not buy any more grub, except baking powder from a sheepherder, until August 1. I did catch trout most every day during July which helped out on the food situation.

On returning to camp we found no indications of anyone having been around, although the old man insisted the Indians would scrutinize the diggings while we were gone.

We had secured a small wooden pulley at the lumber camp. Our hole was about 5' deep, and we built a small tripod over it, to which we wired the pulley. With a 40' cinch rope and a common galvanized water bucket we fashioned a practical hoisting apparatus.

After digging through the cement formation, (which made our hole about 8' deep and brought it to about the bottom of the dagger rock) we came to a loose, thin-bedded, or shaly, rhyolite formation similar to the rock we had found in the bottom of our first hole—except here it was a more brightly-colored yellowish and pinkish rock. The old man said this rock had also been put in in layer formation by the Indians. In support of his contention, he pointed out the fact that the layers were slightly domed.

What struck me was the fact that we now found a 6" fissure, or vein, cutting across the bottom of our shaft from corner to corner. Had we known this vein was here and had tried to enter our shaft over it, we could not have located it better.

The walls of this vein were as smooth as though cut with a knife. It was filled with a dark red, soft, putty-like substance, almost like talc. Later, an essay of this stuff showed that it ran about a dollar in gold, with a trace of silver. Yet it did not show any free gold by panning.

The thought occurred to me that if the Indians had really marked the location of this vein, it might have been a source of desirable red war paint rather than gold. The old man said this was not a "real vein" but merely the simulation of a vein, or a "picture" built by the Indians to represent the correct path to the true vein itself.

I again felt we were hot on the trail of something so I discarded any intentions about pulling up stakes and leaving the country. On the other hand, the old man was becoming more uneasy than ever about Indians watching us. He said they would certainly try to drive us away when we were on the point of breaking into the old underground workings.

Up until this time, I had practically no belief in his idea that Indians were watching us. Even so, at times, I got the feeling that there was something uncanny about this fascinating, quiet section of the canyon. Even in daytime, when the sun was striking through the big trees, there was an air of brooding mystery about this silent place, the huge boulders squatting among the trees with so many Indian pictures on them.

Perhaps I was slow to begin worrying about the Indians because the old man had told me they would do their best to scare us away before attempting anything violent. They would give us a warning—one they knew we would understand.

One night the old man insisted he saw a dark object moving on the off-side of our tent. Another night it was worse. We both saw what appeared to be a small flashlight moving about, high on the side of the canyon back of camp. We watched it intently while it moved about erratically. After a while we decided it might be a star shining through a gap in the trees.

The old man still claimed that the Indians, sooner or later, would give us three "separate warnings." We might hear the cry of a coyote or the hoot of an owl. So far we had heard no owl. Then about this time we did hear a coyote howl a few times on different evenings. Although it sounded far off, the old man stopped and listened closely. He didn't believe it was a "real" coyote. I said, "Oh, bunk!" Perhaps the sheep were beginning to work up the mountain, which explained the coyotes yipping.

SOON AFTER THIS we had gone out one evening to get the horses and tie them up for the night. The old man said he smelled smoke. He kept sniffing the air, sure of it. I thought no more about it. It made me a trifle sore to have him always trotting along when I left camp, especially when I went for the horses. He just stood around and let me do the unhobbling. It would have seemed more sensible to take turns at this chore. But, as I have said before, he was afraid to be left alone.

By now we were down to shale rock in the hole and it became necessary to begin blasting. Progress was slow. We had little powder left, and in order to economize, pried up a lot of tight rocks with a pick. Fortunately, we found that every time we blasted out a small section of the floor shaft, it enabled us to get at the edges of the layered rocks and pry them up with a pick.

Picking and prying, drilling and blasting and hoisting out all of this rock, one bucketful at a time, was hard labor. We decided to build a platform of small logs over the top of the shaft. Then the man on top could reach out and seize the bucket when it came up without spilling the contents on the man below.

The old man, at this point, insisted on caution, but he was doing his full share of the work. We took turns hoisting above and digging and drilling below. He preferred that I be the one to light the fuse for a shot after the shaft got pretty deep. I didn't blame him. I had made the ladder for the shaft and it wasn't a handy thing to be climbing up and down.

When the shaft got to be over 20' deep I started to hate the job of lighting a fuse then climbing that rickety ladder while the fuse was spitting its way toward the charge. The fuse we used was short, about 1½ minutes. How could I be certain a fuse was not faulty? I also wondered what would happen if the old man took it into his head to stop me from climbing out of the shaft after I had lit the fuse.

We continued to sink the shaft at the rate of 2' a day and each day we expected to break into something wonderful. By now I was becoming very skeptical about this rock having been laid by the Indians. It appeared to me that we were following a natural vein which the Spaniards might have worked at a greater depth.

As we dug deeper the rock on each side of the vein became more plentifully impregnated with iron. I hoped the vein would widen and develop into real ore. The old man believed that all this rock was hand-placed, as proof of which he pointed to the east side of the shaft, at the shape of an arrowhead about 3' long that pointed up. It was hardly distinct enough for me to take serious thought of it.

It was ridiculous to believe that anyone would go to such extraordinary labor to lay a different colored rock into a backfill in such a way that, when cut through by a large shaft, it would show the shape of an arrowhead if cross-sectioned.

Later, the old man questioned whether this arrowhead might not be a "terminal" mark instead of a "directional" mark; that is, that the trail to the underground workings led *back* of this arrow rather than *below* it but he could not discover another mark which would have to appear on this arrow in order to make it a terminal symbol.

ABOUT THIS TIME two sheepherders moved their sheep up the mountain and camped across the creek from us. They were pleasant fellows, unlike the surly riders who had visited our camp before. These herders supplied us with fresh mutton, and the old man liked them. While they camped near us the old man did not mind staying around our diggings alone. In fact, he didn't object when I spent a whole day away hunting for the horses, which we had failed to tie up the night before. We tried to keep the horses in the canyon above camp during the day but they had a stubborn desire to get off the mountain. Several times they had come down and tried to sneak by us on the opposite side of the creek. This time we hadn't noticed them.

The sheepherders stayed on the creek three days, then moved a few miles away. A day or so later one of them rode by camp to tell us they had found the remains of an old cabin a mile west of us. On the Sunday following the old man and I went to see it. We decided that only a prospector or trapper would have built such a cabin so high on the mountain. I suspected that it had been built by the Irish prospector the hotelkeeper at Ashton had told me about. If so, it might possibly lead to the gold ore the Irishman had claimed to have mined on Sawtelle.

Anyway, in high spirits, the old man and I examined the remains of the cabin, which consisted of one tier of logs 10'x12'. We searched for the missing logs but could not find them. Odd, thought I, that they would have rotted away so completely.

The old man and I made a search but could not find evidence that anyone had been digging. We easily could have missed such diggings of course. In fact, only by the merest chance could anyone have noticed the remnants of the old cabin because of its location in a group of firs a short distance from a spring. One could drink at the spring and never notice the cabin. We gave up further search because, as the old man explained, the Indians certainly would have covered up a hole of any value.

Back at camp we continued digging our shaft, by now 20' deep. We found nothing of importance except the small vein which continued downward, although the wall rocks were more strongly impregnated with iron as we gained depth. Once in a while we panned the talc in this vein. We hoped it would show free gold. It didn't. Then the beautiful stream flowing by camp suddenly dried up. We had to move a hundred yards up the canyon where there was still a small flow of water.

We hated to move so far from our digging. Besides the additional walking incurred, the new camp put our shaft out of range of hearing during the night. The Indians now could investigate the shaft freely, keeping tabs on anything we might uncover. This condition eliminated any chance of our getting away with anything without their knowledge.

I expected to uncover something of value any day and felt more and more uneasy about espionage. To add to my uneasiness, the old man steadfastly predicted that it wouldn't be long until we received our first "first warning." So as the days passed, tension mounted.

THE NEW CAMP was a few feet from several huge boulders—perhaps once a single boulder that had split in two leaving an 18" cleavage. We decided to make our campfires in this space so that it would carry away the smoke and because on one side of this rock there was a fairly distinct picture of an old-fashioned battle axe. The old man was more interested in a faint picture of a sailing vessel on the outer side of the other half of the boulder.

On our first night in the new camp I spotted a distinct "coin cross" symbol on the inner side of the rock. The symbol in Spanish signified a cache of money. It was so distinct I couldn't let it go as a freak of nature. To confirm my belief, the symbol was near a "snake" about a foot long, also quite distinct. The old man and I decided we would dig here later, because we again had to change camp because of the horses. Instead of keeping out of sight all day, as they had always done, they were staying near camp most of the time.

Why? The old man insisted the Indians were trying to drive the horses back to us. I contended that he was foolishly letting his fears get the best of him. What would the Indians' object be in doing so? He said this was their way of telling us to pack and get out. I replied frankly that he was crazy. If the Indians wanted to run us out of the country, they would do it best by driving our horses away. But no, he was certain they were telling us: "Here are your horses. Pack up and get the hell out of here." They'd keep it up until we did leave.

Our shaft was now down 24', which the old man said was the "depth" mark for underground workings at this point. We still hadn't struck anything definite. He appeared puzzled by this and admitted he wasn't sure that the depth marks we had gone by were intended for this spot. On the other hand, it would seem that one of the two marks we had found had to be the correct one. The old man now was inclined to favor the 12' mark. If the latter was the correct one, we had overlooked the significance of some other sign that we had passed while digging. Again the old man reverted to the cobblestone "snake" and to the arrowhead on the east wall of the shaft.

Since the snake was crawling from behind the dagger rock, I concluded we should have gone back of that rock at its base, which was about 8' down. Since the arrowhead was about 12' down, it could have been the sign to go to the east at that point. However, we decided to continue a few feet deeper and then if we found nothing, go to the lumber camp for more grub. When we got back we would rig up a platform at the 12' depth and try digging into the sides of the shaft behind the dagger rock and the arrowhead.

ONE DAY the old man noticed a group of small rocks with marks on them. He stopped and dug some of them out with his pick. In doing so, he scattered the rocks about and broke one. I didn't know what he was looking for, unless he wanted to see if they covered something else. But I felt that he was doing something that savored of vandalism. This was not like him. He had a considerate disposition most of the time. Now it struck me that if those stones had been marked and placed in position by the Indians, he certainly was not going to endear himself to them by knocking their markers to hell-and-gone.

Whether this incident had anything to do with what happened later or not, I do not know. However, shortly afterward, we were sitting by the campfire after supper, about dark, when, from a point not 100 yards away, and in thick timber across the creek, we both heard a loud, "TUH-HOO-HOO-HOOOO," followed by an answering "TUH-HOO-HOO-HOOOO," louder than the first, coming from the steeper side of the canyon back of camp. Again and again at short intervals came the call, then the answer. My flesh got creepy while we sat and listened. The old man said, "There they are."

We listened intently for a long time before the hooting stopped, then we covered up the fire and went to bed in the pup tent. I took my gun. The old man took his axe, certain these calls were not the hootings of owls but Indians giving us "warning." He said that he could imitate an owl better than that himself; he could tell from the sound just where the hooting was coming from. He explained that by holding his face on different sides of a tree he could make the sound seem as though it were coming from different directions and distances. This I knew was logical.

Although I had heard owls in other parts of the country, I had paid little attention to how they sounded. I was paying attention now. Besides, I'd noticed that the syllables were devilishly loud and uniform in volume and evenly spaced. Later, on the Snake River, I heard some owls; their call was shorter at the end with long intervals between the second and third syllable that softly died away on the final "hoo."

The first evening we heard the owl calls, I argued that we had heard two owls rather than a couple of Indians. Nevertheless, the old man became worried. When we crawled into the tent that night he sat on his haunches just inside the open flap and peered into the darkness, listening. Since even the frail sides of a tent give one a feeling of security against a surprise attack, I went to sleep. But several times during the night I was awakened by the old man crawling to the tent opening, peering out, listening. Taking his axe to bed at night, Indian signs, Spanish signs, horses hanging around camp all day, now hoot owls sending us warnings to "move on"—the whole setup of chasing this ghost gold was becoming creepy.

Next morning he suggested we take turns staying awake nights. I didn't agree; yet as the day wore on and I watched the old man's uneasiness, I also became worried—but not convinced there was anything to his convictions. We went back to working on the shaft as usual, except that we kept closer watch on our surroundings.

That evening, shortly after dark, as we sat by the campfire alert to the slightest sound, that damnable hooting started up at exactly the same points on either side of camp. The hooting continued until long after we had retired, making it easier to believe the old man's predictions that we were dealing with hostile Indians and not with owls.

The old man's movements about camp showed more nervousness than on the previous night. On the third night, when a *third* sound joined in with the hooting, I began to feel real fear, myself. I could not describe this new sound, except that it was much like a turkey gobbling, blending in with the hootings of the owls—a peculiar and repulsive sound. This sound started from a short distance from camp, and even though I was not cold, I shuddered. When I questioned the old man, he said the "gobble" was intended to imitate a "young owl," which proved that we had at least three opponents.

When he again suggested we take turns staying awake at night, I readily agreed. Since he had been squatting at the tent flap for a couple of nights, I told him I would volunteer.

I tried to keep track of time by tapping off the seconds with my finger. After counting to 3,000 I dozed off and the old man awakened me and said I had been snoring. I knew he hadn't been asleep whether I had slept or not. So I said, "To hell with it. We might as well both go to sleep." I slept until morning.

THE NEXT DAY, the old man admitted he had stayed awake most of the night. Nevertheless, we figured we would stick it out somehow. We would go down the mountainside for more grub and take a chance on what happened next; the old man was sure we could look for serious action by the Indians any time after the *third* warning. By now fear showed all over him and my nerves were really on edge.

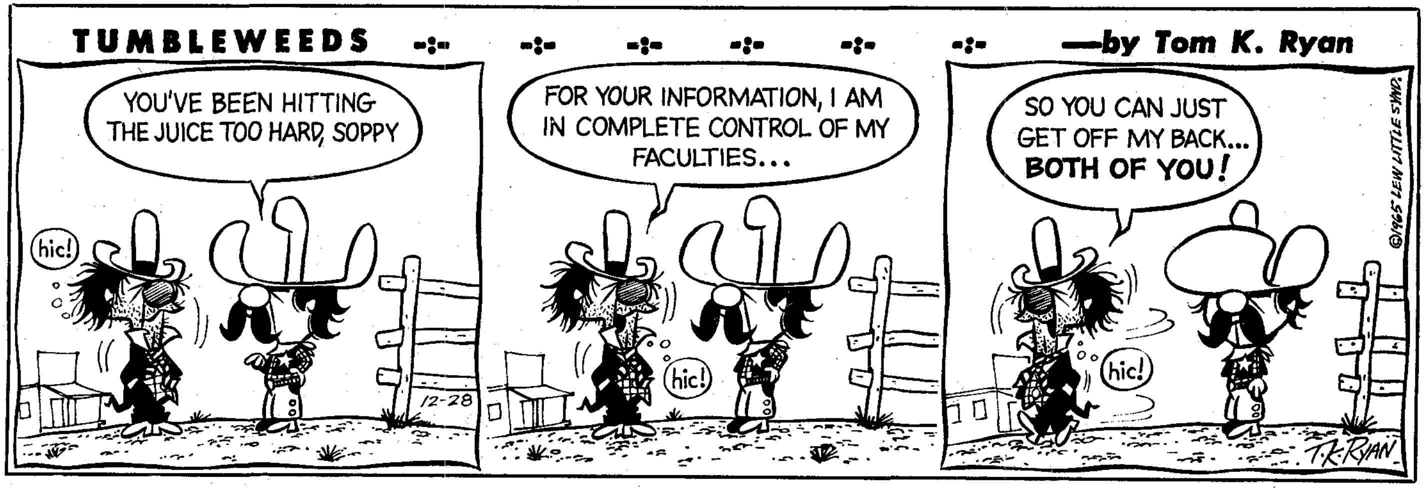
Perhaps my wits were sharpened by anxiety. Anyway, I rigged up a crude alarm system, consisting of an empty tin can hung from a strong length of black cord, stretched across one end of the pup tent about a foot above the ground in such a manner that anyone attempting to crawl into the tent would cause the can to jingle against a rock. After rigging up this contraption, we crawled into bed. We had scarcely settled down before we were up on elbow, listening, I with my automatic Colt aimed at the bottom of the tent.

I had heard plainly the stealthy but distinct sound of fingers scraping lightly across over the canvas tent. My thought was that someone outside was groping in the darkness, trying to find the lower edge of the canvas, rip it up, then wield a knife on us. I lay rigid with terror, gazing at the edge of the canvas, expecting fingers to appear any minute. I waited a few minutes then whispered to the old man, "Did you hear anything?" He had, and agreed that it had been the slither of a hand on the tent.

We heard nothing more. The old man suggested we look around outside. After making sure there was no one skulking in the darkness nearby, he and I sneaked around the tent. The moon had not yet come up and this made it harder to scan the immediate vicinity. However we saw nothing and crawled back to spend a painfully long and wakeful night in bed.

Suddenly, toward daybreak, I realized I had not heard the sound of the horses' bells. For a while I lay wide-eyed, listening, and finally heard the bell "ding" in a peculiar way—not as if the horses were walking, nor as if grazing, just a slow "ding—ding—ding" at regular intervals.

It occurred to me that it would be a slick trick for an Indian to get the bell, then use it as a disguise with which to approach the tent, dinging it as though on a moving horse. For a while the dinging seemed to come closer. This


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
YOU'VE BEEN HITTING THE JUICE TOO HARD, SOPPY
hic!
12-28
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I AM IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF MY FACULTIES...
hic!
SO YOU CAN JUST GET OFF MY BACK... BOTH OF YOU!
hic!
©1965 LEW LITTLE SYND.
T.K. RYAN

kept up for some time. Then the dinging kept up without advancing. Was this the "warning death knell"?

Later I couldn't recall whether this dinging stopped or moved away. Nor could I explain the slithering of fingers on the tent as a figment of the imagination since it came at the beginning of our vigil while we both were wide awake. The old man and I decided later that the sound was not that of a field mouse's movement. We were familiar with that kind of skitter on tents in other camps. And it wasn't the touch of a swaying branch; there were no bushes growing close to the tent. I couldn't figure it out. The old man was certain an Indian had crept up and away again, unseen.

The next morning we decided to go for grub and take a chance on the future. It was the old man's conviction that the Indians had given us "three warnings"; now they would attempt force. We decided to take everything with us so that anyone snooping about camp could not destroy it.

After breakfast we got things packed on the horses. I was busy putting miscellaneous stuff into the warbag when I noticed, without giving particular thought to it, that the old man had quit whatever he was doing and had disappeared into a growth of firs down by the creek. This was odd, thought I, for he had never gone out of sight before, alone.

I WAITED. When he did not return, I got uneasy and began yelling. I got no reply. The horrifying thought struck me that the Indians had got him and he was lying out there with his throat cut. For some time the probability of our adventure ending in this way had been in the back of my mind. Now *this* was the end; our search for hidden treasure had been an absolute failure. The intense depression that came over me numbed my physical fears. All I had to do now was find the old man. If I were going to get my own throat cut, it couldn't be helped.

I got my automatic and began searching cautiously through the trees and and brush, hoping I would be able to put up some kind of a fight before I got bumped off. I searched for hours but didn't find the slightest trace of the Cherokee, or any signs of a bloody struggle.

I was completely puzzled until I came across a couple of fresh footprints in the damp bed of the dried-up creek. They looked like his. Since these prints were headed down the mountain, I thought, perhaps after all he had walked out on me. Yet, I couldn't put much faith in this idea, either.

There was nothing left to do but go down the mountain and report the old man's disappearance to the county authorities. On second thought, I decided this might prove extremely disagreeable. Any attempt to describe our adventure would arouse incredulity, to say the least.

As I rode alone down the mountain, I was feeling pretty downhearted. In spite of the footprints I had found I was still inclined to feel I was leaving the old man behind, either dead or a captive. My mind refused to take in the full import of what this meant.

When I arrived at a fishermen's clubhouse on the Snake River and inquired of the manager—who knew me and the old man on sight—he said the old man had passed and appeared to be in a big hurry. I tossed my hat in the air and yelled, "My God, what a relief!"

This was a sorry ending to a treasure hunt, especially when it seemed we were on the verge of success.

I forded the Snake River and camped opposite the club house. The vigils on Sawtelle, and this experience had left me badly shaken. I was half-dead from loss of sleep and preferred getting it near people rather than on the mountain alone.

Of course, I was tremendously relieved to know that the old man had got out alive. Nevertheless, I could never bring myself to see *why* he had left me flat without the slightest hint of an explanation. It was a strange way for him to act. He had been even tempered and considerate. We had never quarreled. The only conclusion I could reach was that he had panicked over some fancied or real danger; that after "three warnings" he was afraid to stick it out and ashamed to say so. It was also possible that while I was packing, something had happened to send him fleeing for his life.

Later, I ran into a cowpuncher who claimed to have considerable experience with the Indians. When I told him of my sojourn on Sawtelle, he was sure the old man had seen an Indian who had either pointed a gun at him or had lighted a small ball of grass and tossed it at him. In either case, the old man had good reason to consider himself in a dangerous position had he hung around any longer.

The Cherokee left as he had come to me, with nothing but the clothes on his back. I never saw or heard of him again.

Time has passed since our search for hidden treasure on Sawtelle but even now I haven't got the guts to go back there alone. Since then, on other mountains a hundred miles from civilization, I've spent months by myself and never feared anything. I'll have to admit that, as far as I'm concerned, ghosts guard the hidden treasure up there.

IN CONNECTION with the half-breed's theory that Spaniards were engaged in mining on Sawtelle long before other white men came into that country (at least 200 years ago, if the welts on the fir trees are an authentic Spanish marking), it is interesting that the chronicle of the Lewis and Clark Expedition mentioned the fact that an Indian tribe somewhere northwest of what is now Yellowstone Park was found to have some articles of Spanish make in their possession. When the Indians were questioned, they stated that the artcles were secured from men who had a camp on the Yellowstone River and, further, that these men had been in the country for a long time before the arrival of Lewis and Clark.

With regard to the pictures on the rocks; it has puzzled me how the Indians—or even the Spanish—could have worked pictures into the surface of fairly hard rhyolitic rock, which is much harder than the sandstone which is a favorite for Indian picture writings in Utah and Arizona. On the other hand, I have seen a photograph of Indian writing which was found cut into the surface of basaltic boulders near Pocatello, Idaho. Basaltic rock is harder than rhyolite.

Concerning the very disagreeable "gobbling" noise which we heard while the owls were hooting at us one night, I have since learned that there was a gobbling war cry in which the Indians indulged when making an attack. I am rather glad that I had not known this before the old man and I heard that devilish sound one night on Sawtelle.

P. T. Barnum—Prince of Humbugs

(Continued from page 47)

nothing from it without the honest conviction that I can individually give it in return, a full equivalent."

Apparently ill fortune could swat at him but not down him. And certainly he was put to the test, for later the American Museum burned to a gaping shell—not once, but twice, and Barnum lost everything but a few ancient displays and a number of animals.

Then Tom Thumb popped up again. The small man, showing himself now under his own auspices to the public in Philadelphia, wrote to his old friend.

"My dear Mr. Barnum:

I understand your friends, and that means 'all creation', intend to get up some benefits for your family. Now, my dear sir, just be good enough to remember that I belong to that mighty crowd and I must have a finger (or at least a thumb) in that pie."

This was more like it! Within the hour Barnum had replied to the General, and within the month he had sailed with his little friend for the Continent in search of a new fortune.

To Barnum's delight Europe had not forgotten him and, of course, General Tom Thumb was as much in favor as ever. They returned home, again rich with gold, and with Barnum out of debt. He built a new and less flamboyant house and even ran for Mayor on the Republican ticket. He played at politics for a year and when he finished with his administration, his fellow politicians breathed a sigh of relief.

At sixty years of age he created, with W. C. Coup and Dan Costello (who came to him to use his name as a 'front' but stayed to marvel at his showmanship), the GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Barnum was seventy before he met James Anthony Bailey but together they made the great Barnum and Bailey circus team. If not good friends, they were perfect partners. Barnum could not concern himself overmuch with the mechanics of the show but was the advertising genius behind it. Bailey never left the grounds until the tents had been struck.

Actually, Barnum left most of the circus business in the hands of Bailey—all except his last performer, the great and famous Jumbo. He bought the beast from the Royal Zoological Gardens in Regent Park, London, for $10,000 and the story of the transportation of Jumbo from there to the winter quarters of the circus is worth a separate telling.

This giant elephant proved to be the biggest single attraction of the circus. When he was hit by a train and killed, the whole world seemed to react with sorrow to the passing of the huge old pachyderm. As Barnum put it, "I felt badly to think of all the little children who would never get to see Jumbo." And he probably did for, of all the reasons behind his great interest in showmanship, it was for the public's sake as well as his own that he worked so hard. He loved to bring to the people the wonders of the world and to hear applause for what he had shown them.

P. T. Barnum died on April 7, 1891 leaving an estate of over four million dollars, most of it to his lovely second wife who had made the last seventeen years of his life so happy.

His last words were a request for the day's circus receipts. His last thoughts *could* have been that he had made Ivy Island pay him back for that old, old hurt.

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The Great Salines of Oklahoma

(Continued from page 20)

keelboat trade. Such boats were able to navigate far up these streams and many of their tributaries.

Over the years there were many other salt works. One salt well was completed at great labor and expense—about $6,000. It was drilled by primitive methods through solid rock to a depth of 126 feet. Pipe was made by drilling out the center of logs. These "pipes" were set over the hole. Water coming up through them was carried through similar log pipes to the vats and kettles. Vats were hollowed-out sycamore logs. At one time there were 4 furnaces and 240 kettles in use here, with a daily output of from 30 to 60 bushels of salt. It took 110 gallons of water to make 50 pounds of salt.

IN 1843 a Cherokee law gave all the salt springs in the Cherokee country, except one, to the Cherokee Nation. The one exception was the spring that had been given to Sequoyah by the treaty of 1828. Tribal members thus dispossessed of their holdings grew bitter toward their own government. The tribe was split and strife flared up between the two factions. A killing took place, resulting in one Indian's being executed and another's receiving 100 lashes with a whip. The feud continued to divide the people of the tribe.

In 1857, a Cherokee, Walter Webber, took over the old Bean Salt Works. It became a regular meeting place and saw many public business transactions. Webber continued salt making until the Civil War began.

On the Illinois about twelve miles north of Webber's, was another works called Mackey's. Since it was near the Fort Smith—Fort Gibson military road, Mackey and his Cherokee family, with a sharp eye for business, opened up a hostelry, served meals to many travelers, operated a large farm and had a government contract to furnish rations to the Indians who moved there from their homes back east.

Mackey, a sort of wilderness genius, connected a salt spring that flowed from an opening in the rock bottom of the Illinois River to a pipe that led to a pump. The salt water was pumped to kettles on the riverbank.

Before the Civil War, Alexander Wilson, a Cherokee, made a deal for the Mackey Salt Works. The name was changed to Marble Salt Works. When Wilson died in 1858 the works consisted of 100 kettles, pumps and other machinery. Log buildings housed the furnaces. There was a store and warehouse. Wilson also had horses, mules and oxen which were used for hauling furnace wood and salt. Mrs. Webber and her children continued to operate the business until her death in 1861.

Then the Confederates took over the works and made salt for their army. They used the grounds for a drilling place for soldiers. The Union captured the works in 1863 and two companies of troops were stationed there to hold it and the military road. They supplied salt to their troops and to thousands of people who sought safety near Fort Gibson. Two years later when the Federals abandoned the salt works they destroyed all equipment and burned the buildings to keep them from the enemy; but after the war the broken kettles were patched up with iron strips and put back into service.

Typical of some of the salt works is the activity described at the Drew Salt Works on Dirty Creek. Before the Civil War, Drew sold out to David Vann. During the war, a big cistern with a capacity of a half-million gallons of water was pumped day and night. Men and mules worked round the clock. Much timber had to be cut to feed the hungry furnaces. Water was piped from the cistern to the kettles. After some cooking here the salt was piped to large evaporators lower down and cooked until just the salt remained. This was taken to the salt house to be hauled away by wagons that rolled in from all directions. Much of the product was hauled to Fort Smith. Each wagon was pulled by six oxen, and a round trip took four days.

They tell of a salt works operator who also ran a store. On a trip to New Orleans to replenish his stock of merchandise, he took time out on arrival to live it up a bit and got on a binge which lasted for days. While still in a thoroughly pie-eyed condition some sharpies sold him a boat-load of SALT! The well-inebriated man headed for home, a journey of about 860 miles by water. When the cobwebs cleared from his brain, he realized he was going upriver with a cargo that was usually floated downriver to New Orleans. He was thoroughly disgusted with himself but too bull-headed to call it quits.

After a wearisome journey of over two months he poled in at Webber Falls. Due to an exceptionally dry season the Arkansas was so low that the small falls, which at some seasons were covered, now could not be crossed. The low stage of all the streams hereabouts prevented any salt traffic by boat. The man with his boat had to wait there for the rains, which would enable him to take the salt on upriver to his works where he would store it in his warehouse and hope to sell it to regular customers.

In the meantime, word got around. People began to come from all directions. The flabbergasted fellow sold the whole load at a good profit.

Farther to the south in the Choctaw country some salt springs had been found along streams feeding Red River. Israel Folsom built a salt works on Boggy Creek. He found a ready market for the product over much of the Choctaw Nation and across Red River in Texas.

At Boggy Depot, in the same vicinity, Giles Thompson worked up a thriving trade at another salt works, but the salt business in Indian Territory had begun to sing its swan song.

The slump started when the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad built into the Territory in 1871-72 and began to bring in refined salt from northern plants—salt which sold at a much lower price than the local product. The advent of the railroad changed things quickly—soon the salt trade dwindled, there were only occasional customers, and most of the works closed down completely.

Few people today have given a thought to the big part played by salt in the drama of the West. Comparatively little has been written about it. Like the worn ruts left by Conestogas on the Santa Fe Trail, the battered and broken salt kettles, scattered rocks of demolished furnaces, foundation stones of salt sheds—vanishing remains of a few salt works still to be found here and there in eastern Oklahoma—only these are left to offer bleak evidence of a one-time picturesque occupation that was vitally connected with frontier life.

The Chief Whose Hands Were Never Red

(Continued from page 11)

ever they stopped to rest their horses during that ride to the Snake River, for he seemed to be almost in a state of shock. Granted a furlough the following year, he returned to his home in Virginia. In 1861, he suffered a stroke of paralysis. He was only forty-nine years of age when he died on April 16, 1865.

Chief Timothy was deeply hurt at the oversight. A number of times he visited that high ridge where the troops had made their desperate stand overlooking present-day Rosalia, Washington. (For many years only a rude cross, fashioned from two broken gun-shafts, marked the place were the "Battle Of the Te-Hots-Nim-Me" had been fought. It had been placed there by Colonel Wright a few months after it had occurred.)

In 1860 gold was discovered at Orofino, and Capt. Elias Pierce persuaded Timothy's daughter, Jane, to lead him there. Almost immediately, gold-hungry miners overran the Nez Percé lands, completely disregarding boundaries of the reservation. Timothy and Jane were blamed by their tribesmen for the trouble that resulted.

A Treaty Council was called at Lapwai in 1863—it was said, for the purpose of adjusting the boundaries of the reservation again. Although it was proposed that the lands be shrunk still more, Timothy believed in the white man's integrity and signed this document. It even excluded his Alpowa Village, but Timothy lived on there until his death.

In 1868, four Nez Percé chieftains were invited to Washington, D. C. They were Timothy, Utes-Sen-Male-Kin, Lawyer and Jason. While they were there, Utes-Sen-Male-Kin died and was buried in the Congressional Cemetery. Reportedly, he succumbed to typhoid fever, but Timothy told Wottolen that he had been murdered because he objected to the government's proposals. (The full story may never be known.)

ON OCTOBER 26, 1871, after an absence of twenty-three years, Rev. Spalding returned to Lapwai. Two years after Eliza had died, Henry had married Rachel J. Smith, a sister of a missionary friend. Chief Timothy was now seventy-one years old. He was overjoyed to see his old friend again, and promised his continuing devotion to the Christian religion.

Sunday, November 12, was a very special day, for Spalding baptized forty-five Nez Percés. It was a happy occasion, too, because those two chieftains who had eagerly ridden out to meet the Whitman-Spalding wagontrain in 1836, after thirty-five years had at last asked to be baptized. They were Lawyer and Tack-En-Suetis, whose name that day was changed to Samuel.

Chief Timothy saw Spalding for the last time in May, 1874. The missionary had been injured while cutting wood the previous November and his health had declined steadily. Before he left for his home with Tamar, Timothy told Spalding earnestly, "Now don't be concerned. I will never turn back; my wife will never turn back (to the old Indian religion); this people will never turn back." Henry Spalding died August 3, 1874.

On June 17, 1877, goaded beyond endurance by unfair treatment, the Lower Nez Percés came into armed conflict with the forces of General O. O. Howard in the Battle of White Bird Canyon. Five Bands of the Nez Percé Indian Nation were forced to flee their homeland over the Lolo Pass of the Bitterroots to seek sanctuary in Canada. They were finally cornered at Bear Paw, within fifty miles of the border.

Some two dozen Christian Nez Percés served as scouts for Howard. One was Jo-Kias who had accompanied the Stevens Party to Fort Benton in 1855.

Chief Timothy and Chief Red Wolf took no part in the war of 1877. Chief Lawyer had died in January, 1876.

THE aging Chief Timothy was gradually forgotten by the white man to whom he had been so devoted, but he never gave up his Christian religion. He lived quietly in his cabin at Alpowa, where tacked on the wall was the faded watercolor sketch which Eliza Spalding had made for him. When his sight failed, he would place his hands on it to remind himself of her. His most prized possession, however, was a Bible which he said Spalding had given to him "many years ago."

Timothy died in 1891, and was buried on a knoll by the Snake River near the grave of his wife, Tamar. Years passed. Tall rye grass grew over the place and the exact location was forgotten.

In 1904, the Esther Reed Chapter of the D.A.R., Spokane, Washington, even though Colonel Steptoe had not credited Chief Timothy with his miraculous escape, began a careful investigation. Three survivors of the 1858 expedition were interviewed—Thomas J. Beall, Steptoe's chief packmaster; Michael Kennedy; and John J. Rohn. All three made sworn statements that "had it not been for Chief Timothy, we would all have been annihilated to the last man."

The Chapter decided that a monument should be placed at Rosalia where Steptoe's men had made their brave stand. It was ten years before enough money was raised to erect the tall marble shaft. At its dedication, on June 14, 1914, the three survivors of the campaign were there.

On one side of the memorial shaft is an inscription honoring the memory of the officers and soldiers who lost their lives. On another side of the shaft, credit is given to Chief Timothy and his Nez Percé scouts for having saved the others from massacre.

This worthy endeavor by the D.A.R. revived interest in Timothy, but the exact location of his grave was not known. However, the following year, E. A. White, then owner of Timothy's land, was riding his horse when the animal broke into the old burial spot. The place was immediately fenced in.

With the finding of his grave, public conscience was aroused. A bill was even introduced in Congress by Washington's Senator, Wesley Jones, requesting funds to erect a monument at Alpowa, dedicated to Timothy. No action was ever taken on the proposal.

Since there was a possibility that dams built on the Snake River would eventually flood the place where he lay, the city of Clarkston, Washington, moved the famous chief's bones to their Beachview Park a few years ago. The legend on the monument there reads:

CHIEF TIMOTHY

He was the first Nez Percé Christian convert and preacher and lifetime friend of the white man. When Colonel E. J. Steptoe's troops faced annihilation by hostile Indians, Timothy led them to safety and ferried them across the Snake River at Silcott, May 20, 1858.

In Tribute To Timothy

1800 1891

A Curse Upon His Head

(Continued from page 39)

attack on the section called "Little Chile" at the foot of Telegraph Hill. Women were raped, homes reduced to ashes, and their defenders shot in cold blood while San Francisco, without law and order or a means to enforce it, watched helplessly.

The next morning Sam Brannan mounted a barrel in the middle of the Plaza and started to harangue the passing throngs. His verbal broadside caused a number of gang members to gather at the edge of the restless mob.

John Jenkins, a giant Australian who was considered the leader of the Hounds, leveled a gun at Sam. "You've run this town long enough, Sam Brannan!" Jenkins snarled, "And now me and the Hounds are takin' our turn! And the first thing we're goin' to do is shoot you down like a dog and burn your home!"

Sam hurled a torrent of his choicest invectives and bared his breast, daring Jenkins and his cohorts to shoot. They did and several balls struck Brannan's massive frame, but he stood without falling, a magnificent and terrible challenge to their lawlessness.

The Hounds had aroused the crowd and knew it. Some of Sam's friends started to go for their guns but Sam called them back. There must be some system and order to this fight, he declared. Something more permanent than a temporary, irresponsible posse must be organized if justice, law and order were to be established in San Francisco. And as long as he had a brain and a good right arm he was going to fight for those principles. He then demanded that everyone who agreed with him should meet that night in his office.

That evening, June 9, 1851, the famous Vigilance Committee was organized in Sam Brannan's office and he was chosen by acclamation as its president. While they were in session, word was brought to Sam that his house was burning to the ground.

"Let it burn!" roared Brannan, "I can build another later on, but this Vigilance Committee must be fully organized right here and now or there will never be law and order in San Francisco!"

A few days later Sam went to visit the Captain of the *Brooklyn* to negotiate for its purchase. Going down to the wharf with Weimer and the captain to look at the vessel, Sam suddenly came upon Jenkins and some Hounds as they were making off with the ship's safe. Brannan drew his gun and felled the giant Australian.

"Call out the Vigilantes, John," roared Sam, "while I hold this man! We're going to have a hanging!"

The Vigilantes turned out on the double. "Half of you after the Hounds with that safe," shouted Brannan. "They can't get away very fast in a buckboard! The rest of you stay here and see justice done!"

A rope was thrown over a yardarm on the *Brooklyn* and placed around the Australian's neck. With his one good arm (the other was still in a sling from a wound incurred the day before), Brannan seized the rope, shouting, "Every lover of liberty and good order lay hold!"

The Hounds retaliated and Sam and the Vigilantes had to fight them through six ravishing fires, but Sam and his followers finally saw to it that they were driven out to stay. A new and more beautiful San Francisco was built on the ashes, and a stable government and social order established. *(Continued next page)*

SAM BRANNAN had become California's leading citizen. He was riding the crest of a huge wave of popularity but he was riding for a fall. He plunged feverishly into the wildest of frontier life—desperate gambling, heavy drinking, and sensational affairs with notorious courtesans of the day.

His wealth grew with his popularity, so that he was soon rich enough to buy a fleet of ships. Conspicuous advertising signs greeted the stagecoach traveler along the highways throughout California: "Try Tono—SAM BRANNAN uses it," or "Buy Bungay—SAM BRANNAN buys it." Tribute could go no further. Sam, cashing in on that acclaim, secured election to the California Senate.

Attracted by some hot geyser springs near the upper end of the Napa Valley, Sam acquired the land and decided to build an elaborate resort. He would construct California's first railroad to carry people to it. Tens of thousands of dollars were poured into his new project. A twenty-seven mile railroad—California's first—ran to the hot springs resort where Sam had constructed a magnificent white hotel, built to house 100 guests in elegant comfort. He had a private race track, a distillery and many other buildings, some of which form an important part of the town of Calistoga today. Part of Sam's railroad track is still in existence, and his locomotive, which later figured in the Golden Spike ceremony in Utah, is on display at the Stanford University Museum.

Sam was a generous host. On the day the place was christened he threw open the doors for his California friends. They were all royally wined and dined and were in a gala mood when the ceremony itself was performed. Sam had intended to call the place "Saratoga," but he was so drunk the clerk responsible for recording the event thought he'd called it "Calistoga" and Calistoga it became. Sam later showed some pride in the word he had drunkenly coined.

At this same general time, special envoys from the Mexican revolutionary government cornered Sam in his big hotel. The Mexicans were raising a Foreign Legion of loyal sympathizers to help Benito Juarez depose Maximilian and Carlotta, whom Napoleon III of France had set up on the Mexican throne. Would the great Señor Brannan help them finance such an army? It would be called "The Brannan Contingent" in his honor.

Sam loved freedom. He had been taught in his youth that the Americas should be free forever from kings and emperors. But more than this, Sam loved flattery. How much was needed?

"Three million dollars!"

Sam immediately ordered his bankers to exchange good California gold for bonds on the future Republic of Mexico.

On a hillside near Calistoga, Brannan had a huge white sepulchre constructed. He spent more money on it than most wealthy people spent for the most luxurious homes of the day. Perhaps the memory of Apostle Pratt's prediction still remained with him and he wanted to make sure he'd have something besides "a pauper's grave" for his final resting place.

"It cost me $20,000!" he is supposed to have boasted. "It's built of imported granite, and that magnificent wrought-iron door was especially fashioned in New York and brought all the way around the Horn. It's not as good as the Taj Mahal, but it's not exactly a pauper's grave, either."

Sam also built a tower overlooking Napa Valley. From the top of it everything he could see was his—the castle-like home, the white hotel with its swimming pool and bath houses, his private race track, his distillery and winery, the vineyards with special plants imported from Italy, the railroad that stretched off into the distance.

"Not only that," he would say to admiring listeners, "but I own one-fourth of Sacramento, one-fifth of San Francisco, including all of Market Street; 160,000 acres in Los Angeles County, tracts of land in Honolulu, and a fleet of ships that sail the Seven Seas! It amounts to something over fifteen million! Not bad! Not bad!"

Sam partook freely of the output of his distillery until, as his friends said, "It stole away his brains." He was seldom sober and his habits became even more extravagant. His wife finally became disgusted beyond reconciliation and went to Germany with their four children and a large slice of Sam's fortune.

Sam's empire began to crumble fast. The keen eyes of the empire builder had become dull. Friends deserted him and other so-called "friends" took advantage of his drunkenness and stripped him of wealth.

BRANNAN'S last great scheme began when he learned about the execution of Maximilian, former Emperor of Mexico, and the installation of Benito Juarez as Mexico's first President. He had three million dollars' worth of Mexican bonds in his bank vault. Going to the Mexican authorities to cash these bonds, Sam was informed the war had so depleted the Mexican treasury that they were in no position to pay off—unless the good Señor Brannan would be willing to accept a large land grant in lieu of cash.

Sam accepted the proposition and got the Mexican Government to deed him two million acres in northern Mexico. Then he began to formulate grandiose plans for colonization. With his friend Weimer, he went down to survey this new kingdom. There they found Yaqui Indians in bold and unrelinquishing possession of the acres supposed to be Sam's. The white man never had conquered their realm, they told Brannan through his interpreter. They had little or nothing to do with the Mexican Government and they were prepared and ready to defend their right to their property against any claim, including Brannan's. In fact, they declared, the white man had never been into the interior of their domain, nor would he ever be allowed to enter. This was the land of their ancestors, and they would fight to possess it until the last drop of their blood had been shed.

Sam—despite his lagging fortunes—found such courage and spirit admirable. They had better claim to this land than the one given to him by the Mexican Government. So, magnanimously, Sam endorsed his Mexican land grant "to the Yaqui Indians for all time and all eternity."

"There," said Sam thrusting the paper into the chieftain's hand. "It is yours beyond all dispute now. Sam Brannan recognizes a superior claim to his—and everyone else will have to do likewise from now on as far as this land is concerned!" Without further adieu, he turned and rode off, the amazed Weimer following—leaving behind a dumbfounded interpreter and some rather bewildered Indians.

Sam Brannan, penniless, bloated with drink and half-paralyzed from dissipation, returned to San Francisco, borrowed whatever and whenever he could and finally, dirty, ragged, and unshaven, sank to the gutter, sleeping in the back rooms of saloons by day and begging drinks by night. Old, sick, drunk, and shunned—he crawled at last into an alley gutter to die. Apostle Pratt's curse was being fulfilled!

But Sam had a friend he hadn't counted on—Conchita Valdez. The Mexican-Indian maid who had served Sam's household long and well, came to the front to play an important role in Sam's unusual life.

She dragged Sam's rum-soaked body out of the gutter, loaded him into her burro cart, and set off for a small family *hacienda* on the Mexican border near San Diego. There Sam Brannan began to redeem himself. His brain gradually cleared and, in the solitude of his peaceful surroundings, he reviewed the events of his life: the Mormon colonists he had brought around the Horn to Yerba Buena, the excitement of the gold strike at Sutter's mill, the "tithes" of gold dust he had stolen, the empire that had now crumbled away, leaving him in poverty. It was a blessed poverty, however, for never had he known such contentment, such peace of mind, body and soul.

Sam's courage revived. During the remaining years of his life he went back to his early religious training. His shoulders straightened, his eyes cleared, his paralysis disappeared. Once more a keen, vigorous man, he married Conchita, the woman who had salvaged him and whose love for him he now fully reciprocated.

Another surprise was in store for Sam Brannan. The Mexican Government paid him an unexpected $40,000 in interest on his huge loan. Sam took the money and returned to San Francisco. Bronzed, neatly dressed, reflecting the health and cleanness of the desert, he searched out those from whom he had borrowed and paid back all they claimed he owed them.

His debts discharged, he climbed one of San Francisco's hills and gazed down at the city he had named. It had forgotten him now—but no matter. He was at peace with his city, and with the whole world.

It was his last glimpse of San Francisco. Sam Brannan went back to the desert, back to Conchita, and died there on May 14, 1889, at the age of seventy.

Conchita had no money for Sam's burial. He had settled his debts too liberally, and she had to take his body to a pauper's grave in a San Diego receiving vault. She had no other way to prepare it than the age-old way of her Indian ancestors. She wrapped a soft cowhide around Sam's body and secured it; then placing it in her burro cart, she hauled the body of her beloved to the Mount Hope Cemetery in San Diego.

Ironically enough, far to the north in Napa Valley, the $20,000 sepulchre which Sam had built still waited, unused and empty. Eventually the tomb was dynamited to rid it of "haunts."

A friend of Sam's in later years rescued him from his pauper's grave and bought him six feet of earth in division 4, section 2, lot 7, of the Mount Hope Cemetery and ordered a wooden marker placed over his grave. Later this was replaced by an unimposing stone bearing the simple legend:

SAM BRANNAN
1819 — 1889
California Pioneer of '46
Dreamer - Leader - and
Empire Builder

Geronimo's Ghosts

(Continued from page 33)

possession, the redskins neglected to keep a sharp watch on the cow and bull. The latter, perhaps lonesome for others of their kind, broke loose one night, came off the mountain and joined a band of Diamond A cattle.

As luck would have it, dawn found Holmes Maddox and a crew of Diamond A cowboys rounding up livestock at the very base of Animas Peak. And their first drive netted the men the usual number of beef animals—plus two of the strangest strays they'd ever seen!

The bull was what drew all their attention at first. A long leather strap dangled from his neck. A cowboy started to rope the bull so he could investigate the strap, but when he approached it was obvious the animal wasn't the least afraid of man.

"We've picked up a tame bull," the man called to his companions. "Wonder whose he is?"

The cowboy dismounted, picked up the strap, and choked on his words. Being familiar with Indians and their ways, the man recognized the strap as a strip of Indian-tanned leather. Then he saw several rubbed spots on the animal's back.

"This bull's been used by Indians!"

The crew hastened over—and learned that the animal bore an unknown Mexican brand. Too, they noted that straps had worn the hair short on the animal's shoulders and buttocks—indicating his use as a pack animal. The men then turned their attention to the cow and saw that she also bore pack marks, and was as gentle as the bull. This critter, however, bore the brand of the Palomas Cattle Company, which operated a large ranch below the border.

The cowboys were convinced that the piece of Indian-tanned leather and the Mexican brand identified the mysterious night riders as Indians who had slipped across the line from Mexico.

But where were the redskins holding forth? Had they escaped back across the line? This latter question was quickly settled. Horses and mules continued to disappear—and fences continued to be cut by the ghostlike thieves.

SEVERAL days after the cow and bull had been found, Clarence Echols, a trapper, noticing an unusual number of horse tracks in the rugged Animas Mountains, notified a Diamond A cowboy. The cowpoke scoffed him down with, "They're just tracks left by some prospectors looking the country over—I see them 'most every day."

This explanation seemed logical enough, and Echols rode his trapline, ignoring the fresh sign he kept encountering. However, one day he was riding near the crest of the Animas Range when he heard horsemen approaching in the thick brush. Thinking that at last he was to see the prospectors, the trapper stopped in a small clearing, figuring to visit with the men. Abruptly, the riders wheeled their mounts and raced madly back the way they had come.

Wondering what had caused such a hasty retreat, the trapper went forward and saw that two horsemen had approached where they could see the opening—where he had waited—and had turned tail and run. Echols attempted to follow but, experienced tracker though he is, he lost the trail very shortly.

The trapper promptly notified the Diamond A men what had happened. "They were Indians," insisted the woodswise man. "No prospector could give me the slip like they did."

Realizing that the trapper had come very near meeting a couple of the raiders face to face, the cowmen grabbed their rifles and hurried to the Animas Mountains. Posses began working the area also, but no raiders were encountered.

Just as the men became convinced that the troublemakers had escaped back to Mexico, ranchers and homesteaders in the valley to the east of the Animas Range, began losing horses and mules. As had happened in the Skeleton Canyon country, the thieves not only cut fences and scattered stock, they broke into a homesteader's house and took some of the most worthless articles—a bucket with a large hole in it, a wash basin—something that wild Indians have never been known to use—and even the nester's family photographs. After ransacking the place, the raiders wrecked the interior of the cabin and rode boldly away, scattering the photographs along their trail.

The raiders must have noted that the posses were slowly but surely getting closer, for they began moving toward the Alamo Hueco Mountains in the extreme southeast corner of Hidalgo County, New Mexico. And it was on this trek that they made the greatest mistake of all.

They stole two mules from Bob Malone, a sixty-two-year-old cowboy-homesteader, who had lived in the border country all his life. Malone was residing at a nearby ranch at the time but, suspecting that the raiding party might pass through his pasture, he took a look at his stock each day. And this fateful morning he saw that his fence had been cut and the two mules taken.

The trouble-seasoned man lost no time in taking up the trail. As the two mules were the only mounts he had, Malone went to Jim Roberson's place and asked to borrow a horse. Jim not only lent Malone a mount, he got his rifle and joined him.

The men cut sign, found the trail, and spurred their horses in hot pursuit. Unlike previous occasions, the raiders were making little effort to hide their trail. Malone and Roberson had ridden but a few miles when they realized the reason why. The entire party was riding straight for the border, which was now no more than fifteen miles away.

THE WHITE MEN realized their chances of overtaking the raiders were slim, but they pressed on. If the thieves were to be caught at all it would have to be before this day was over—they would surely slip back into Mexico, come nightfall.

Doggedly, Malone and Roberson stuck with the trail. Then, shortly after noon, they were joined by two other riders. Now four strong, they fanned out and followed the Indians into the rock-plastered Alamo Hueco Mountains. Up and up led the trail, toward a towering, rock-crowned peak. The men recklessly pressed on.

When near the crest of the divide, they spotted something which caused them to leap from the saddles, rifles ready for action. A lone Indian stood on a nearby pinnacle, his hand shading his eyes as he looked down at the pursuers. Silently, the lookout slipped from his high perch, apparently bent on joining his colleagues. Malone and his companions pressed forward, hopeful of beating the sentry to camp.

The small posse came to a house-sized boulder, eased around the giant rock—and saw the raiders' camp just 200 yards ahead. Horses and mules were tied to every nearby tree.

Bob Malone spotted his two mules. "There's old Red and Katy!" he declared. "I'm going up there and get them!"

"Hold on," cautioned Roberson. "That lookout beat us here. They'll fill us full of lead!"

"Damn 'em, they can't steal my stock and get away with it," insisted the grizzled old homesteader. "I'm going up and get my mules—you fellows be ready to shoot."

Then, despite the admonitions of his companions, Malone came from behind the rock, his body bent low, his rifle cocked. Slowly, he eased toward the remuda, taking advantage of every available bit of cover. Incredible as it seems, he reached the two mules, untied them and brought them back where his friends waited. There is little doubt that no less than a dozen guns were trained on the man all the while he exposed himself to get his mules, but perhaps the reckless bravery of the determined rancher won the respect of the savages. Not a shot was fired.

When Malone returned with his mules, the men agreed that it would be a foolhardy act for four men to attack a score of barricaded hostiles, so they decided to go to the U— Ranch headquarters, which was but a few miles distant, and spread the alarm.

That very evening a large posse surrounded the area where the Indians had been surprised. Darkness came before the men could close in on the raiders, but the determined posse kept its vigil throughout the night.

With the coming of the first feeble rays of dawn the posse closed in on the Indian camp and found that the redskins had done the impossible—they had escaped—made their way back to the wilds of Mexico.

The Indians paid a price, however. They slipped past the posse, all right, but they left behind virtually all of their possessions—twenty-eight stolen horses, a stack of horse, mule and cow hides, straw mats, two paunches filled with acorns—and most interesting of all, thirteen handmade saddles. The saddles were patterned after modern stock saddles. The saddletrees were fashioned from oak branches, the leather was home-tanned, the stirrups were made from strips of green oak, the girths were made of handwoven horsehair—and the finished product, although very small and light, was indeed serviceable.

Several of the horses wore crude-looking moccasins. This solved the mystery which had puzzled the ranchers from the very first. The raw horsehide not only protected the horses' feet, it enabled them to travel over reasonably firm ground without leaving a mark. The Indians would simply ride to a desirable stretch of ground, dismount and tie strips of green hide over the animals' feet, then proceed calmly on their way.

This daring raid, the last and most unusual of its kind, indeed showed careful planning and crafty leadership.

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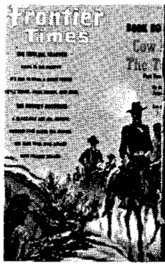
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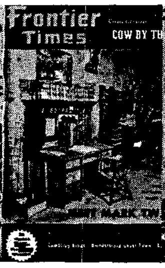
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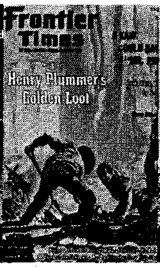
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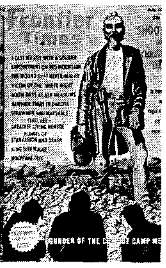
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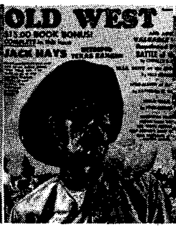
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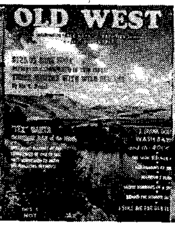
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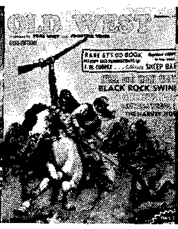
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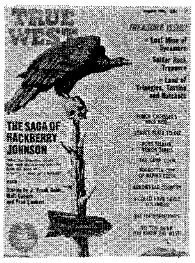
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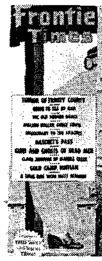
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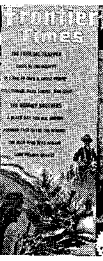
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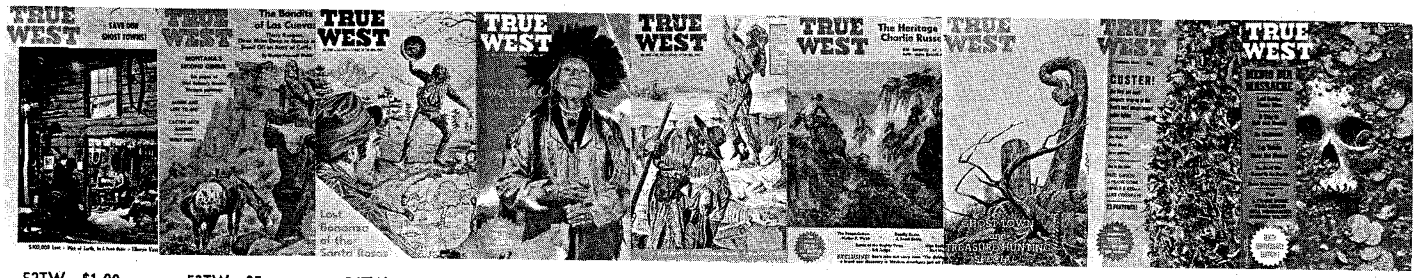

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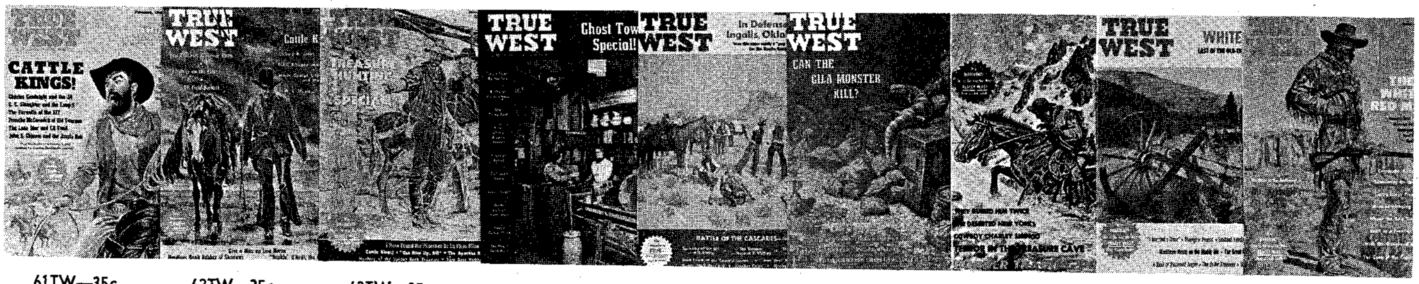

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Battle of the Sink Hole

(Continued from page 49)

such a move. When daylight came, the two dead Indians were gone, having been removed by the others under cover of the darkness.

About 10 o'clock in the morning the Indians collected in a bunch on horseback, the dead Indians strapped to horses, and with loud yells and shaking of shields, took their departure and were soon out of sight over a swell in the prairie going west.

"They have gone," said Daley. "Who would have thought it so quick?"

Adams had watched them up to this time, saying nothing, but now addressed his companion. "You told them goodbye too quick. That is not the last you will see of them—they'll come back to see us. That leaving is a ruse. They know we have neither water nor anything to eat and if we can be induced to leave our position, they can get us easy. They can fire the grass on us and we would be helpless."

The day wore away and nothing could be seen but a band of yelping coyotes around the horse of an Indian who had been killed. Snyder never complained, although suffering greatly with pain and thirst.

ABOUT DUSK Adams discovered the top of an Indian's head on an elevated point and called the attention of the others to it. All hope of escape that night was abandoned. By dark the Indians were again around their position and had settled down to a regular siege, seeing their first strategem had failed. They intended to starve the party out.

Another night passed and on the third day six of the Indians, having short muskets, rode to the south of the sink and began firing at long range, too far off for the white men to waste ammunition. The Indians' muskets carried more powder and reached farther. The first six shots landed two balls in the sink, one of them barely missing Daley. All except Snyder now went to work with knives making an excavation under the bank and throwing the dirt in a heap on the open side. In this way they strengthened their position, but the balls continued to patter around. The earthwork thrown up soon hid the white men from view and the Indians returned to the main body, their number, not counting those who had been killed the day before and wounded, being more than twenty.

When the third night came, the situation was getting desperate. The constant vigilance, anxiety, loss of sleep, want of water and food, began to have a marked effect upon the men. They could see it in each other's eyes and haggard faces. Something must be done soon to change the situation or all would perish without the assistance of the lance or arrow. Thirst was somewhat relieved at night, and during the day moist dirt was held in the mouth. Snyder was in a deplorable condition, having high fever and a badly swollen wound.

During this night Adams suggested that Tom and Daley sleep some while he stood guard. This was agreed to but the sleeping men were restless; visions of food and water, which they could not reach, were constantly before them. Adams was a strong man, about thirty years of age, and was used to dangers and hardships, but now felt that he was getting weak and that the end was near if no succor came.

About two hours before dawn he heard a peculiar sound, and in the next instant a swishing noise almost in his ear. He knew at once what it meant. The first sound was the twang of a bowstring and the other the swish of a feathered arrow as it flew past his head. Cautiously he laid his hand on Daley and told him to rouse up. Tom also awoke and the situation was explained to them. Snyder also was notified of the close proximity of an Indian and now in silence and readiness the men awaited further developments. Adams crouched low and directed his attention to the south end of the sink from whence the arrow came.

Twing! siss! came another arrow and struck the bank at the north end, answered in an instant by a shot from Adams. Indians now yelled on every side and seemed to be very close. Arrows hurtled into the sink and the Indian's musket blazed almost over the heads of the white men who gave shot for shot, the battle for their lives now being on.

Protected by the excavation which had been made under the west bank, they lay low and fired at the shadowy forms which leaped around them. The Indians were not aware of the position of the whites and no doubt supposed that if they could fire directly into the sink they would soon exterminate them. One daring Apache climbed over the bank on the south side but was shot by Daley and badly wounded. The Indians soon withdrew after this incident and when daylight came, they were out of rifle range of the sink.

THE DAY wore on and in the evening Snyder aroused himself from a stupor and thus addressed his companions: "Men, it is time to talk. We cannot hold out here any longer. Something must be done tonight. You who are able must get out of here and fight your way through. There is a chance under cover of darkness of making an escape. As to myself, of course I cannot go. I must stay and meet my fate. There is no use in able men sacrificing themselves when no good can be accomplished. I cannot stand this much longer, and the sooner it is ended the better. What do you say? Let's decide on something."

By the time this talk was ended, Tom had gone to Snyder and knelt beside him. Taking the man's fevered face between his large, bony hands, he said: "Mars William, you have always been the best friend I ever had. I won't go off and leave you here. I'm going to stay an' die with you. I'll never go back home without you."

"No use to say any more on this subject," said Adams. "We will all leave here all together or not at all."

The Apaches certainly had no idea of leaving and occasionally rode around, yelling and no doubt wondering how much longer the white men could do without food and water.

Night came again and, with it, some hope. Dark clouds overcast the heretofore clear sky, and finally a slow rain began to fall. This chance must not be missed without attempt to escape.

The Indians were still on the alert, but could not be seen a yard away. A consultation was held and it was thought an escape might be effected down the draw and under cover of the black night. Only one thing was in the way of this project. Snyder could not walk a step.

Tom solved that problem. He proposed to carry his master. Neither Adams nor Daley, in their weakened condition, were able to do so, but Tom, thirty-five years of age, six feet six inches in height and weighing 240 pounds when at his best, was able to bear the burden and so it was arranged.

Everything was said in low whispers. Tom carefully lifted the wounded man in his long brawny arms, and all silently withdrew. After the sink was left, the draw was wide and covered with grass. No doubt Indian guards were close but no sound was made by the white men. The grass muffled their footsteps, and the constant patter of rain was also in their favor. The little trickling streams refreshed them.

An hour passed and the fugitives made good headway and began to breathe more freely. As yet no sound had been heard and they had made at least three miles from the dreadful battleground. A short halt was made for Tom to rest. Rain continued to fall.

Tom again took up his burden and they moved faster, dreading a daylight pursuit by the savages. They kept as near in the center of the draw as they could so as to keep their course, being satisfied it led to the Rio Grande. All things must have an end, and the long miserable night passed away. The rain had ceased and the morning was foggy. This was in their favor. Long after they knew the sun was up, objects could not be seen one hundred yards away. They must now be fifteen miles or more from where they had left the Apaches.

Tom bore up bravely through the night but now, despite the frequent short halts which had been made for him to rest, he was well nigh exhausted. At times he had spoken words of encouragement to Snyder telling him how strong he was and they had only to follow Adams and he would "git 'em all out of this scrape."

When the sun came out and the mist cleared away, they were close to the Rio Grande. Finding a crossing they rested on the opposite side the balance of the day, having no fear that the Indians would cross after them. Adams had flint and steel in his shot pouch, and a fire was made. Game was in abundance and they soon had plenty to eat. This was a wild, unsettled country, the frontier of Old Mexico.

The next day they started for the interior in search of a settlement, passing through the Tosesia Mountains. Tom was still carrying Snyder, but now by easy stages. All were strengthened by food and water. In eight days they arrived at some copper mines in the mountains near the Concho River. The Mexicans treated them kindly, supplying their wants and getting medical aid for Snyder. The Apaches were the enemies of the Mexicans also.

The Texans had all the money they needed, belted around them, and took things easy until their wounded companion was able to travel. They then purchased another outfit and, bidding farewell to their Mexican friends, traveled through Mexico until the mouth of the Pecos River was passed, and finally crossed on their way out. They continued the journey to San Antonio by way of Forts Clark and Inge. The friends separated in San Antonio.

No one could describe the homecoming of Snyder. Tom never tired of telling about the trip and the great battle with the "Pache Injuns"—always winding up with regrets about the loss of Old John, the mule. He also praised his master for his courage and powers of endurance, and the great Indian fighters, Adams and brave Lucien.

Tom was given his freedom and never after wanted for anything that was in the power of Snyder to furnish.

LETTER RIP!
Britz

Dear Editor:

At one time I had several old railway timetables from such ghost town lines as Carson & Colorado Ry., Tonopah & Goldfield, Denver & South Park, Giants Hand & Cheyenne, Tonopah & Tidewater, Tidewater Southern and others.

Besides being a Western historian, I railroaded for almost twenty years during the good old days of steam power, but somewhere along the line I lost those old timetables I was saving. Perhaps they were thrown out as junk by someone I hired to clean up my bachelor quarters now and then. If any of you nice readers of TW, FT or OLD WEST know where I can get a few of these old timetables from any ghost town R.R., mining R.R., or narrow gauge line, I'd be happy to know it.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

Dear Hosstail:

In regard to your article about giving magazines to soldiers, it is a wonderful idea but I couldn't afford to send all of the copies I had collected in past years.

So I called the nearest Marine Recruiting Station, asking if they could take care of it for me. They were more than happy to do so. If it works so well with them, why wouldn't it work with the Army, Air Corps, Coast Guard, etc. recruiting stations? This way, our servicemen all over the world would get the magazines and I think these recruiting stations know much better than we where they are needed most.

Thought I'd let you know in case anyone else has this problem. They could send the gift offer (if they want to keep their old copies) or gift subscriptions. These recruiting officers will send the gift subscriptions to certain headquarters where many men will get a chance to read each issue instead of just one.—Marilyn Cochran, 8724½ Bedford Avenue, Los Angeles, 45, California.

Dear Mr. Small:

A while back you had a story titled "Rattlesnakes I Have Known." I keep thinking I should tell you of some I have known.

I came as a five-year-old to the southeast corner of Colorado in '88. It was open prairie. Father homesteaded there; the old Santa Fe trail ran through his place; it was 50 to 75 yards wide. Old buffalo horns and pretty arrowheads were quite thick. My brother and I spent lots of time hunting arrowheads and killing snakes and tarantulas. Tarantulas dig straight down a foot or a little more and pull a white web over the hole when they are home. We had a little blow pipe and would stick it down and blow. They would come out mad and chase us; they could jump maybe two feet. After they would tire and start off, we would kill them. They had a spread of probably five inches.

In your story, the man tells of killing rattlesnakes with the double of a rope. I killed many that way but quit it. Once my rope went over one and I jerked him up over my head. He was rattling—seemed like right on top of my hat. I didn't know which way to go but I went, and it must have been right because it didn't bite me.

When I was small I followed Father a lot. He would go as close to a coiled rattler as he could and raise his foot real high and then bring it down real slow and the snake would duck its head down and the foot would settle on the the neck. Then he would cut the head off with his knife. Once I got two little sticks and started prying the mouth open to see the fangs. It only had an inch or a little more of neck but it opened its mouth wide and the poison shot halfway to my face. That done me for a look.

We rendered out quite a few for the oil and sold it to a doctor in La Junta. We didn't eat any but the meat was white and pretty. They don't die easy; squirm in a skillet till they are crisp.

A neighbor boy had a boy friend from Kansas who wanted a hide to take home. The three of us were hunting along an irrigation ditch when I came onto a big one, but it was crawling down a hole in the bank. When it was half down I got it by the tail; before I could think, the head was coming out the hole fast. But I stayed with it and, as it struck, it fell short but with none to spare. I jerked it out and we skinned it.

You folks are a good bunch, putting out a fine magazine for an old fellow. I've read most of them but haven't been able to save them, much as I wanted to. —Ed Williams, Slick Rock, Colorado 81333.

To All "Westerners" and Friends:

Photographs of the "Old West" are taking an increasing part in history (research, books, magazines, exhibits, etc.). All "Westerners" are urged to take part in an effort to find, identify, copy and preserve these photos. Some of the older pictures have been passed down through three or four generations. One unappreciative, careless or uninformed person can destroy this heritage.

We are concerned primarily with pictures of the "Old West" taken fifty or more years ago. Our recent work on old livestock, logging, etc, photos shows a high percentage of "casualties," which could have been avoided.

Suggestions given below are obtained from sources believed to be reliable but the "Westerners" make no warranty as to the success of any action taken. These suggestions are not out of a book, as no such book could be found. They are based on individual experiments, etc. as reported to us.

"Westerners" should not name or favor certain "experts" (either "professional" or "amateur") for copying or other work, which may be suggested.

"Westerners" are interested in learning and preserving the truth about the "Old West." Old photos help us to do this. We have no museum or library, but are trying to help those who do, with their photo file. Please do not refer questions to this office on the taking, developing, printing, etc. of photos. We make no pretense of being "experts."

No reports or copies of pictures are sought at this time, but please keep appropriate items in mind in case we later launch a publication.

Be alert to note "Old West" photos. Local exhibits, newspapers, librarians, teachers, school and church publications, etc. may bring these out. Talk up the saving of old photos on every reasonable opportunity, but don't become a "pest."

Cooperate closely with the local Historical Society, museum or library folks. Particularly watch, with discretion, the disposal of pictures to out-of-county or out-of-state heirs. They may select the most attractive and destroy the rest. This has too often been done.

Be sure to identify the persons, place, date, occasion, etc. Descriptions can be typed on a sheet and fastened to the lower margin or border of prints using approved paper and adhesive, and folded to the back. Approved photo labels (with adhesive already on) can be used on the back of prints for short captions.

Never write on the picture area of a print or negative. If necessary to write on the back of a print, do so only with a soft pencil, with the print on clean glass, formica or other smooth hard surface.

Many experts favor the placing of the caption or identification only on the jackets or envelopes, enclosing the print or negative. These, however, might become separated and lost. If a print or negative is removed from a jacket, album, frame, mounting, etc., be sure to keep the identification with it.

If you can't identify the persons, etc., take the picture to a family picnic, class reunion, historical society meeting, cattlemen's barbecue, etc. and ask for help, or publish it where most likely to be of interest.

Be critical of captions and identifications. We have found out-of-state and out-of-county items claimed to be local.

Do not throw away a good picture merely because you cannot identify the persons. The site, clothes, equipment, animals, etc. may be significant.

Have a copy or copies made of all historic photos. You might lose the original by fire, theft, flood, etc. Give a copy or copies to your local Historical Society, museum or library. There are often "amateur experts" in the local societies, museums or libraries who have the "know-how" and equipment to make good copies. "Professionals" may be preferred by some. Never entrust valuable pictures to itinerants, strangers or others of unknown ability or integrity.

The person making copies should always be informed as to his rights to make extra copies for himself or to sell, publish, exhibit, etc.

Today's equipment and techniques can often produce copies as good as, or better than, the original. Do not accept inferior work.

Improperly fixed or washed negatives or prints may have stains, discolorations, etc. Do not expect the copier to remedy such defects.

Do not use a hot iron or other "home remedy" to flatten prints which have been folded, creased, rolled, etc. Get an expert. Do not let anyone, even the expert, try to retouch your pictures. People want a "true," not a "faked" picture.

Where a person is obviously too poor to pay for copying, reconditioning, etc., but is willing to donate copies to the historical society, museum or library, the latter should be asked to pay the bill.

Keep each print or negative in an individual jacket or envelope of an approved type. Do not store them in ordinary paper envelopes. Approved plastic and paper envelopes are available at photo stores.

Do not file prints or negatives between the pages of a book. The paper may contain sulphur or the print may "transfer." Sulphur is deadly to photos. Avoid any trace of it. Never use rubber bands, rubber cement, ect. with photos.

If prints are to be exhibited, as at a meeting, do not pass them around. Mount them under glass or clear plastic on a solid background. Don't fasten the prints with staples, thumbtacks, scotch tape, etc. Fasten the glass, etc. so as to hold the prints firmly.

Handle prints or negatives only by the margin or border. Do not trim off this margin. By all means avoid fingerprints on the picture area. Approved plastic tape can be used to reinforce damaged margins.

Do not spray on, brush on, etc. lacquer to preserve prints. The solvents used may be destructive. Suitable lacquers may be approved soon. Wait and see.

If you are to mount a print on a cardboard or other backing, the backing and adhesive must be right. See an expert.

Do not try to erase, scrape off, remove by chemicals, etc. writing, ink or paint spatters, rust or other stains. See an expert.

Lend your prized pictures with discretion. Learn to say "no." Lending is a "gamble." Keep a memo of any loans made.

Avoid excessive pressure on negatives. Do not place them under a heavy stack of books, magazines, etc.

Care should be taken in mailing, or transporting pictures. Proper sized, reinforced envelopes should be used. Mark, "Photo—Do Not Bend," on the outside.

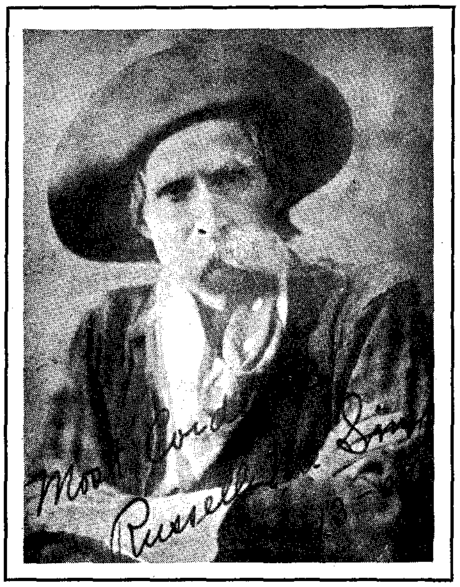
Try to preserve daguerreotypes and tintypes in the original frames or cases. These latter are often antiques. Keep them in proper size boxes and use copies for display.

Extra copies of this letter are available. Write to: Westerners, Redwood Coast Outpost, P. O. Box 175, Ukiah, California 95482.

Dear Sir:

Regarding a statement in the article, "The Dogie from Kickapoo Creek" in your Spring '67 issue, I would like to point out that Oliver Lee did not drink any type of alcoholic beverage. He did not use tobacco or even drink coffee. His reputation as a non-drinker can be attested to by any number of prominent New Mexico citizens including Edwin L. Mechem, former Governor and U. S. Senator; Mr. Holm O. Bursum, Mayor of Socorro; Mrs. Floyd Lee (no relation), former State Senator and former President of the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association who roomed with Oliver Lee when they were serving in the State Senate, and many others.—Robert M. Lee, RFD 1, Box 317, Belen, New Mexico 87002.

You're right. We find no evidence that Oliver Lee ever indulged in alcohol.



Dear Joe:

Recently I acquired an old photograph of an early Westerner and so far I am unable to obtain any information about him. On the top of the picture (original) is written "Montana." The picture was taken by the Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, S. C. As you can see, it is autographed "Most Cordially, Russell M. Simpson, 2-13-09." I would appreciate it if you would print the picture asking if anyone knows or knew this man and could give me any information on him.—Patrick E. Bousquet, 10924 Andasol Avenue, Granada Hills, California 91344.

Dear Olevia Myers,
c/o Western Publications:

I have just read your article, "I Saw Jim French Die," and enjoyed it very much as my family moved to Catoosa in 1896. As a child, I have many memories of the folks you wrote about. In fact, I am a descendant of Foutz and I well remember Pop Reynolds and his hotel. My brother and I delivered buttermilk there for several months.

The French killing was not the only one. The average was about one a month. Once a man's throat was cut and he leaned on the picket fence in front of Pop's hotel until he died.

I went to Susie Duck's funeral and what an impression that made on me, as they put as many of her clothes as possible in the coffin and as the grave was slowly filled, they threw in her saddle and a pair of work shoes. We children were terribly afraid of the Indians because they would come into town, get drunk, and ride out shooting first on one side and then the other. I have seen Old Man Duck ride up to a barbed wire fence gate and sit for hours waiting for someone to come along and open it for him.

And I'll never forget the time my mother decided to take the old iron wash kettle down to the creek and do the washing. It was one of those lovely golden autumn days. Everything was washed and hung on the bushes to dry. Well, it rained in the night and sleeted. That kept up for days. We had to sled out the few pieces we could hack out of the ice, and one never knew the underwear from the pillow cases until they were thawed out in front of the fireplace. It was exciting for us kids, but what my poor mother must have gone through!—Alice Kelly Brown, 2329 Beardslee Street, Duarte, California 91010.

Dear Hosstail:

Little did I know when I wrote you the letter about the men out here needing magazines what a reaction I would get! Not that I'm complaining.

Joe, by actual count to date (and it looks like they'll be coming for months yet!) I have received thirty-six letters and seventeen packages of magazines! As you know, no one was supposed to send ME anything but to all those addresses you carried in this editorial—but they did anyhow! Am I ever surprised.

All I can do with these is turn them over to the USO here in Saigon. They will send them to various USO field branches here in Viet Nam, and keep some of them for the men who come into Saigon from the field. So I would appreciate it if you'd print the address of the place to send these magazines.

UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATION
(or USO)
Saigon, Republic of Vietnam
APO San Francisco, California 96243

And that APO number is most important.

Some of the letters were friendly and chatty. Others asked me to supply names of men over here who receive no mail from home. Again, I suggest that such letters be sent to the Saigon USO. There is a daily radio program here on the Armed Forces Radio Service on which such letters are read. This program is originated by the USO. Thanks for publishing my letter.—Wayne F. Hyde (we won't give his address this time, poor boy!)

Dear Editor:

The *Inter-Ocean*, an early Idaho newspaper had an account in an 1894 issue headed "The Women Vigilantes." Your readers might enjoy it.

"A dozen women of Osceola, Nebraska, took it upon themselves to inflict bodily punishment upon five young women of the same town. There was an element of cowardice in the inception of the affair. In order to carry out their plan these women resorted to forgery. They wrote the girls letters purporting to come from young men of their acquaintance, asking them to meet them in a grove on the edge of town. The trick worked.

"At the appointed time the young women came, but instead of being met by their friends, they were confronted by a bevy of determined women who proceeded to bind and flog them. Fortunately two of the girls broke loose and succeeded, after a hard tussle, in getting away. They reached town in a most dilapidated condition with their clothes nearly torn from them, but they had effected their escape and what was more and better, they gave the alarm that rescued their less vigorous companions.

"Of the three remaining young women, upon whom the White Cappers, rod in hand, rained their blows to their hearts' content, one fainted and was left lying on the ground. Even a slave whipper of the Simon Legree order would have been touched by such a spectacle and applied restoratives, but these self-constituted Regulators lacked even that much human sentiment.

"When it comes to this—that the women of a town take it upon themselves to regulate society by stooping to fraud and inflicting cruelty—it is high time for the law to assert itself."—E. Maxton Laughlin, 9720 Roosevelt Way, N.S., Seattle, Washington 98115.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

Reginald Aldridge and Ben S. Miller were partners in the cattle business in Kansas, Colorado, Texas and Indian Territory in the '80s. Each wrote a book about this venture, Aldridge in 1884 and Miller in 1896 and they spoke kindly of one another. It has been this reviewer's dream that one day these two rather brief accounts would appear in a single volume where each would supplement and complement the other. But it was not to be—Aldridge's *Life on a Ranch* (Argonaut Press for University Microfilms, $12.50) has just been reissued in a facsimile edition in a very attractive format. Aldridge was an educated Englishman and his account, generally referred to as *Ranch Notes* in the trade, was first published in London. Aldridge wrote well and he was keen on the outdoor life. In the early years of his venture the boom was on and the partners made money. Perhaps his book encouraged other Englishmen and Scots to invest in the cattle business in the American West which was doomed to bust in the late '80s. This was one of the first of the British accounts of ranching to appear in print and, while far from profound on the business, is entertaining and has many side values as social history of the range country.

TWO CENTS AN ACRE

The Purchase of Alaska (University of Alaska Press, $6.50) by Archie W. Shields is an important book. It is the first book to be issued by the Press but will not be the last. This book is a cooperative venture between the Press and Alaska Purchase Centennial Commission—appropriately this is the Centennial year of the purchase. In addition to being the number one issue of the Press this book is important for another reason—here for the first time, there is gathered between covers the story of the purchase. Why did Russia want to sell and why did we want to buy? Who tipped off our officials to the potentials of Alaska? Who supported and who opposed the purchase? How was the money paid and were votes for the treaty with Russia to complete the transaction paid for with purchase money? The powerful speech of Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts made on April 9, 1867 in favor of ratification is reproduced in full including the "revision and expansion" of his remarks as published in the *Congressional Globe*. The report of the Congressional committee that investigated the rumored vote buying and lobbying for pay is in the book. The author, a veteran historian of the Alaskan scene, chose his material with care—the result is highly satisfactory. We will eagerly await the other books (they will be distributed by the University of Washington Press) to be issued by our newest University Press.

MYSTERIOUS THICKET

Tales From the Big Thicket (University of Texas Press, $6.75) was edited by Dr. Francis E. Abernethy of the English faculty at Stephen F. Austin State College at Nacogdoches, Texas. The Big Thicket is in Southeast Texas and lies between the pine forests of the sandy lands and the Gulf Coast prairies—it is a country of myrtle and briars and tyvine mingled with cypress swamps—a relatively wilderness-like area but peopled thinly. This is fortunate or there would be no tales worth telling. A hunting or fishing trip into the Thicket will reveal something of the country to be sure but to get the real feel of it requires living in and with it. The author visited the Thicket—he lived nearby and he hunted, fished, explored and made friends among the Thicket folks. Not all the stories in this book were told by the home folks—the author dug up some dandies written by experienced reporters and published long ago in places as far away as Topeka, Kansas and Atlanta, Georgia. And there is the story by Dean Tevis, Beaumont reporter, of a Civil War engagement known as "The Battle of Bad Luck Creek." It is a highly entertaining and informative book and received the tribute of being distributed to the members of the Texas Folklore Society in lieu of a 1966 volume.

LONE STAR REPUBLIC

A reprint seldom provides so much additional material as does Anson Jones' *Memoranda and Official Correspondence Relating to the Republic of Texas, Its History and Annexation, 1836-1846* (The Rio Grande Press, $25.00). Anson Jones was the last President of the Republic of Texas and his book was published in 1859, but it was not until 1929 that any serious effort was made to distribute it to the reading public. After seventy years in storage the original issue of 1,000 copies had been reduced to 585 and as the merits of the Jones' memoirs became known the price soared. The Rio Grande Press is due our thanks for reprinting it and for the worthwhile additions included. When you open the front cover the first of the supplements appears—a foldout facsimile of President Jones' address at the time of annexation—when he made one of the most abrupt switches in history—from President of one republic to private citizen of another. Then the supplements come fast—a foreword by Governor John Connally of Texas; acknowledgements by the publisher and a most informative introduction by James M. Day, Director, Texas State Archives. The very rare (only five copies known) *Letters, Relating to the History of Annexation* by Jones, issued at Galveston in 1848 is reprinted as an appendix, and an index, that boon to students and researchers has been added. Inside the back cover the 1844 Abert-Emory map of Texas and Adjacent Countries is reproduced in facsimile and folded in. With so much new material it would be easy to neglect the basic text—one of the prime source volumes, perhaps the best, on the Republic of Texas. Jones was at San Jacinto, he served in the House and Senate of the Texas Congress; he was the Texas minister to Washington; served as Secretary of State and finally as President of the Republic. He knew everyone of any importance in the periods of Revolution, of the Republic and of early statehood and his appraisal of his fellow Texians is worthy of consideration. That he was not elected to serve in the U. S. Senate by the State Legislature did doubtlessly color his opinions of some of his fellow pioneer citizens. Even if you did not agree with his conclusions you will find his frank statements, often buttressed with official documents, to be entertaining reading—Jones was there and in this book he had his say. Highly recommended and if you feel the price is steep, just remember you are getting a lot for your money.

HERE THEY LIVED!

Texas Homes of the 19th Century (University of Texas Press for the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, $15.00) is Publication Number One, The Texas Architectural Survey, sponsored by the Museum and the School of Architecture, The University of Texas. The text is by Drury Blakely Alexander, the beautiful photos were made by Todd Webb and there is a foreword by Chancellor Harry H. Ransom of the University. The homes of Texans in the 19th Century ran the gamut from the log cabins of the pioneer settlement days, through the Ante-Bellum South to the Victorian period following the War. The text is perhaps more interesting to architects than layman but certainly informative for all readers. But in this big handsome book the plates are the key, some two hundred of them plus a dozen or so illustrative figures. While some of the homes of San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, Austin and Waco are pictured, they by no means dominate the book—the farm and ranch homes and those of such communities as Evergreen, Salem, Bevilport, Winedale, Chappel Hill and Cherry Springs are represented. There is a bibliography plus an index. Excellent.

BAJA CALIFORNIA CLASSIC

Wenceslaus Linck's *Diary of His 1766 Expedition to Northern Baja California* (Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, $10.00) was translated into English, edited and annotated by Ernest J. Burrus. It is Volume 5 in the fine Baja California Travels Series issued by Dawsons. The finding of the diary (now in the Bancroft Library) was no easy task and the thrill was lessened by the serious water damage which had made a third or fourth of nearly every page illegible. This problem was solved by the use of ultra-violet light and the translator was thus able to present the entire diary. Linck was stationed at San Borja in 1762. The mission he established was ninety miles north of the closest Christian center and about halfway between the Gulf and the Pacific Ocean at the native town of Adac. He became the northernmost cattle rancher in the peninsula in 1763 when cattle and horses from the other missions were sent to graze on a mesa with good grass and water about twenty miles away. Linck was an explorer and he kept records of what he saw and found. This is important early source material and Dr. Burrus has done an excellent job of annotating Lincks account. Printed in the usual fine format by Grant Dahlstrom at The Castle Press, this first edition in English consists of 600 copies. Recommended.

TO THE MINES!

The Buckeye Rovers in The Gold Rush (Ohio University Press, $5.00) is an edition of the diaries of J. Elza Armstrong and John Edwin Banks edited and with an introduction by Howard L. Scamehorn. In the early spring of 1849, a number of residents of Athens County, Ohio succumbed to the "California fever" and organized a company to travel overland to the mines. Armstrong and Banks were members of the company and each kept a diary of the trip. At the close of May, 1852, Armstrong, Banks and other Ohioans left the mining region forever, returning from San Francisco to New York via Panama and in only six weeks were back in Athens County. The six-weeks return trip was in marked contrast to the overland journey West. The writing styles of the two men who kept diaries are entirely different. Although they wrote about the same daily routines, Armstrong presented terse information of the trip with little about himself. Banks, by contrast, filled three small books with much he felt worthy of permanent record. While some of the pages of the books have deteriorated, the diaries tell of the overland trip and some of the activities of the mines. Banks gives considerable detail of the flora, fauna, topography, geology, and his personal feeling on religion, philosophy and history.

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THE CHIHUAHUA TRAIL

A facsimile reprint of August Santleben's *A Texas Pioneer* (W. M. Morrison, P. O. Box 3277, Waco Texas, $10.00) has just been issued in an edition of 400 copies. J. Frank Dobie's appraisal of the 1910 first edition of this book, "best treatise available on freighting on Chihuahua Trail" alerted this reviewer to be on the lookout for a copy. One was finally found but it wasn't easy and it wasn't cheap. Over the years the price of the first edition has continued to rise and today it is a very scarce and very expensive volume. Santleben was born in Germany but was raised on the Medina River near Castroville. He tells some Big Foot Wallace stories and something of pioneer life on the farms and ranches of the Texas frontier. His father was opposed to secession and August spent the early years of the Civil War, as did the sons of many of the German emigrant families, in Mexico. He finally joined the U. S. Cavalry and served on the Rio Grande and in Louisiana. He was a mail contractor, San Antonio to Eagle Pass, before he was twenty-one. But the bulk of the book is about freighting and the many adventures on the road in West Texas and Mexico. It is a treasure trove of information about San Antonio and its citizens and the German families of the nearby Hill Country. Perhaps an edition of only 400 copies did not warrant the expense of adding an index but one is badly needed. Despite this defect —recommended.

EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT

Custer Fell First (Naylor, $3.95) is the claim of John C. Lockwood, one of his scouts, who missed the fight because he was carrying a message to Major Reno. This book was edited and compiled by J. C. Ryan, a nephew of Lockwood. His chief sources were an original account dictated by Lockwood in 1922 and the Lockwood papers in the Huntington Library. Lockwood's life was one of high adventure—at the age of thirteen he was on a trail drive from Texas to Abilene; he was a hide hunter; prospected for (and found) gold in the Black Hills; joined Charlie Reynolds as a civilian scout for Custer; served as a trooper in the Seventh Cavalry; was a stagecoach driver and a pioneer railroad man. The story of his romance is a little hard to take but it could have happened that way. And while his story of the killing of Custer does not check with the spot where the body was found, it could be accurate. As editor Ryan points out, his Uncle Jack was a Custer admirer and had no reason for telling anything but the truth about what he saw. Uncle Jack did slip at least once—a trail drive without a stampede would hardly be worth mentioning so there was one—caused by a *Texas Norther* with sleet and snow in *mid-summer*—WOW. Maybe he stretched the blanket a bit in other spots, too, but you'll find it an entertaining account.

Diary of an Excursion to the Ruins of Abo, Quarra and Gran Quivira in New Mexico in 1853 (Stagecoach Press, $4.50) is number 1 in a new Southwestern Series projected by erudite Jack D. Rittenhouse of the Press. Well over a century has passed since this *Diary* was last printed in the Ninth Annual Report—of the Smithsonian Institution (1855). Major James Henry Carleton was in command of the army detachment of 100 Dragoons that made the excursion from Albuquerque to the ruins in December 1853 and the report, being signed by him, is usually referred to as the "Carleton Report." It seems to be the work of some member of the detachment specifically assigned the task of making a careful record of what they saw and did en route to, and at, the three "ruins." The chronicler was a close observer and has much to say about the landscape and the geology and geography of the area visited. He also included some incisive observations about the villages visited and their inhabitants. Mountainair, New Mexico, a favorite summering spot for Texans when this reviewer was growing up, is the starting point now for visits to the three ruins—Gran Quivira is now a National Monument and Abo and Quarra are State Monuments. Carleton's Dragoons saw them early and it is good to have their report available once more (750 copies), particularly in a typical fine Stagecoach volume.

WINNERS OF THE WEST

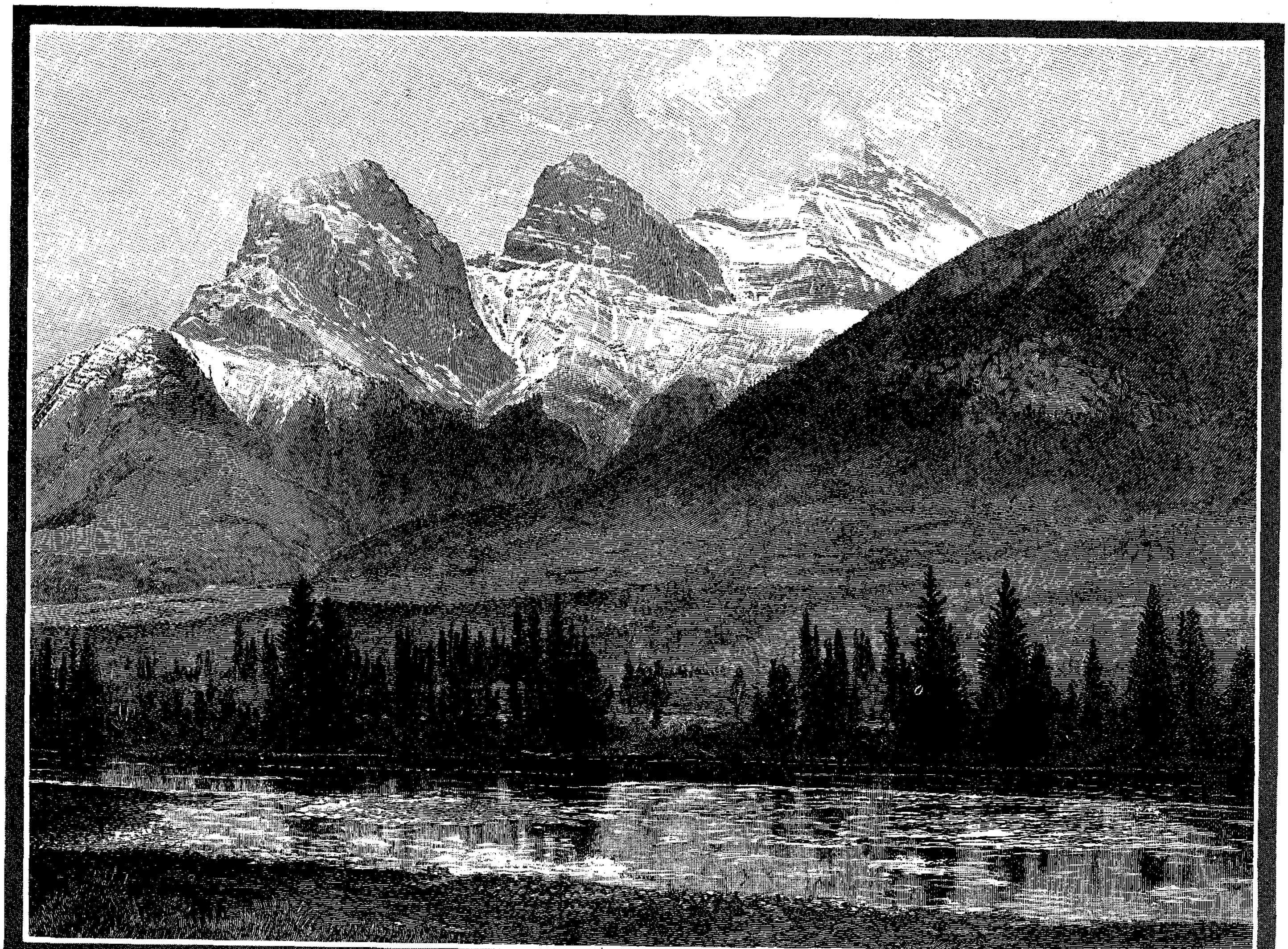
Stephen Harriman Long 1784-1864 (The Arthur H. Clark Co., $11.00) by Richard G. Wood of the Vernon Historical Society is a biography, No. VI of the Frontier Military Series. In a broader sense, the book is an account of the early role of the Army Engineers in Western American exploration and development. These early activities of the Army Engineers ascertained and reported on the nature of the frontier, its rivers, plains, mountains, resources and plant and animal life. In addition, much was learned about native peoples and their customs. Long made his first expedition just twelve years after the Lewis and Clark trek across the continent. In 1819 he produced the first steamboats to ply the Mississippi River. Long's versatility and competence resulted in major advances in topography, design of steam engines and bridges, river navigation, and development of river craft. Long shaped the early conceptions of the "Great American Desert," but his evaluations of the potential of this region were later proved to be in error. The Corps of Army Engineers and Bureau of Reclamation play a major role in modern-day civil works, and his book helps explain how this unique arrangement evolved. A prominent peak in the Colorado Rockies commemorates Long's name.

LOCAL HISTORY

Traylor Russell's *History of Titus County, Texas, Volume II* (W. M. Morrison, Box 3277, Waco, Texas, $10.00) continues this east Texas county saga which he started in 1965. A lot of folks appreciated his first book and many of them got around to giving him histories of their families and interesting incidents in their lives. There are enough of these incidents scattered through the book to make it entertaining for non-residents. However, the primary value of Volume II is in the records of the Titus County families set down in it. The edition is limited to 400 copies and they will not last long.

HOUSEHOLD MUST!

Antique Sad Irons (privately printed by the author, 7657 Mariposa Trail, Yucca Valley, California 92284, $2.00) is by Opal M. Bowlin. The sad irons described are in the collection of Dan R. and Opal M. Bowlin and it must be a dandy. The booklet is profusely illustrated and the photos are excellent. This reviewer liked the text, too— it is good history.



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COMPLETE

IN THIS ISSUE!

OREGON

THERE AND BACK IN 1877

By WALLIS NASH

Published in London, England, 1878 by Macmillan and Company
Illustrated with wood engravings reproduced from First Edition Imprint

TRAVELERS only, can realize the thrill of excitement of climbing from the tender into the great *White Star* steamer as she lies in the Mersey, steam blowing off. In that one moment the regrets at leaving home, the fear lest human nature at sea should prove too weak, the joy of wandering are strangely mixed.

But the pressing needs of finding one's cabin and getting "fixed" there, of preventing all the stateroom luggage from being swept into the hold, of saying goodbye to friends who pity you for going so far away, and whom you pity for staying in the mill-wheel round of home duties, soon recall the first-time voyager to himself. As the ship passes from the dingy tidewater and "goes on ahead," and the ear gets accustomed to the rhythm and beat of the screw, which will unceasingly play the same tune for the next nine or ten days, we realize that the journey looked forward to for years has begun. . . .

The afternoon after leaving Liverpool we reached Queenstown, to find the channel fleet at anchor in the splendid harbour. . . . The eighth day after we left Queenstown, we were nearing New York.

We had had three days of head-wind and sea, but had hardly known what rolling or pitching was; so that our preference for ships having staterooms and saloons amidships, instead of aft, was justified. We had seen hundreds of porpoises, playing, rolling over, springing half out of the water, romping along; two whales had spouted for our amusement, the petrels had borne us company across the ocean, and now the Yankee gulls had come out to welcome us—very like, only a shade more lively than their Irish cousins who left us five days ago. . . .

Faster and faster the ship went, until we were told, and we believed, that for sixteen hours she had averaged seventeen miles an hour. Long Island was in sight; the lighthouse was passed; Sandy Hook was on our left hand; and the ship stopped. The sudden silence caused by the ceasing of that screw-beat, which had registered fifty-two strokes a minute and had formed the unceasing accompaniment to so many tunes for nine days, was almost oppressive.

The tugboat, with health officers and with many friends of the passengers on board, came in sight, striking golden lights from the fast darkening waters of the harbour, and in a minute the friendly groups of the voyage were broken up. The quickly-made acquaintanceships were as quickly ended. In a few minutes the great ship seemed deserted, while cheer after cheer sounded from the tug, crowded to the gunwale, bustling along toward the city whose spires and chimneys were shining in the sun's last rays.

Having no special reason for hurry, the quartet forming our party slept on board that Saturday night, and only left the *Germanic* about eleven on Sunday morning, after she had found her way among the crowds of vessels, to her berth alongside the *White Star* wharf.

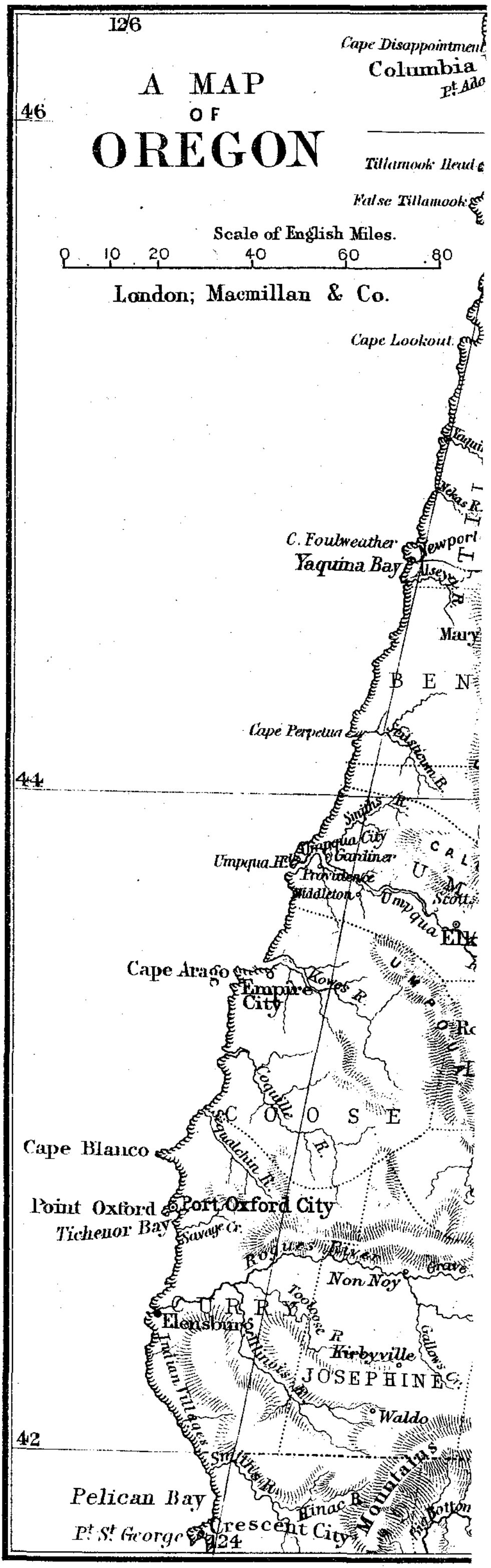
The night before, one of the customhouse officers had remained on board, nominally to see that all was right, practically to give all who were so minded the chance of making themselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness.

It was a strange coincidence that the virtuous and strong-minded passenger found it a tedious, complicated matter to get his baggage through the hands of the officers in waiting on the wharf; while the oldstagers, busy as they left the ship in rolling dollar-notes into the smallest compass and then holding them in the lightest possible fashion in their fingers, passed quickly through, baggage unopened and unexamined. . . .

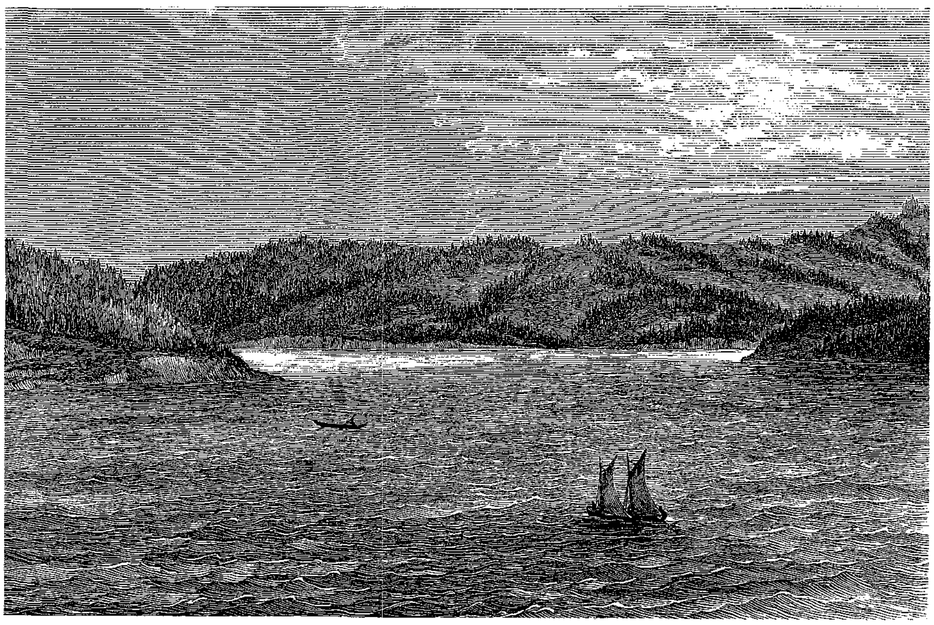
From the wharf a lumbering coach, swaying on its C-springs, took us to the hotel. But what paving! Holes here, ruts there, tram-roads everywhere! Our American friend said, "You won't find worse roads in Oregon." We disbelieved him then; but he spoke the truth.

WE WERE to travel West by the Monday evening train; so we ordered tickets from an agent sent by a friend who had passed West a day or two before, and who recommended him as active and prompt.

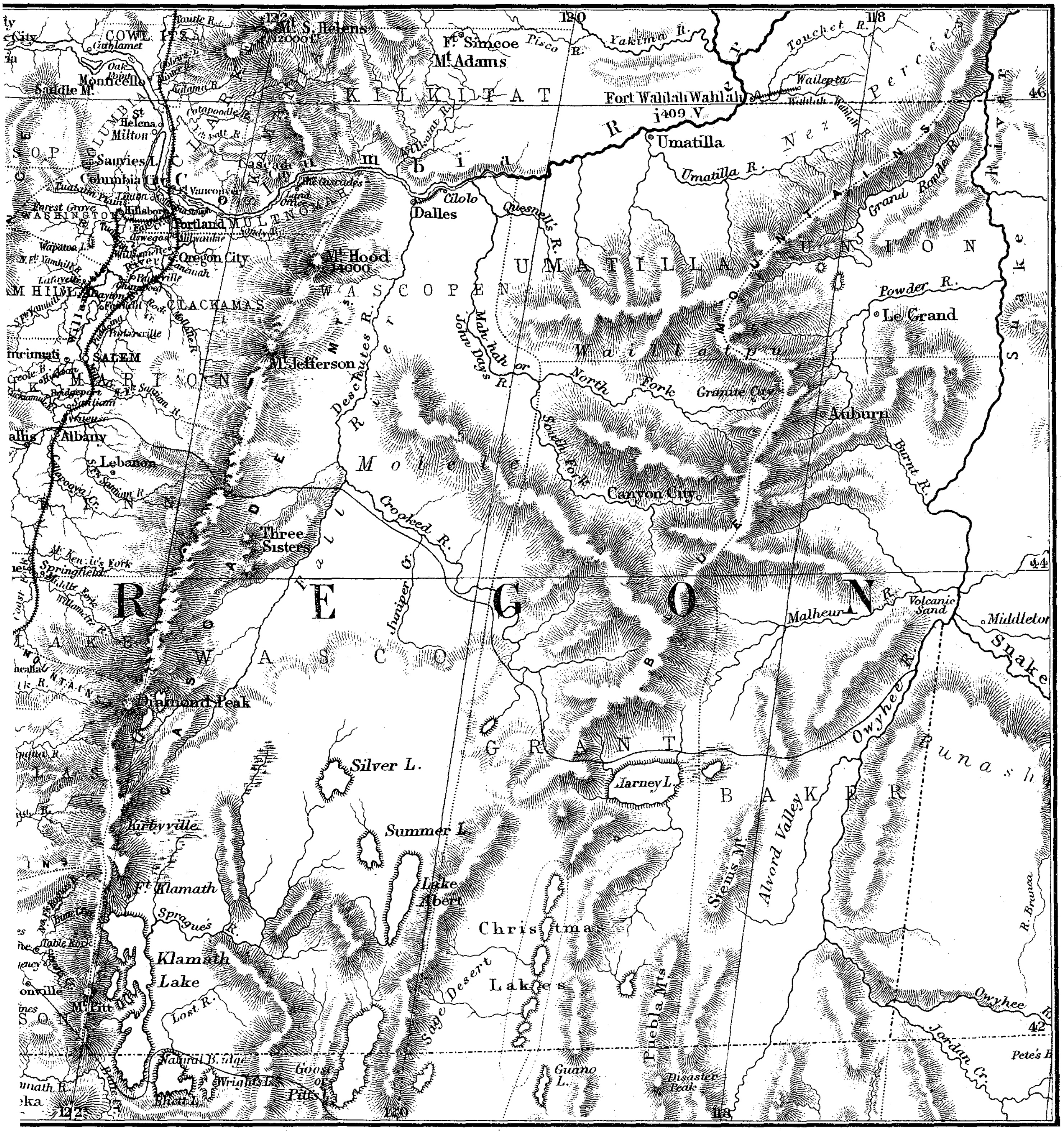
He was. He cheated us in the price of the tickets, in the collection and checking of the baggage, in the charge for sleeping-car berths. We would have saved money and temper had we shaken hands with him all round, given him cigars and drinks, and ourselves gone in a very expensive coach to the depot of the railway to fetch our tickets ourselves. Was it not a really good introduction for simple-minded Englishmen? We congratulated ourselves that our teeth were fast in our heads, or they would have gone, too. The American cities swarm with agents like our friend, who live (we cannot say they fatten) on strangers. At the railway and stage offices themselves, on the other hand, honesty and a certain rough, independent civility was the rule.


A MAP
OF
OREGON
Scale of English Miles.
0 10 20 40 60 80
London; Macmillan & Co.
126
124
46
44
42
Cape Disappointment
Columbia
Pt. Adams
Tillamook Head
False Tillamook
Cape Lookout
C. Foulweather
Newport
Yaquina Bay
Alsea R.
Mary
B E N
Cape Perpetua
44
Umpqua Hd.
Umpqua City
Gardiner
Providence
Middleton
Umpqua
Scott
Elk
Cape Arago
Empire City
Coos R.
C O O S E
Coquille R.
Cape Blanco
Point Oxford
Port Oxford City
Tichenor Bay
Savage Cr.
Rogues River
Non Noy
C U R R Y
Ellensburg
Kirbyville
J O S E P H I N E
Waldo
Smiths R.
Pelican Bay
Pt. St. George
Crescent City
Mountains

Yaquina Bay—looking toward land



After some debate we settled to go West by the Pennsylvania Railroad, go-


O R E G O N
Mt. S. Helens 12000 ft.
Ft. Simcoe
Mt. Adams
Yakima R.
Touchet R.
K L I K I T A T
Fort Wallah Wallah
Wailepta
Nez Perces
Umatilla
Umatilla R.
Columbia
Cascades
Dalles
Vancouver
Portland
Oregon City
Mt. Hood 11000
Clackamas
Salem
Mt. Jefferson
Albany
Lebanon
Three Sisters
Springfield
W A S C O P E N
U M A T I L L A
U N I O N
Grand Ronde R.
Powder R.
Le Grand
Snake R.
Deschutes R.
John Days R.
North Fork
Granite City
Auburn
South Fork
Burnt R.
Canyon City
Crooked R.
Juniper Cr.
Malheur R.
Volcanic Sand
Middleton
W A S C O
Diamond Peak
G R A N T
Owyhee R.
Harney L.
B A K E R
Silver L.
Summer L.
Lake Albert
Christmas Lakes
Alvord Valley
Stens Mt.
Kirbyville
Ft. Klamath
Klamath Lake
Sprague's R.
Lost R.
Mt. Pitt
Sage Desert
Pueblo Mts.
Guano L.
Disaster Peak
Goose or Pitts L.
Wrights L.
Jordan Cr.
Pete's B.
122
120
118
46
44
42

ing south from New York to Philadelphia and thence west by way of Pittsburg and Fort Wayne to Chicago.

The train left at eight o'clock in the evening. About six our luggage was ready, and our first experience of the baggage-checking system began. Having each made up a hand-valise or carpetbag of necessaries for the seven days' trip, everything else was to be "checked." The transfer company's agent came to the hotel with a bundle of brass labels on his arm, each label being attached to a leather strip with a loop, and bearing a plainly-impressed number, corresponding with a similar number on a small brass ticket. By the leather strip a brass label was looped on to each article of baggage, and the corresponding ticket handed to us. A small fee for each package was paid to the transfer agent. No one gave another thought to his baggage till we reached Omaha on the following Friday. The transfer company takes all trouble and risk of loss off the traveler's hands, and no one grudges the large dividends they earn.

Another institution we saw in full work. In the office of the hotel a small black case, like a traveling clock case, stands on the counter, by the clerk's side. A visitor wants a parcel carried to the other side of the city: the clerk touches an electric bell once, and in two minutes a bright, cleanly-dressed lad stands at the counter, waiting his instructions. In the same way a hack carriage is called, or a policeman summoned. The company which arranges all this supplies the battery and dial at a small annual charge, and the subscriber uses both as and when he pleases.

A still more useful novelty we noticed in full operation at New York, and afterwards at Chicago and San Francisco. This is the self-acting fire-alarm. In the upper corner of every room and corridor of the hotel, in many shops, offices, and warehouses, is fixed a modest-looking dial-case, about five inches square. It is hardly noticed as one enters the room. But day and night a watch is kept. Let the temperature in the neighborhood of the little apparatus rise to

140 degrees, that is, let a fire break out in or near the room, and the electric connection is automatically made, and the alarm flashed to the nearest fire-engine station, indicating the street, house, and room where the enemy is at work. Here also the company owning the patent receives a small annual sum, and supplies and keeps the little machine in order.

About seven o'clock we had the family coach once again, and rumbled and jolted to the Jersey City ferry. In company with several other coaches and wagons, and in a crowd of seventy or eighty people, we got on to the huge ferryboat really without knowing it. We had parted from the land and were well out in the stream before we saw that we had started.

The machinery is hidden from the passengers' view, and makes very little noise: the horses were unconcernedly resting and blinking: passengers were chatting, newsboys everywhere with the evening papers, and in a few minutes we landed as easily as we embarked, and took our places in the train. Each place and berth in the long sleeping-car being numbered and specially set apart, there was no scrambling or confusion. We were soon curiously scanning the faces of our fellow-passengers, of whom we were to see so much for the next seven days.

But it is time to label separately the members of our party, since the experience of each on the journey differed according to character, temper and history. It was a number of strange chances which had brought together the naturalist, the captain, the lawyer, and the American Confederate colonel. The first had journeyed round the world and seen many men, many manners; the second had served the Queen long, and passed some years in India; the third came straight from the worry and bustle of London life; the fourth had traveled more than the traveler, fought more than the soldier, schemed and struggled more than the lawyer. When one man's tongue was tired, another took up the talk; and when the three Englishmen gave in, the colonel was ready, with a fiery tale of the Civil War, with incidents of prison life, with experiences in both hemispheres, with sporting life in Australia, India, and his native America, North and South—so that one way or another topics never failed.

The colonel left by an earlier train to visit friends in Baltimore and was to join our train in the night at Harrisburg—so the three Englishmen entered the train at eight alone. Tickets they had for train and sleeping-berths; but their mentor, having left them before the tickets were obtained, the first fruits of the thieving agent's tricks appeared.

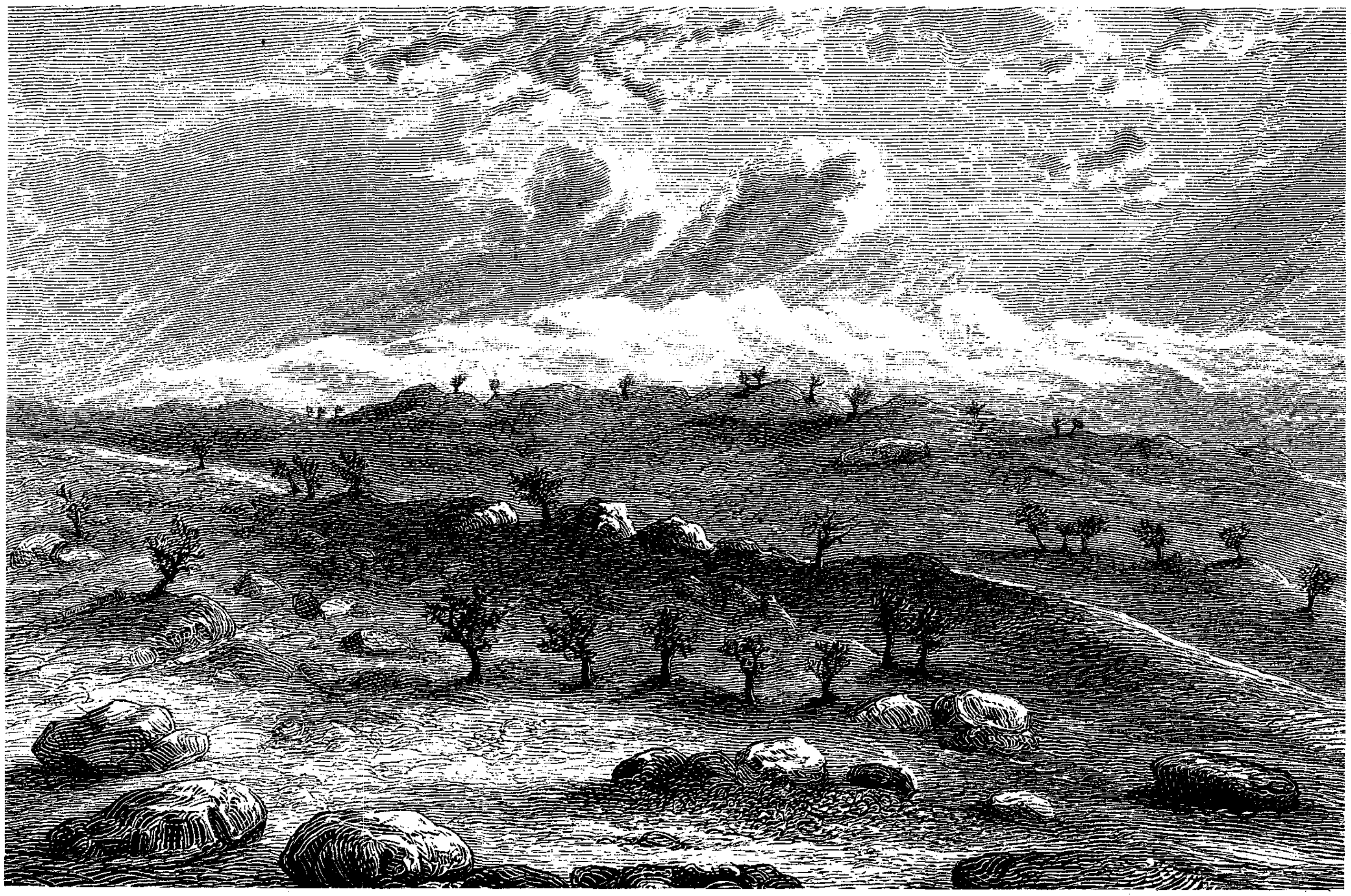
SHOWING their tickets, they asked for their places; the Negro porter pointed out one section for the four travelers. Two narrow seats drawn out and joined made but one average-sized bed: the tray which was lowered overhead showed but one similar sized bed: so where were the four to sleep? The agent had sold "berths" instead of "sections," thus giving but one half of the supposed accommodation. Every other sleeping-berth in the Pullman cars was taken, so there was nothing for it but to draw lots who should pass the night in the day-car. The soldier lost, and so dozed and smoked and grizzled all night long on the seats where one can neither lie nor rest.

Everyone has heard the cars described, twice as long as our English carriages, with passage down the middle open throughout the train, and free to "conductors," as the guards are called, and to passengers of every grade in life. But the scene as night comes on is strange.

The passenger calls the Negro porter and tells him to get the bed ready. Clearing the double seats of the books, bags, work, newspapers, and any other litter with which they are strewn, the porter drags the two seats together till they meet. From the locker under each seat he draws pillows and blankets; then reaching up, he turns a handle in the sloping panel overhead and draws down a shelf, forming thus the upper berth. There are stored two mattresses and other bedclothes. Curtains are slipped on to the rods running the length of the carriage, and there are at once two rows of berths completely curtained off the one from the other, and the central passage through the car left clear.

Going to bed is a ticklish business. You disappear behind your curtains and roll into your lower berth or clamber into your upper one; but what then? Coats and waistcoats are easily doffed; but there is only just room to sit, with feet stretched out. The position does not adapt itself to the further operations of the toilet; consequently much agitation of the curtains and many grunts and groans disclose the sufferings of your neighbours. If you are in the upper berth, a smart shock from below shows you that the gentleman on the ground floor has not judged distance correctly with his head. If in the lower berth, the shelf over your head creaks and groans till you expect a sudden fall in dry goods. Meanwhile the carriage rocks and tumbles along, and the Britisher is saying to him-

Rocky Mountains, Summit—Central Pacific Railway



self, "Not much palace about this car—the line's not equal to the Northwestern talk of smooth traveling!"

But the longest night ends at last, and each traveler tries to forestall his neighbour at the washing-basins at the far end of the car. The porter puts away the beds, and the day is begun.

The morning after we left New York was lovely, and we looked with curious eyes to mark the differences and resemblances between home and here. The fields were larger, the farming not so neat, more weeds, less grass; the hedges were absent, their places being taken by snake fences made of zigzag interwoven logs, seven logs in height, and each link in the zigzag about eight feet long.

The wooden houses with shingled roofs gave no idea of solid permanence to an English eye, but suggested rather the "here today, there tomorrow" of a race always stretching forward to new and better lands, and building and farming for themselves and not for their grandchildren.

The nights were lighted with the fireflies dancing round every bush; the sunsets were resplendent with clouds of the deepest red.

Traveling on these lines even so far west as to Omaha is further made easy by the hotel cars attached to each train. Very cheap and excellent meals are served, and the hotel car is joined to the rear of the train from six in the morning till eight at night. The traveling kitchens are wonders of compact and clever stowage, and all the dishes of the season are served, with the pleasant accompaniments of clean tablecloths and bright glass and silver, and active, black-faced, white-jacketed waiters.

We passed Pittsburg, with its coal mines and furnaces, the whole tract resembling the district between Rotherham and Sheffield. The great roundhouse at the station with its many engines, each in its stall waiting its turn for the road, was a striking object—though we little thought how soon it would be in flames, and 101 engines burned into shapeless twisted masses of steel and brass in the labour riots, but a few weeks after our visit.

After passing for many hours through undulating country, with miles and miles of wheat and Indian corn, dotted everywhere with farms, we approached Chicago. The hills and rugged ground were flattened out into wide fertile plains, and we got our first glimpse of Lake Michigan.

Then the train ran along the streets, the great bell on the engine continually clanging to warn passersby off the unfenced railway, and we entered a dingy, smoke-stained terminus.

The passengers and luggage going West were transferred in omnibuses and wagons across the city to the terminus of the Chicago and Northwestern line, and we found our way to a hotel for a much-needed bath and breakfast.

As we crossed the city, we looked in vain for traces of the fire. The new buildings of brick and stone surpassed those of New York in size and costliness. We passed a gap showing a lower level of three or four feet, and were told that the whole city had been rebuilt on this fresh-brought layer of soil, to raise the streets and houses above the level of the lake. The streets were thronged like those of Liverpool; at the bridges in several places the vehicles were formed by the police into lines to prevent blocks; the foot-passengers jostled each other in crowds. A Chicago man in the train had told us, "I guess Chicago is the most money-making city in the United States."

Certainly it needed some attraction of that nature to overcome the drawbacks of position on a perfect flat just on a level with the lake. Two hours there sufficed us, and we were all glad enough to find our places for the next long stage in our journey—Chicago to Omaha.

CROSSING the Mississippi, we entered on vast plains of rich, dark soil, dotted everywhere with white farmhouses, each surrounded with its plantation of rapidly growing cottonwood trees. Wide-stretching fields of wheat, Indian corn, clover, and oats reached as far from the railroad line as we could see; and so across the State of Iowa.

Villages were growing up around every station. In each, the church, the school, the liquor store, the blacksmith's shop, and the store where agricultural machinery of all kinds was exposed for sale, were conspicuous.

Everywhere advertisements of the Buck-eye Reaper and the Champion Plough were displayed, and these disputed every blank wall and fence with a notice of a knife polish. The profits on the sale of this last must be stupendous, to judge by the outlay on this extraordinary bill-posting. Many hundred miles farther on, while passing through the wildest and grandest scenes, this ubiquitous knife polish stared one in the face, and so accompanied us nearly from New York to San Francisco.

Mr. Mechi and Messrs. Moses and Son might learn many a lesson in this art from our American cousins. Here is a sample—"Survival of the fittest. The ingenious doctrine propounded by Mr. Darwin, the tireless investigator of nature and her laws, is as applicable in determining the fate of medicines as in that of the animal species. Only those medicines which are best suited to the people's wants survive the test"—therefore buy Pierce's pills.

Nothing impressed so strongly on us the size of the United States as traveling through seemingly never-ending stretches of every kind of scenery. Gently rolling hills and dales lasted for days; broad, level plains covered with farms lasted for days; and now at last, after passing Omaha, we were to reach the prairie lands.

At Omaha, or rather at Council Bluffs, on the eastern side of the Missouri River, three lines converge, the Chicago and North-Western, the Chicago and Rock Island, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy.

The Missouri is crossed by a bridge about three-quarters of a mile long, stretching high above the muddy brown stream, resting on lofty iron cylinders, with straight wooden and iron spans. As we looked up the river and across it and saw the thriving towns on each side, with factories, distilleries, machine shops in full life and swing, it was hard to realize that thirty years ago the wagons of the pioneers were ferried across the river, while the emigrants rested in their tents to take courage for the dangers and troubles of the plains and mountains still before them.

Here in 1846-47 the Mormon encampment was made on their way to their promised land; and here, according to the Mormon records, Brigham Young enlisted 500 of his followers for service in the United States Army in the Mexican War. From this point the Mormon battalions with their wagons started on their 2,000-mile march, which carried them to San Diego in California, "almost the entire march being over an uninhabited region, and much of the way a trackless, unexplored, and forbidding desert, affording neither water nor grass sufficient for the animals. When the teams failed, the battalion had to carry the extra amount of ammunition and, at the same time, push the heavy wagons through the heavy sand and over the rugged mountains."

At Omaha we reached the line of the Union Pacific Railway. A fresh train was ready to receive us, and all the baggage was rechecked. How the porters did rattle about the trunks! It was pitiful to see here and there a weak one burst open and all the poor treasures of the emigrant exposed to rough usage and loss. The safest packages were the huge, round-topped, iron-bound coffers, called Saratoga trunks. In each corner of the bottom is cunningly hidden a metal roller; the trunk is too heavy for the porter to lift, so drag it he must. The rollers save the corners from the wrenching which looks violent enough to rend any ordinary box into pieces.

The great shed was a scene of the wildest confusion. The baggage-car was drawn up at one door, and down a slide to the floor followed an unending string of every named and unnamed piece of luggage. The number of the label on each was shouted by a porter as it left the car; the number was registered in a book by another man; the passengers, lining a rail across the shed, each claimed his own property, and handed over corresponding labels. Their destination was then demanded, fresh labels issued to them, the luggage was weighed, and excess paid for, and the passengers were free to take their seats in the cars which were to carry them to Ogden Junction. Excess luggage is a serious matter. From our party of four, $43 was demanded and paid.

IN A small office in the station at Omaha an agent was placed for the sale of the railway company's lands in the State of Nebraska. It was furnished with samples of all kinds of grain and hay grown in the State, with a label on each, stating by whom it was grown, when planted, and when harvested. We counted upwards of 320 grains of Indian corn on one cob. Other samples were as prolific. The handbooks for emigrants were got up in first-rate style, with numerous pictures. To be led by them would be to believe that Nebraska was the most fertile, prosperous, and enjoyable State in the Union. The severity of its winters, the violence of the winds sweeping its vast plains, were passed by in silence.

Soon after leaving Omaha the farms cease, houses are left behind, and the line, gradually rising from the 966 feet above sea level at Omaha, by slow stages mounts to 8,242 at Sherman Station, the highest point on the route. We ran by the side of the Platte River for upwards of 340 miles, parallel most of the way with the great Overland trail, the route of the early emigrants to California as well as that of the Mormons to Salt Lake. It is a well-worn, dusty track, even yet used by occasional wagontrains.

White-tilted, narrow wagons on high wheels were, even as we looked, being dragged sluggishly by fourteen or sixteen oxen each, and alongside his slow pacing team the leader of the expedition trudged with his long whip, dust everywhere rising in clouds.

One old lady afterwards told us it had taken her, with her husband and children, about eight months, to get from Missouri to California, the average day's journey being six to eight miles, and rests being often needed for several days, in grassy spots, to recruit the oxen. They traveled in company for protection from the Indians, but often had to go to bed hungry, the provisions running short. In those days, the buffalo ranged these prairies in bands of many thousands each. Nowadays the few survivors have moved hundreds of miles away from the railway, with its clanging bell and howling whistle.

The most striking feature of this prairie-traveling was the absence of all boundaries. Neither hedge, nor fence, nor road, nor line of trees was in sight, and the vast grass-covered undulations stretched away till the nearer features became quite indistinguishable in the limitless distance.

But the land had a wild beauty of its own. The grey of the long sunburned grass was soft indeed; the gentle undulations of the plains led the eye away till the near grey faded into the distant blue, while here and there a band of antelopes stood boldly out against the sky.

They seemed too tame for their own comfort. Often they were within range of the train, and there was a perfect fusillade from the rifles and revolvers with which a good many of the passengers were armed.

A traveling New York company of actors especially distinguished themselves. All day long their firearms were popping at objects, live or dead; if antelopes, prairie dogs, and jackass rabbits did not show themselves, any conspicuous stone or rock within reach served to draw their fire. They were deaf to the remonstrances of their more peaceable and soberminded fellow-travelers. Not that any of the living marks were any the worse—for invariably they bounded off or turned somersaults into their holes, unhurt.

Occasionally the whistle sounded loudly and vehemently, to frighten, from the unfenced railroad track, a herd of half-wild cattle. Thousands of them pass the summer months on these prairie lands, being driven eastward in slow stages until the limits of cultivation are reached, when they are packed tightly into railroad cars to finish their journey to the Eastern States.

Here and there, in a hollow of the prairie, were one or two wagons, with picketed horses round, and often some unbroken colts and fillies. The campfire was the centre, round which four or five picturesque figures were grouped. These men start in the early spring from the far western plains with a great band of cattle or horses, and finish their journey only in the autumn months.

ALWAYS rising, we passed the border of Nebraska and entered Wyoming. The train stopped at Cheyenne, a town of 6,000 inhabitants planted there 6,000 feet up on the Rocky Mountains slope, with no trees to shade it, no hedges to break the rush of the wind.

Soon after crossing Dale Creek Bridge, 650 feet long and 126 high, we came to the coal-bearing district appropriately called Carbon. From these mines the Union Pacific locomotives are supplied. There is a little town of huts half-sunk in the ground, in which the miners live. The piles of coal stored there indicated a large output.

The first snow fences and snow sheds are now seen. The former, running at an angle from the line for several hundred yards, stop the drifting of the snow; the latter are wooden tunnels made of sturdy beams and trunks of fir-trees, each snow shed being watched by a man whose business it is to pass through after each train and guard against fires. It is a lonely life, often miles from his station and house, with no excitement save the six trains which generally pass in each twenty-four hours: the Western Pacific express, the Atlantic Eastern express, two emigrant trains, and two freight or luggage trains.

For many miles the level of the rails was being, or had been, raised from three to eight and ten feet, and this work was carried on without stopping the traffic. Huge ploughs drive deep furrows into the soil on either side of the road, and loosen it. Then great scrapers follow, and the earth is piled onto the line. Then the ties are raised, with the metals attached, and the work on that spot is done. This is found to be the best protection against winter snowdrifts.

After passing the boundary of Utah, the scenery gradually changed. The land became more undulating; the grey, withered grass of the prairie was sprinkled and broken with rocks.

After a barren stretch, we reached the limits of the Mormon cultivation. Small farmhouses reappeared, some brick built; each surrounded with its plantation of trees, its garden and orchard. Rills of running water were led everywhere through the fields, carrying fertility with them. Fruit trees appeared, and luxuriant fields of lucerne and clover. At the stopping places children brought jugs of cider to sell to thirsty passengers.

Many of the houses bore the Mormon sign, an open eye, surrounded by rays, with their motto, "Holiness to the Lord." Soon we reached the junction with the Salt Lake City line, and changed into the cars of the Central Pacific road. Turning north, the line skirts the Great Salt Lake.

As night drew on, we left cultivation behind, and were again threading our way among a maze of rocks and low mountains, the line seeking the smoothest passage through.

The next day was the dreariest and hottest of the trip. We had passed into Nevada. The stations were sometimes piled with stacks of silver ingots and the platforms were thronged with miners, some in the workaday costume of dingy, earth-and-water-stained trousers tucked into unblacked knee-high boots, with flannel shirts of every hue; others in the Sunday garb of black cloth pantaloons, fine white linen embroidered shirts, with diamond pins and rings.

One tall fellow in the height of fashion, with a silver bracelet round one arm between shoulder and elbow, and carrying the other arm in a sling, entered our smoking carriage and told us how three days before, a mass of earth had fallen on him in a mine. He believed it had dislocated his left shoulder, and he was going down to San Francisco to get a surgeon's help.

We followed down the course of the Humboldt River. It wound along with a slowly flowing stream, its banks lined with alders and cottonwood, taking in affluents here and there, and growing wider and stronger till it spread out into a marshy plain—and then appeared no more. It sank away into the sand. We lost sight at once of water and greenness, and the sage plains, white alkali-covered stretches dotted over with the grey sage bush, were the only prospect.

A white impalpable dust filled the air and entered the carriages, even through the carefully closed double windows and shut doors. It settled on everything, our faces included. Wherever it lay on the skin, it made it hard, tense, and sore. If washing was tried the skin cracked, eyes got bloodshot and hot. We passed some hours of misery, the sun streaming down with no breath of wind to moderate its power.

The only living thing visible in these wastes was an occasional jackass rabbit lazily loping among the bushes, and one or two large hawks circling high overhead. Here and there, before we lost sight of the Humboldt River, we saw an Indian camp, and at every station some of the miserable squaws and children came to the train to beg. Their lords and masters, in the cast-off clothes of white men, with a gaudy blanket draped around the shoulders of each one, squatted under the shadow of the station fence, or lounged along the platform.

Their miserable shanties were not worth the name of huts: a few bushes stuck in the ground, with one or two longer sticks supporting an old ragged blanket or cloak. Here and there a raw-boned pony was tethered, standing with drooping head and tail, the image of laziness and despair. The dirty, haggard, unkempt squaws had no English words to beg with, and mutely held up their hands, sometimes with a battered meat-tin or broken pot, for the fragments of bread and meat and half-eaten fruit which were thrown to them from the windows of the train.

These people are the survivors of tribes which disputed, with hundreds of braves, the incoming of the white men; and several of the stations bear names recording battles and skirmishes in which many an emigrant and many a soldier, too, fell.

The alder-bushes often covered many acres by the riverside with a thick shrubbery. One of these thickets was the scene of an adventure described to us by the chief actor in it.

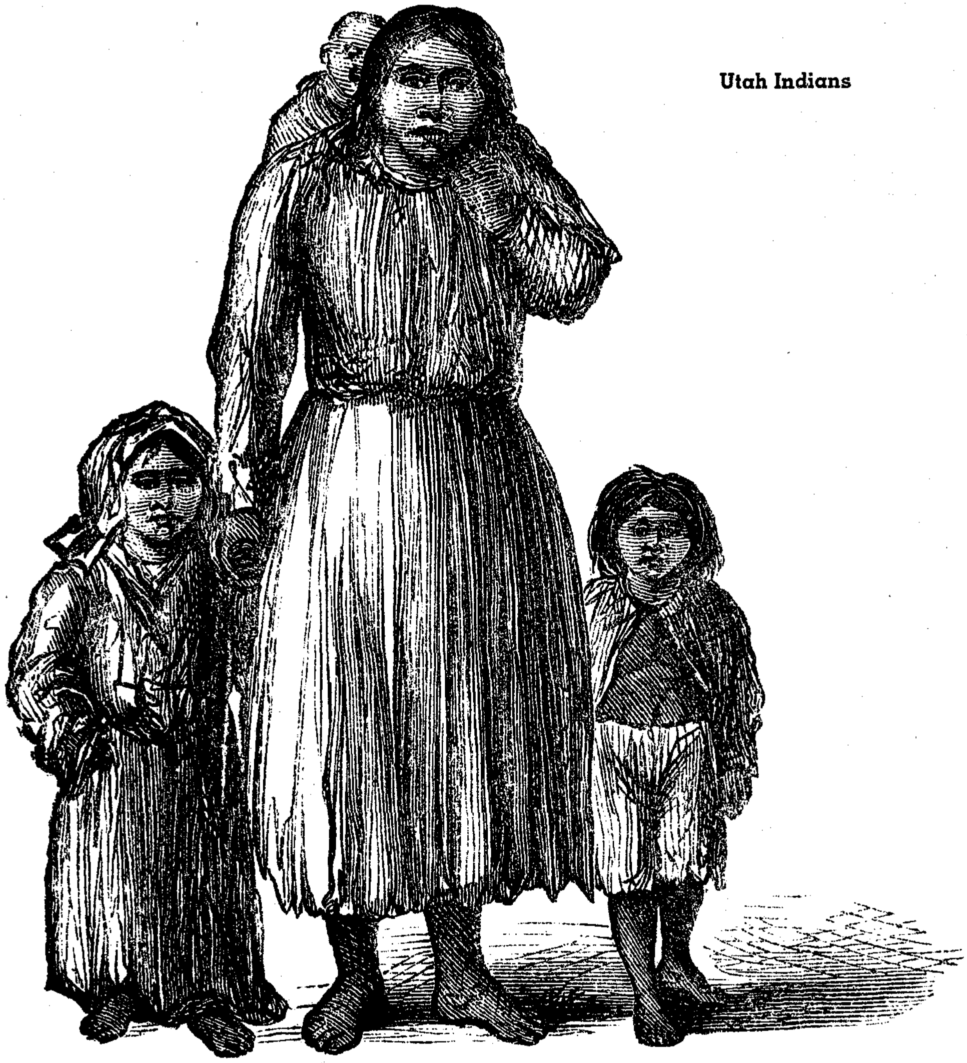
SOME FEW YEARS ago, at the height of the Indian wars, our friend had to travel alone on horseback from one of the United States forts to another with dollars he was collecting as the price of the corn and other provisions with which he supplied the troops.

Night closed in after a seventy-miles' ride, and he dismounted, picketed his horse to feed, and ate his frugal supper of biscuit and bacon. He did not dare light a fire, lest it would betray him to Indian enemies. Then leading his horse into the heart of the shrubbery, he tethered him there and lay down for a few hours' rest, his head on his saddle, and wrapped in his blankets.

He had not slept long when he was awakened by voices. He lay and listened, recognizing Indian talk. Softy unrolling himself from his blanket, he held his rifle and revolver ready, and soon saw the light of a fire but a few yards off.

Creeping softly nearer, he made out three Indians crouching, after their fashion, round a few burning sticks. The Indians dispise the huge campfires of white men. They say, "Make small fire, can get close to it; big fire keep you away, no good."

The Indians had, like himself, no thought but of hiding in the thicket to sup and sleep. He heard their horses nearby cropping the branches, and dreaded the moment when his own horse would discover other horses near and



Utah Indians

neigh for company.

He dared not wait till the Indians had finished their supper and lain down to sleep; so he crawled back to his own horse—fortunately, his friend—expecting every moment that some unlucky movement would make noise enough to rouse the attention of his most unwelcome neighbors.

But fortune smiled on him; he found his horse calmly waiting his return. Quietly he saddled him, and cut the rope he dared not attempt to draw in and coil. Jumping on his back, he charged through and over the Indians at their fire, which lay directly in his road to the open ground. Startled by the unlooked-for rush, they scattered deep into the bushes, not knowing how many foes they had to reckon with; and in a second he was galloping far out in the clear, dark night, over the open prairie, thankful indeed for escape, and fearing no pursuit.

Soon we crossed the Washoe range of hills, and neared the boundary of California. The railroad line began to climb the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. The grey sage-bush plains disappeared, and the pine trees of the Sierra took their place. The air grew clear and bright, and we all breathed freely once again.

A fellow-traveler of ours told us how, three years ago, he was snowed up for three weeks in February at one of these stations. Knowing that such an event was possible, he and his friends had provisioned their sleeping-car wth preserved meats and soups, huge tins of crackers, jams and marmalade, and plenty of champagne.

The train, with six engines, had crept slowly up toward the summit, charging successfully through several drifts; but the snow lay deeper and deeper as they mounted.

They stopped for water at a little town, with one small inn, two saloons, and two stores. They started, but soon came to a standstill, the engines buried deep in the drift; the train backed, and again and again they charged the wall of snow, but only got so far in as not to be able to back out again, and there they stuck.

The next day they tried again to get through, but were defeated. The snow continued to fall, and they were forced to give up all idea of getting forward till an army of diggers could be sent to clear the way. Backwards was equally impossible, as they were cut off from help by many miles of snow, ever growing deeper.

After two days, the provisions in the other cars began to fail. The passengers, many of them miners on their way to San Francisco for a spree, began to grumble at the plenty reigning in the Pullman car, but laid seige to the inn and the saloons in the station-town, and were quieted. The cold at night was intense, and the fuel in the train began to fail.

There were three ladies in the Pullman car—one old and two young—so the gentlemen persuaded them to move their quarters to the inn; and, after a struggle through 400 yards of snow, they succeeded in reaching their port of refuge. They found the inn full of miners and rough customers from the other part of the train, who were willing to receive the ladies and give them shelter, but hesitated to admit their male companions. High words followed, and the presence of the ladies alone kept the peace.

The next day they thought it prudent to get back to the Pullman. Loading themselves with as many billets of wood as they could carry, they made their painful way back to the train, settled in the snow. Soon the mob from the inn followed, and tried to force an entrance into the car. The ladies shrank into a corner, while the gentlemen held the doors and windows against all comers. So followed a free fight, ending in the assailants being beaten off. This was renewed once and again. In the end a treaty of peace was made—the provisions in the Pullman car were shared among the passengers, regardless of original rights, and harmony reigned.

In the evening all parties adjourned again to the inn; songs were sung, stories told, punch brewed, and the ladies bivouacked by the inn-parlor fire. This life lasted for three whole weeks, and the last of the preserved meats and biscuits were being eaten when the rescuing army of Chinamen cut their way to the snowed-in train.

Twenty miles of snow-sheds now secure the winter traffic from this kind of interruption but we heard how last winter eleven engines to one train of cars were employed to force a passage.

EVER SINCE we entered at Ogden on the Central Pacific line, the laborers on the line were Chinese. Every few miles we passed a group of five or six celestials, straw-hatted, blue-clothed, and long-tailed—their faces burned from the natural olive to a healthy brown—holding shovels with handles six feet long.

Here and there a barracks-looking house stood by the roadside where they lodged, with numbers of them off duty hanging about the doors, smoking their pipes and chatting—looking too many for the house to hold. The sight of the lodging-houses in China Town in San Francisco, though, explained matters and showed us how ten Chinamen can herd together in a space where three Europeans would be stifled.

And at the stopping places for meals we were waited on by China boys. In short white linen frocks, their long hair tightly wound round their heads, they flew here, there, and everywhere round the room. Intent on their own duty, they took not the slightest notice of the various commands and entreaties of individual passengers till all were served. Then John condescended to bring a glass of water or of milk, and even to secure for a very polite passenger a second helping of peach or apricot pie.

The absence of wine, beer, or spirits at all meals was very noticeable to the English passenger. Tea and coffee were served invariably at breakfast, dinner, and supper. If drinks were wanted, the saloons were open, and naturally a good many adjourned there at odd times; but iced water was the prevailing beverage.

We climbed the Sierra Nevada proper in the night. We were roused soon after two to catch a glimpse of Lake Donner, lying almost hidden among the mountains, the moon shining brightly on its still waters.

As day dawned we were quite among the mountains—like no others we had seen before—in their steep, pine-covered sides, light-grey color and serrated, broken tops. We were now in the heart of the mining district.

The characters and scenes of Bret Harte's California sketches passed before us. Truckee, Red Dog, Bloomer Cut, You Bet, Cisco, Gold Run, Dutch Flat, Poker Gully, lay in turn in the sunshine. Flumes ran by the line for miles; the country was turned up, seamed, scarred, stripped, broken; hillsides washed down into the valleys; valleys choked with spoil and refuse, holding here and there a hut, with no approach save over heaps of water-worn gravel.

At each station Tennessee and his partner, Henry York, Sandy McPherson, Colonel Starbottle, and the rest, were diligently employed in doing nothing. We had seen some feeble attempts at laziness before: the emigrants on the steamer deck; the Irish in the low streets of New York. The Indians in Utah were lazy but for the height, the very perfection, of this art of doing nothing, show us a saloon in a mining district in the afternoon, with a deep verandah running along the front, next a dusty road; a bright bare sunny sky overhead, no wind; five or six chairs each tilted on its two hind legs, with a sallow, pointed-bearded, felt-hatted, shirt-sleeved, black-trousered, long-legged individual in each; two out of five smoking, and three out of five chawing; three out of five hands deep in trousers-pockets; two out of five gently whittling away at splinters of wood with long sharp knives.

Go and stand by and smoke, and try to be lazy yourself. It is not bad. Never speak. If you are asked a question in the course of a quarter of an hour, don't answer, only grunt—unless a man on a tilted chair says slowly, "What'll you drink, Mister?" Then say, equally slowly, "Guess a cocktail 'll do me, you bet." But don't refuse. Each lanky idler has got a pistol in his trousers-pocket, loaded, and they do go off so easily.

CALIFORNIA is a land of fruit. The most unlikely-looking folk came to the train to sell as the day wore on—old mulattoes, young and sprightly boys (whose idea of a joke was for each to run off with his neighbor's choicest peach, just as he believed he had secured a buyer); old worn-out miners; but no women old or young.

Peaches, figs, strawberries, plums, grapes, cherries, were in profusion at each station. For one "bit" say fivepence, a basket of cherries or strawberries, holding more than one person could eat, was offered.

Then we reached Cape Horn. The mountains were tumbled and tossed in the wildest confusion. The line wound backward and forward, always climbing up. We passed the boldest trestle bridge we had yet seen. Spanning a deep gully, it was built up of tiers of wooden beams interlaced and tied together, so high that it was guyed by wire ropes anchored into the hillsides to take off the strain of the wind in times of storm.

The engine slackened to four miles an hour and we passed gently across, the wood creaking and groaning as the weight was felt. The cattle feeding below looked the size of sheep, and the man driving them a pigmy. And then clinging to the mountainside along a narrow ridge we passed to the highest point. Rounding a bluff, the train stopped, the passengers got out, and we gazed almost fearfully down 2,000 feet into the valley, which we all but overhung. At the bottom the American River, which is a considerable stream, looked but a thread the tall pines but tiny plants.

The Chinese who built this road were hung in ropes from above, each with his pickaxe, till he could hew a footing for himself, and then by slow degrees the shelf on which the track is laid was cut from the rock.

Running rapidly down the mountains, we reached Sacramento, the capital of the state, a city of 40,000 people. The capitol, a lofty, domed building, in the Italian style, stood conspicuous, shining in white marble, stone, and stucco. The streets were lined with stores, having continuous verandahs, most necessary in the broiling sun.

Then broad cornfields, studded with fine oak trees, stretched for many miles. The wheat had been harvested; it was being threshed out in the fields; steam-threshing machines were everywhere at work, and by each was the pile of bags of wheat, and a huge heap of straw shortly to be burned. Large bands of horses in the fields, from which the corn had been cleared, standing under the shade of the oak trees, showed why so many trees were left.

The ground was scored here and there by the burrows and runs of the grey ground-squirrels, or gophers, which were running merrily about; and plenty of jackass rabbits (of the size of hares, and with even longer ears) gave promise of sport for the greyhounds which are now common in the State.

As the evening drew on, and we got near our journey's end, friends of the passengers joined the train at each station, and many pleasant family greetings were seen. Acquaintances of the journey introduced each other to their relatives, and we English passengers were not left out. Californian hospitality showed itself at once, and invitations were plentifully given.

Then we moved slowly through the town of Oakland, the engine bell warning trespassers off the line, and the train ran out on the long timber staging jutting far out into the bay.

The sea breeze came in fresh and cool. We entered the great ferryboat waiting at the end of the jetty, in which boat all the train passengers were taken in, with room for plenty more. We moved rapidly away towards San Francisco, lying on the opposite hills, with the sights and sounds of a great city ever growing nearer.

The ferryboat passed neatly into its berth among the shipping, and we landed among a crowd of gesticulating, yelling hotel touters and porters, each with the name of his hotel shown in gilt letters on his cap. We found the Lick-house family coach in waiting, and were jolted over the roughest of paving to the hotel, glad enough to be at rest after 3,000 miles of sea and 3,000 miles of land safely passed in eighteen days.

AS YOU pass along the streets of San Francisco, the passersby look brisk, eager, active-minded, and alert, often worn with worry and excitement but giving no evidence of rumination or rest.

How proud the inhabitants are of their city! Everywhere buildings of granite and stone are displacing the original wooden houses, and these last, if in good condition, are not pulled down, but moved off bodily into the suburbs. As you pass along the wide streets, the look ahead is blocked by a house in the middle of the road. Going near, you find a wooden house set on rollers, being wound up by a horse moving round a capstan to an anchor fixed into the road. After a journey of fifty yards, the anchor is moved another stage forward, and the house slowly but steadily follows. Meanwhile passing carriages have to get by as best they can. No one objects to the annoyance, for what his neighbor is doing today, may be his turn to undertake tomorrow.

As soon as the English visitor has delivered his letter of introduction, and often on the strength of an acquaintanceship formed on the journey there, the San Franciscan invites his friend for a drive to the Cliff House to breakfast.

Rising at six the next morning, you find at the hotel door a light buggy (with wheels looking fragile and slender as if a bicycle, and not a carriage, had been in the builder's mind) with a pair of spirited blood horses.

Mounting beside the driver, you pass slowly at first over the uneven streets till you reach the outskirts, and pass palace after palace of a style of building peculiar to the place.

Marble steps outside lead up to a porch laid with tiles, forming the entrance to a lofty house, always white and covered with carved-work framing in each door and window. Plate glass in every window, but all the house of wood. The rooms are large, light, commodious, well furnished. Each is surrounded with a little garden full of bright flowering shrubs and flowers; but its chief glory is a terrace or slope of the greenest turf, shaven close and constantly watered.

Then you reach the Park. Here is art triumphing over nature. Outside its limits are hills of loose drifting sand, on which no green thing grows. Within its boundaries soil has been painfully carted in, then planted with lupine, which is the only plant, for the first year or two, that can struggle against the clouds of sand brought up by every wind.

The hollows were filled with water, and lakes thus formed. Roads, gravel laid and rolled, and well watered, are tempting to charioteers whose passion is fast driving. Constant notice-boards are needed, by which speed in the Park is limited to ten miles an hour. Outside and beyond the Park similar level stretches, with no limit as to pace, lead between the sand hills.

And so past the great cemetery, called Lone Mountain, to the beach, and our drive ends by half a mile over the hard, smooth sand, with the breakers of the Pacific rolling in on our left, and before us the picturesque and rugged rocks forming the southern doorpost of the Golden Gate.

The Cliff House is built on a rocky ledge, with its verandah looking straight out to sea, and there, while the oysters and tenderloin steak are being made ready, we get acquainted with the sea-lions.

One large and two smaller rocks are their home, the larger dotted over with the unwieldy brown beasts, basking in the sun. They climb painfully to the highest points, and seem to play "I'm king of the castle" continually, though none of average size care to try conclusions with one huge overbearing brute with a scarred chest, commonly known as Brute Butler.

What a happy life! Protected by law, custom, and public opinion from any cruel, thoughtless shot; well-fed, well-lodged, and with daily changing spectators to minister to their vanity, John Chinaman must envy them. As our host observed, "It would be far safer for a rough to kill a Chinaman than one of them; for, if one were shot at and hurt, the rascal's life would not be worth an hour's purchase."

After a good "square" meal, earned by early rising, and done full justice to by appetites sharpened by the crisp, bright sea-breeze, we turn the horses' heads towards the city, some five miles off.

By this time it is nearly ten o'clock,

and we soon, at a sober pace, enter the city again, before the wind rises, as it soon will do, to make the road a purgatory of dust.

OUR PARTY scattered, each to his own pursuits. The naturalist went off to see a collection of Pacific coast minerals, and to hear full details of the Lick University trust.

If money and judgment and determination will do it, the trustees will succeed in getting together a staff of professors to do honor to the intentions of the founder, who set aside the fortune earned by a long life of industry, to provide the means of the highest education for the youth of the State to which he owed his own success.

Nothing is more striking than the determination of these recently-settled States to plan and foster the colleges and universities which seem as necessary a part of their public life as the capitol and the courthouse. Land is freely set aside to provide the funds. Teachers are plentiful. Students of both sexes flock in; and so in stores, on farms, in sawmills and factories, on river steamboats and on stages, you find roughly-dressed, plain-looking youngsters, who cut their mother tongue to tatters in their common talk, but whose knowledge is not contemptible of mathematics, history, mechanics, chemistry, geography, and who would be generally competent to take a fair place in the modern school at Harrow, Winchester, or Marlborough.

The lawyer found his way to the courthouse, where the circuit court of the Supreme Court of the United States was holding special sittings, to try a mining case from Nevada where two great companies were claiming the same vein of silver ore.

Three judges were on the bench in a lofty but not large court, distinguishable merely by their place of honor, but not by wig and gown. Below them sat the registrar and clerks, and then came the table on which the attorneys engaged in the case had placed their briefs and books; then the body of the court, filled indiscriminately with attorneys, witnesses, and the public. The proceedings were dignified and decorous, and there were no distinctions between Queen's Counsels in silk and the outer bar in stuff, and the solicitors in the pugatorial well below, and no crier and usher with his "Silence, silence!" when the murmur of voices gets too loud.

The walls of the court were hung with great maps and sections of the ground in dispute, and the case was further illustrated by a large glass model, showing through its transparent sides transverse sections of each distance of fifty feet on the lode in dispute, painted on the glass slips filling the case.

The case was fully argued, and so far as an entirely unprejudiced and disinterested witness could judge, neither litigant could have cause to question the industry and ability of the attorneys who argued, of the witnesses who supported and assailed the respective views of the attack and defense, or the care and independence of the judges, who seemed to let no point slip.

There was one moment in the hearing strange to an English eye, when, to elucidate some point, judges, witnesses, and attorneys, having left their chairs, were grouped round the map on which a scientific witness was laboriously pointing out the spot to which his evidence related.

In another court in the same building a State judge was dealing out justice on the previous day's offenders against the public peace, and the fairness with which a Chinese thief's defense was heard there contrasted bitterly with the scanty justice honest Chinamen received from their neighbors in the streets and lanes of the city.

Montgomery Street is as crowded as Cheapside in the middle of the day. The mining-brokers and their clients stand thick as bees on the pavement and a hum as loud as from a hive at swarming-time rises as you pass by.

The edges of the roads are lined with the one-horse buggies of the merchants and business men of all sorts from streets even but a few hundred yards off; and the horses stand half on, half off the sidewalks, each with a leathern halter tied to a four-pound weight, taking no interest in the bargaining which fills the air, but patiently waiting till it pleases his lord and master to finish his business, his luncheon, and his drinks, and mount again.

Close by are several free luncheon-rooms in the basements of buildings generally full of offices above. These large rooms are expensively fitted with polished woods, silver fittings, and marble counters. You enter and pay twelve and a half or twenty-five cents, according to the notice posted up; then the world of drinks is before you, and anyone you ask is at your service.

Your payment also entitles you to the free run of the counter at the far end of the room, on which stand steaming dishes of soup, clam chowder, chicken gumbo, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, suckling pig and applesauce and all the other dishes of the season. White-jacketed waiters press you to eat, and it is a marvel how you get so much for giving so little. But it pays, as witness the fortunes of the proprietors.

THE POST-OFFICE arrangements differ from ours. Most of the business people have little lockers at the office open to the inside to receive the letters as they arrive, but closed on the side next the public passage by a door with a tiny latchkey. The letters are fetched at any moment in the twenty-four hours.

The post office and the customhouse both stand on ground reclaimed from the bay by cutting down of the rocky hills behind. Twenty-five years ago, ships discharged their infrequent cargoes on this very spot, and there was twenty feet of water where now streets run and public offices have been built. In 1850, tents and shanties constituted the city, and the only solid buildings were the old Spanish mud-built Dolores Church and its surrounding mission, so one can realize the change.

One of our friends made his fortune as a watchmaker in those early years. He and one other were the only men who could replace a broken watchglass and his stock was not large. If a burly miner came in with gold dust to have his glass refitted, often our friend was not able in his scanty store to find the right one. His dodge was to say, "Just wait while I go into my shop and grind this smaller"; and out he ran to his neighbor's shop by a back way to see if he could find the right one there. Then returning, he charged three or four dollars for what now is worth but a few cents, and readily the price was paid.

Every Sunday in those good old times cock fights took place close by the old church, and the churchyard was handy to receive the weekly victims of the rows which regularly broke out. These were the days of the Vigilance Committee, which alone restrained the passions of utterly lawless men; an organization which was happily renewed in this very summer to redeem the city from the power of the mob.

Even yet men go armed about their daily work. As we passed down from the hotel along the street, a crowd was gathered round a chemist's shop. Inside a man was breathing his last, shot "on sight" by a man with whom some trivial quarrel had arisen from a hasty push on leaving the lift by which both men had descended from their bedrooms to breakfast. Public opinion was against the murderer, and he only escaped by suicide the doom for which he was surely destined. So the times are past, never to return, when "a man for breakfast" was the regular item in the daily papers.

The Chinese quarter in San Francisco is the sight of the city. Having arranged, by the courtesy of the chief of police, for the services of a detective whose beat was in this quarter, we left the hotel about eight in the evening. In ten minutes we had reached Dubois Street, and were in the other hemisphere. No other white men but our three selves were in sight; the crowd, jostling, laughing, pushing, was of yellow-faced, pig-tailed, blue-coated men.

The shops had Chinese signs; exposed for sale only Chinese goods; and workshops in the basements were crowded with Chinese workmen, each at his bench. The restaurants sold tea; hawkers of strange vegetables and unwholesome-looking meat passed and repassed; here and there a Chinese woman with baggy black trousers, curiously braided hair, and jade bracelets on each arm, carrying a broad-faced, narrow-eyed baby, made her way through the crowd, and the air was heavy with novel scents, none of them pleasant to our nostrils.

We went down the steps from the street into one of the basement workshops. Six or seven jewelers were at work. Each had his dirty black tray before him, and with long, slender, dirt-grimed fingers and delicate tools, was nipping off morsels of gold wire and beating and twisting and joining them into filigree work, which contrasted strangely in its brightness with the dingy, crowded room, coarse black benches and greasy lamps and dirty workmen.

The next was a shoemaker's, equally crowded, where the pointed, wooden-soled, straw-lined shoes were being made. Then we went into a druggist's shop and asked to be served with opium. The salesman refused, deterred by the recognition of the police badge of our companion, it being against the regulations of the city for Chinese to sell opium to white men. But trade was to be done and money made; so outside the shop a smiling youngster said, "You give me dollar, I buy opium, you give me one bit." And so the law can be evaded successfully as ever, where both parties to the bargain desire to do so.

Then we went into the Chinese theatre. A good-sized place, with no money wasted on the wooden benches, uncoloured walls, flaring gas-burners, and bare, boarded stage. It was crammed with a very appreciative audience of men, and in a side gallery sat, equally intent on the performance, some six or eight lady members of the families of the better-off merchants and shopkeepers.

Most of the men wore their hats, and leaned eagerly forward, elbows on the back of the bench in front. At every point made by the actors a round of laughter, different in tone from an English or American laugh, ran through the theatre.

At the back of the stage sat, in a semicircle, the orchestra. There were six musicians: in the centre, on a high stool, was the leader, a violinist, dressed in blue silk, with long, hanging sleeves lined with dirty white silk. He carried a blue silk handkerchief up one sleeve, and at every pause he drew it out, flourished it gracefully, and wiped his steaming brows, all with an air that Joachim or Vieuxtempts might envy. He played on a long-necked, small bodied, two-stringed instrument, with a bow which worked between the two strings. When a change in the key was wanted, he changed violins with the greatest agility, picking out the one he wanted from a row of five or six arranged on a shelf behind his head.

On his right was a drummer, playing a very small and high-toned drum, and next to him was a man having what appeared to be a larger fiddle, which was not changed. On the left of the leader was a banjo player, whose accompaniment was constantly going. Next was a player on cymbals; and, in a recess in the wall behind the violinist, was a fiend with several gongs, which accentuated all the stops in the music and filled the theatre with a most hideous din.

WE HAVE HEARD that a Chinese play lasted for months, and followed the *dramatis personae* from cradle to burial; if so, we chanced on a very exciting, melodramatic period in the lives of the hero and heroine. Two lovers were kept from happiness by a wicked mandarin, who employed a bravo with a sword to kill the gentleman. But the lady's sister was a member of the mandarin's household, and proceeded to poison him by putting arsenic in his tea. The mandarin died peaceably in his chair while his bravos were dragging the gentleman lover into his presence to slay him. Then followed a fight between the lover and the ruffians, in which virtue triumphed and wickedness fell reeling on the round. The lovers escaped in a boat with the heroine's sister, who had poisoned the mandarin, and with the help of two honest boatmen.

The wicked mandarin was then carried to his burial, and we could stand the noise and heat and smell no longer, and left the further history of the lovers to be imagined, not seen.

The actors were all men; their voices pitched in a high falsetto recitative, with a sing-song at the end of a sentence which reminded one strongly of a feeble attempt at intoning in church at home. The actors playing female parts had to set their voices still higher, and at the least excitement they fairly screamed. The acting was full of conventionalities, as was the scene setting, and also the properties.

If a blow were necessary, it was aimed, but stopped short; the fight with swords was regular one, two, three-work; the boat was indicated by a small piece of carpet on the stage, onto which the escaping lovers leaped, and two long sticks served the boatmen for oars.

Death was shown by a white silk banner brought on by two stage assistants, and held in front of the dead man, and burial was set forth by the deceased walking boldly off the stage, followed by the white banner and its bearers. Two or three old chairs and a table, a tea-kettle, and a rusty sword or two formed the scenes and properties.

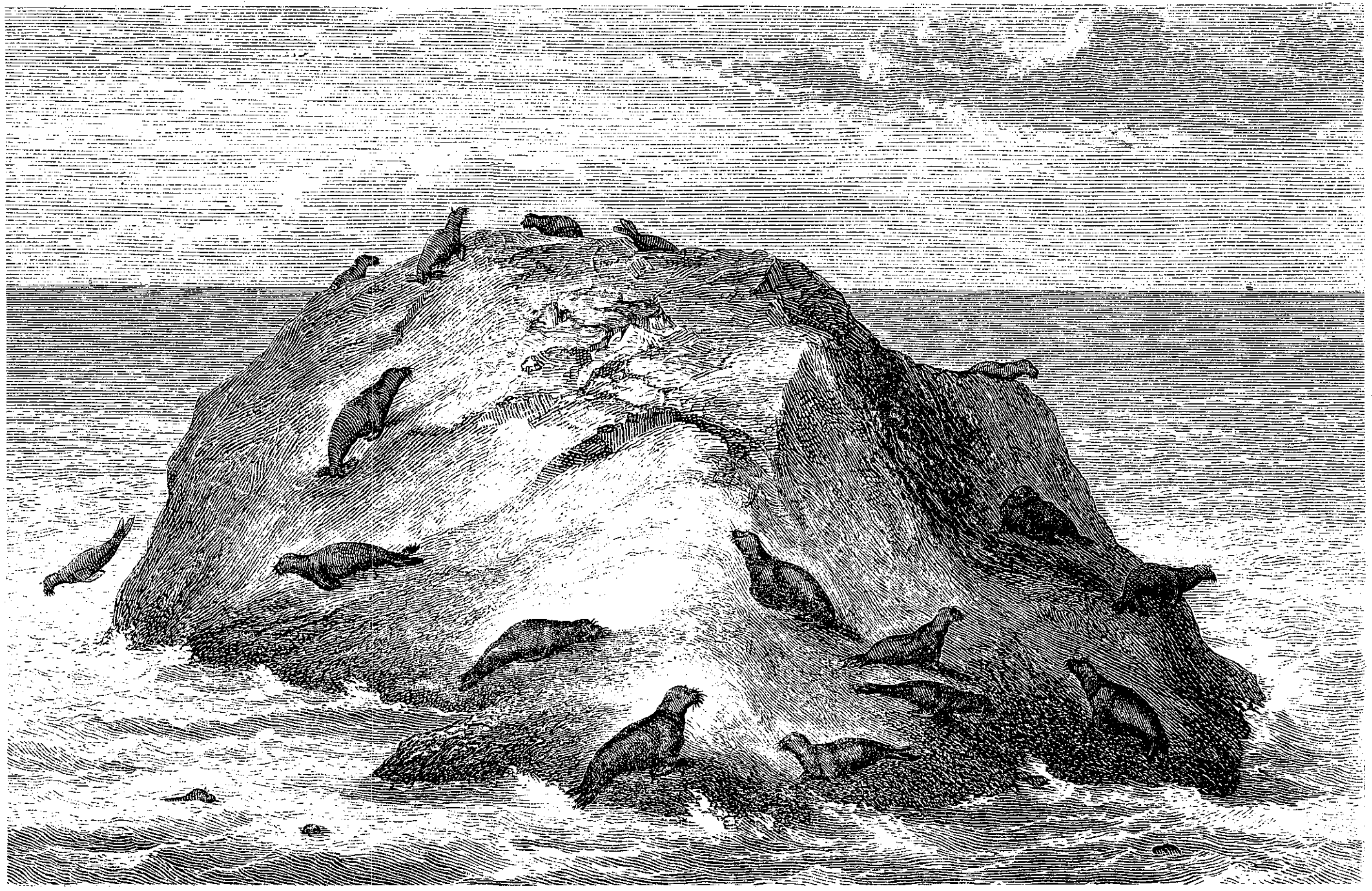
As we followed what was to us, of course, the dumbshow of the performance, it was interesting to be made to feel that we were looking, not at the elementary efforts of a half-savage nation, but at the fully-developed, traditional results of play-acting having a history of centuries.

After the theatre we looked in at one or two restaurants but they were full and steamy. At each small table were two or three Chinamen, each with a saucerful of shellfish soup and a bowl of rice in common. At last we found a place of a superior sort, where a green verandah on the first floor, hung with paper lanterns, looked clean and tempting. Downstairs was the usual crowd, but upstairs the room looking on to the verandah was empty except for two opium-smokers at one end, reclining on a raised bench.

An English-speaking waiter was found, who was smoking mild, sweet tobacco in a heavy brass-mounted pipe. We ordered tea and sweetmeats; he found us stools, which he set round a table, and brought a delicate china teapot and cup for each person. Then he put a good large spoonful of tea into each little teapot, and a lad brought a great brass kettle of boiling water, from which each teapot was filled. Cakes of various colors, made of some sweet-tasting stuff like macaroons, then came on a tray. We were left to nibble and sip.

All this while, the opium smokers at the end of the room never turned an eye on us—absorbed, body and soul, in molding the little pea of opium between finger and thumb, then replacing it on

Seal Rock near San Francisco



the pipe. Then, lighting the pipe at the little charcoal stove between them, they took just three whiffs, deliberate and happy, and the pipe was out, and all was to do over again.

They were people above the lowest class; but, after our tea was done, we saw opium-smoking in full blast. Hovel after hovel we entered, in one dark alley after another, to find each filled with the peculiar sickly smell of the smoke. They were crowded from floor to ceiling, on broad shelves ranged round and across like berths on shipboard, with languid wretches—never speaking, only moving to replenish their pipes and relight them. Other miserable huts were filled with lodgers, all alike crowded—some cooking, some eating, all tea-making; some card-playing, some tobacco-smoking, all talking and laughing together.

Nearly all were men. One or two alleys contained Chinese women of the lowest class, who have lately been brought over in considerable numbers. Then we stumbled up a dark entry, and up two flights of ruinous wooden steps, past three or four crowded lodging houses, to the Joss House, or temple. But it was closed, and the priest in charge had gone out visiting. We had to content ourselves with seeing the outside of the tumbledown buildings, the door-posts covered with red characters, lighted by a swinging paper lantern or two.

UP THAT COURT was the only place in all Chinatown where we received anything but perfect civility. There the inhabitants were evidently of the roughest order, and seemed disinclined to move to let us pass either in or out. It was pitch dark, and one could not but think how far we were from help should rudeness develop insult or violence.

But we took no notice of any, and passed out unmolested into the streets, by this time silent and dark. One or two Chinese with basket and lantern, were turning over the heaps of refuse by the doors; but we watched them for some time without their finding anything worth keeping, even to their unfastidious judgment. And so we found our way back to the hotel, and dismissed our guide, having crowded more sight-seeing into one evening than ever before.

The Chinese laborers are brought over by the Chinese companies, formed by wealthy and responsible men, who contract to hire out their fellow-countrymen, from one to five hundred, for all imaginable trades and purposes. Do you want a cook or valet? You go to the company. They will find you the servant, and keep you supplied as long as you please. Change him as often as you wish; meanwhile they guarantee his fidelity and honesty.

They are a strange people, these Chinese house-servants. A friend of ours, as kind and good a master as servants could have, had occasion to discharge a Chinese waiter or footman. After that no one would stop with him. One after another left him after one day in the house, no reason assigned. He changed his company and got a fresh servant from a fresh source; but it was no use; he left, and was followed by a succession.

Our friend was at his wits' end. At last he besought an acquaintance who had a Chinese body servant (who was much attached to him and had lived with him for years) to bring John to look over the servants' quarters. John and his master came and went over the house from bottom to top. At last John burst out laughing.

"What's the matter?" said his master.

"Look here, sah," said the man, pointing to a few scratches on the wall in the servant's bedroom. "Say Massa Johnson got evil eye; no good stay with him."

And so the matter was explained: a dash of whitewash set matters straight, and obliterated the legacy of trouble the discharged servant had so artfully prepared.

Nearly all the house-servants, gardeners, railway laborers, scavengers, and laundrymen in and round San Francisco are Chinese. No white men can compete with them in their own branches in point of cheapness and certainty of work. And the system of supply and guarantee by the companies does away with the drawbacks of their occasional fickleness, incompetency and dishonesty.

One master of our acquaintance was robbed by his two Chinese servants of several thousand dollars worth of jewelry and plate. But the company at once made his loss good, though what became of the dishonest servants was never known. Probably they went back to China in coffins, numbers of which, restoring the dead Chinamen to the graves of their ancestors, form a lucrative part of the cargo of many of the steamships for Hong Kong and Shanghai.

But you must not put a Chinaman to have anything to do with a horse; they are not bred for it. They fear the horse, and seem utterly unable to ride, drive, feed, or harness him. They will learn to manage a steam-engine, but not a horse. There is a record of only one exception; he was a servant of a friend of ours, and we heard with great admiration that Sam could not only drive, but shoot flying. The effort was too great, however, and Sam lived but a year or two after he had attained this glory.

We were at San Francisco on the 4th of July. Half the city went mad, and the other half looked on at their antics. For days before, the newspapers gave lists of the marshals and deputy-marshals of the day. The order of the procession was also given; and about ten in the morning, the shops all being shut, we stood among a most good-natured interested crowd, mostly of women and children, to see the whole string pass.

There were the marshals; at ordinary times respectable heads of families, today decked out in cocked hats with feathers, and white gauntlets, and braided frocks and trousers, pacing about on horseback with rulers in their hands—they showed the way to all the military companies. Horse, foot, and artillery, all fairly drilled and all well-armed, marched past. The Germans, French, and Italians, in separate companies of Grenadiers, Zouaves, and Garibaldini with red shirts, made a gallant show.

Then came all the trade societies, with scarves and banners, marching four abreast. Their line was broken by various devices: here a huge wagon of flour-bags decked with garlands was provided by the bakers; next a wagon with wine casks, and young girls with full baskets of grapes symbolizing the vineyards of the state; then one with a high-piled trophy of pumpkins, carrots, cucumbers, cauliflowers and all other vegetables arranged by the gardeners; and so on.

Not the least picturesque part of the show was made up of the teamsters, each riding a huge but compact drayhorse, with bright new harness decked with gay ribbons, and all the riders in uniform of white shirt-sleeves and dark-blue waistcoats and trousers, and new wide-brimmed straw hats.

After parading the city for some hours the procession halted at one of the large public halls where large audiences assembled to hear orations on the glories of America's past, present, and future. The day concluded with a general discharge of fireworks in and about the streets—crackers were exploding everywhere, guns firing, and a general hullabaloo lasted till two or three in the morning before the tired-out revelers got to rest.

The next day the uniforms had disappeared; the shops and offices were all open; a double quantity of money-making had to be got through, and nothing but a very jaded, late-to-bed, brandy-and-soda look about most men's faces reminded you of the Glorious Fourth.

ONE of our friends was going up to Yosemite. When he got to Merced station for the stage, he found a fat white-faced priest was to be one of his companions. This gentleman, being out for a holiday, tried to take a rise out of the stage-driver. They had not long started; the six blood-horses were toiling up the first part of the ascent, and had dropped from their run into a walk.

The driver was also owner of the stage and team. A tall, dried-up powerful Californian, intent on his work, he spoke but little except to his horses, and was set on getting through his long day's work.

"Well, Mr. Adams," said the priest, "is this all you can do for us? Not much pace about this traveling: I always thought you gentlemen could drive and your teams could go."

Mr. Adams cast one look over his shoulder from his box seat at the broad grinning face of the padre, who was comfortably seated on the forward cross seat below, but he said not a word.

Presently the priest tried again, but failed to get any reply from the grave, sober-looking driver. So they toiled up the mountain. Presently they stopped at a wayside inn, and some country women got in.

The stage driver is absolute master of the loading of his coach, so he handed the ladies in, and signaled to the priest to move on to the back seat overhanging the wheels, and the back of the stage altogether. The father grumbled, but went.

Some more folk were picked up on the road and put into their places inside, and the priest was gradually edged into the last outside seat on the right-hand, or off-side.

After an hour or two zigzagging up, they reached the top, the priest never ceasing his jokes, and small ones they were. The horses stopped to breathe, and then paced gently along the level at the top. The view opened out, and they saw the road twisting and turning down the steep grades below them, with a precipice of hundreds of feet down to the river below. They could see miles of this before them, and the road looked but a thread in the straight bit at the bottom.

The passengers shook a little in their places at the prospect, but Mr. Adams remarked, generally, as he handled his lines, "Not much pace about this traveling, you bet."

The first turn in the grade came, and the tail-end of the long coach swung around vehemently, the wheels skirring and grating on the stones, hard locked. Every one winced, and the priest, having the full benefit of the swing and of the prospect down the mountainside, shrank away and shut his eyes. Presently Mr.

Adams shook up his six bays, and threw his long lash among them with a smack.

The horses bounded as if traces and reins must alike go; and down they skated, stones flying, brakes creaking, wheels striking a chain of sparks, and the heavy coach swaying at each turn in the zigzag, till the off hindwheel, with the fat priest above it, fairly overhung the precipice below.

The women cried out, the men shivered, the priest let go the side of the coach to clasp his hands, with his eyes turned to the skies and his white lips muttering rapid prayers to all the saints in his calendar.

Down they went, faster and faster, till the horses were at a rapid gallop, and the noise and rattle, and dust and stones flying, nearly drove everyone wild. Mr. Adams sat unmoved, except to ply his brake with his right foot harder and harder, till the hindwheels were absolutely locked, and jumped and skidded till it seemed as if wood, leather, and iron could never stand the strain.

The priest turned sickly, ghastly white, expecting each moment to be his last; but the pace round the turns kept them on the road, and they gained the bottom safely, a sorely-bruised and shaken and frightened crew. As the horses dropped into a gentle trot, Mr. Adams looked back once again and quietly remarked, "Sometimes we kin get pace on this road."

HAVING one clear day to spare, we devoted it to the Geysers. We left San Francisco in the early morning, went on board the steamer *Donahue*, which plies between San Francisco and the little town of Donahue, and crossed the bay. We ran alongside a railway station and wharf, and the steamer, butting her prow into the opposite muddy bank, swung gently round into her place, and all the passengers entered the train in waiting. We steamed gently up the rich valley, passing one or two little towns bathed in sunshine, and reached Cloverdale, the end, at present, of the line.

At Cloverdale we found ourselves too late to get a return stage from the Geysers if we waited to go up by the stage leaving at three o'clock; so we hired a buggy, and were driven up. The owner of the livery stable drove us himself, and told us in conversation how he had twice been burned out, and had lost house, stables, horses, and carriages, and had to begin the world again—taking, however, but three or four years in that prosperous place to regain his former possessions.

The mountain road, smooth and well engineered, though dusty, wound through groves of oak and laurel, with bushes of the poison-oak, with bright green and red leaves intermixed and overhanging the road. The river below, in ordinary years a swift trout-stream, had shrunk in this summer's drought, into a string of dull green pools. As the pass opened out, and the mountains rose higher on each side, there were several quicksilver mines, high up near their tops, with long tramroads from the mines to the level of road and river below, where the reducing works were placed, and full cars were running down the steep incline, loaded with the deep red ore, dragging upwards by their weight the empty trucks.

We reached the Geysers Hotel, charmingly placed, with a huge oak in the angle of the house, over-shadowing the rooms on each side. The sulphurous scent from the Geysers cañon filled the air.

After shaking, brushing, and washing off the white dust which lay thickly on us, we crossed the little stream in front of the hotel and passed up into the side of the mountain. It was a narrow cleft, in which several pools of black water, a few feet across, were connected by a trickling rill.

The hillsides were black and red, and then streaked with yellow, where the imprisoned gases were finding their exit to the air. The earth shook, and a sound of rushing and boiling grew louder and louder as we climbed higher up into the cañon.

Steam rushed from every orifice, and fresh ones were easily made by thrusting the sticks we carried through a thin crust of soil. The incrustations of sulphur formed delicate yellow tracery over the black mud, and the hillsides in places were deep red with cinnabar. Not a blade of grass grew in the cleft, which looked as if the explosion which had torn the hillside asunder and left its ashes smoking everywhere, had but just burst out.

We mounted to the top, and stood on what looked like a huge bubble thrown up in the soft earth. "Jump," said the guide, and the whole excrescence shook and waved till we expected to plunge through into a hot gulf below. "Never fear," said he, "I have been here seventeen years. I weighed only 112 pounds when I came, and now I am sixty-eight and weigh 150 pounds, and I have jumped here most days—so I think it will bear us all, and more too."

Night was falling as we drove back, seeing nothing on the road till we passed a great four-horse wagon with iron pots of quicksilver being taken from the mines to the market. We were suddenly startled by two armed men pushing through the bushes into the road. They said they were trying for a shot at a bear. We had our suspicions that their intention was to stop the stage soon expected to pass; however, they let us by. The road was dangerous in the dark, with its sharp turns and steep zigzags, and we were not sorry to get to our comfortable inn at Cloverdale.

The night was pitch dark. We were smoking on the verandah after supper and chatting with the landlord when an Indian pony came quietly along the sandy road and stopped suddenly in the strong light of the lamp. Its rider, a big, straw-hatted Indian, rolled off the pony and mysteriously beckoned the landlord away from us. He followed the Indian into the dark, and we saw another Indian on his pony holding the first man's horse.

The landlord said loudly, "No, I tell you; no, not a drop," and returned to us.

The Indians stood sulkily in the edge of the darkness and we went to bed, the landlord showing us up to our rooms and leaving the downstairs rooms all open and lighted, with money and drink and property all abroad.

"Are you not afraid," said we, "to leave those Indians there with everything open?"

"What?" he answered. "Afraid of that riff-raff? No, nor twenty like them. Fifteen years ago that Indian would have shot the man who refused him whiskey as I did; but now they are as tame as sheep." And from our rooms above we saw them mount and ride off into the black night.

WHEN we returned to San Francisco, we dined with the owner of one of the largest vineyards in Napa County. We heard of his patient efforts at varying the kinds of grapes and getting over vinedressers from Champagne, Burgundy, and the Rhine county.

The San Franciscans know exceedingly well what good wine is, and they import some of the best. Our observation was that they were much more anxious that the British stranger should taste their native wine than to drink it themselves. We agree with them quite. Take a gentle sip of Californian Burgundy, roll it round your tongue and swallow it slowly—say, "Ah, this is really good! The true Burgundy flavour!"—then fill your other glass with the genuine Pomard, and say, "But this is perhaps more mature!" and drink it all. Your friend will be pleased that you admire his native wine—but drink his French wine and he will ask you to dinner again.

What hospitable people they are! You go to a friend's house to dine, and sit next a chatty, pleasant fellow—he says, "What are you going to do in the morning? Come down with me to the Cliff House to breakfast, and then I want you to meet some of our scientists, so come and dine at six, and I will get one or two of our professors to come in. And next week one or two of us are going up to our little place in the mountains to shoot, and you must come and kill a deer and a bear, and there are lots of duck and quail."

This kind of thing is repeated until the English stranger thinks with remorse of the American friends who have come over to England with introductions to him, and whom he has dismissed with a dinner at the club, and a sense that he has then performed towards them the whole duty of man. The fact is that the Americans are a more friendly people then we, visit each other more freely and with less ceremony by far, habitually having one night in the week open for their acquaintances to come and share in the talk, music, dancing, or cards, which are going on.

After a few more days in San Francisco we prepared for our intended journey overland to Oregon. It is a serious matter to go in for two days and three nights in a stage, when one knows what a stage is and what the roads are. To pass night after night, either on a high box-seat with a low back, you dare not do more than doze lightly for fear of falling off; in the inside, it is worse. Three seats, and room for three passengers on each; two seats facing each other as usual at the front and back of the carriage, and the third across, just behind the doors, with a broad leather strap for the only back. On two out of the three seats your head strikes against the wooden supports of the leather sides and top of the coach the moment you "drop off"; and on the middle seat your head, having no support, seems to be always dropping off you. Then everyone has at least four legs inside, and you can never find a quiet space for yours.

In the little eating-houses—inns you cannot call them—where the stage stops for meals, you are fed chiefly on small, square bits of tough, fried meat, with fried potatoes, and sometimes pie. (This last you would eat of more freely were it not for the legions of house-flies which dispute with you every mouthful!)

As we heard of all these things, and of the dangers of the road, from accidents to the stage and robbery of the stage and all its passengers, we were half inclined to go by sea from San Francisco to Portland, and fight shy of the stage. But we stuck to the road, which now has to be described.

INSTEAD of going to Sacramento by rail on our way north to Redding, we determined on leaving by the Vallejo boat and then the rail along the Sacramento River valley. All our friends came to see us off, after the fashion in those parts. The Americans laugh at their own fondness for leavetaking, and certainly it is carried to an absurd extreme.

What American writer is it who tells the story of how he went south by boat, and as he stood on deck alone, in the middle of a crowd of passengers waving handkerchiefs and shouting farewells, he felt lonely and thought he would like someone to say farewell to him too? So he sang out, "Goodbye, Jack, goodbye"; and a voice replied, "Goodbye, old fellow, a pleasant journey to you."

But one was not enough, so he cried, "Goodbye, Captain, goodbye"; and three hats were swung, and three answers came.

"Goodbye, Colonel, goodbye," the traveler cried. Fifteen handkerchiefs were waved as the vessel moved off. "Goodbye, General, goodbye," was the travelers last shout; and a chorus of voices returned his shout, and handkerchiefs and a swarm of hats were shaken till the figures grew smaller and smaller, and their voice still crying "Goodbye, old fellow, goodbye," faded away.

At Redding, the terminus at present of the Californian and Oregon Railroad, we found the stage in waiting. The talk, half-joking and half-earnest, was as to hiding or not hiding our money. We all knew that there was a chance of being stopped and robbed; but, till we mounted the stage, we did not know that it had been stopped five times in the last eighteen months or we should have been more inclined to take the advice of friends, who insisted that the only safe place for our money was in our socks.

By one o'clock at night we started, the luggage-rest at the back being piled with luggage and post-bags, and on the top being fastened a heavy, strong box of Wells Fargo for money and valuables. The four horses had quite enough to do to drag the stage up the first hill, laden as it was inside and out.

We had the advantage of the box-seat next to Charlie McConnell, the prince of drivers. He handled his horses and worked the heavy brake, and smoked cigars, and chatted unceasingly to his two box-seat passengers, doing all equally well.

The night was dark, but clear, the stars shining; but in the woody glades we soon entered we were glad of the strong light thrown down the road by the large bright lamp fixed under the splash-board over the pole.

We crossed first a bare ground, strewn with rocks, then entered a wood, the road descending rapidly. "Look out for yourselves at the bottom, gentlemen," said McConnell. "If we are going to be stopped on this stage, this will be the place," pointing to a level, ending in a sharp rise upwards and having a clear space of thirty yards or so before the woods began.

"They always choose a place where one can stop the horses when they are at a walk; and the other, fifteen or twenty yards off, covers the driver with a double gun, loaded with buckshot. Don't shoot, gentlemen, unless you are sure of both rascals at once, or we shall all be riddled," he went on, seeing a move to get revolvers ready. "Better lose a few dollars than risk a charge of buckshot among us."

We safely passed the debatable ground, and shortly the road brought us to the edge of a river, the McLeod, looking inky black between its tree-covered banks. The ferryman was in waiting, and the horses marched gravely onto the boat and waited for the crossing. When the coach was settled, the ferryman vigorously turned a large wheel at the side of the boat, round which a rope was wound which reached up to a wire-rope stretched high from tree to tree across the stream.

"Seen a fellow on a little black mare pass yesterday or today, Jack?" asked McConnell.

"No," was the answer.

When we got across, McConnell said, "That scamp I asked after stopped the stage on the other road three days ago; and from the description, he is the same fellow who robbed us last November and took my watch. He is in this country, and can only get out by one of two roads, and the sheriff is after him. If I hear of him, I shall go after him myself. The rogue took my watch—took the driver's watch!" said he, evidently considering that to rob the stage driver as well as the passengers was breaking the rules of the game.

Presently he said, "There are two fellows in the state prison yet, who were taken by one man a year or two ago."

"Tell us about it," we said.

"Well," he answered, "the stage was going along all right when a fellow ran to the horses' heads, and two others covered the driver with their guns in the regular way. He told the driver to drop the reins, and made the passengers throw up their hands. Then he told the passengers to get down and stand in a row bv the roadside, and made the driver throw down the Wells Fargo box, which was what they were after.

"Then they robbed the passengers all comfortable. When they came to one man, he asked them to give him back his watch, which was of no great account to them but had belonged to his grandfather. Instead of being civil, the rascal up with his hand and gave him a great smack on the face, and told him to hold his tongue. So they took his watch, and the rest of the watches, and all their money, and then told them to get up again and be off. So they all mounted again, and drove off, glad enough to be free.

"As soon as they had gone about a quarter of a mile or so, the passenger told the driver to stop. 'What for?' says he. 'I am not going to have my face slapped for nothing,' says the passenger. So he got out of the luggage a nice little repeating Henry rifle, and got down off the coach and back he went.

"Presently he saw, as he expected, a light in the bushes near the road. So he crept up through the trees, and saw the three rascals all round the Wells Fargo box, which they were trying to break open. They had put their guns down, never dreaming of danger. The passenger got up within a safe distance till he could cover them well; then he let fly, and the first shot dropped one of them dead, the next winged one of the others, and the third screamed out for mercy.

"He went up and made the unhurt one help his wounded fellow back into the road, and then he drove them in front of him till he came up to the coach, and took the two nicely. And they are both in the state prison now," said McConnell. "When the driver asked the man why he did such a risky thing as go back alone after three, all he said was, 'I was not going to have my face slapped for nothing.'"

WITH many tales like this he lightened our way till day broke, and showed us the wood-covered hills and deep valleys we were passing, and the distant mountains ahead. We drove by the side of the McLeod, where the salmon were leaping here and there. With the river rushing over rocks and flashing in the bright morning sun in the rapids, we longed to try our luck. But it is the rarest thing for these fish, even when fresh run, to take a bait. We heard from a traveler afterwards that he had stopped for three weeks and only caught two fish, one a three-pound grilse, with a spoon bait, and the other a ten-pound salmon, with a bunch of worms. He told us that the trout took the fly pretty freely in the mornings and evening.

Following the stream up, we got to our breakfast stopping-place, and were introduced to the first of the fly-filled rooms and dirty tablecloths, fried meat, heavy hot bread and unwholesome-looking pies, all of which we were to become so familiar with during the next day or two.

And then the sun grew hotter, the dust rose in clouds, and we left off one by one our outer garments and donned the dust-coats of thin alpaca, relics of our railway journey across the plains. The oaks left us and we entered the pine region, the trees only of an average Scotch fir size, and growing sparsely on the thin stony soil.

We saw a snake or two, which had been basking in the hot sun, move slowly away before the horses reached them. Blue jays kept us company all day, flitting from tree to tree; but we saw no game birds or animals, and only a few gophers and squirrels. As the day wore on we parted, with regret, from Charlie McConnell, and did not at all profit by the exchange, for our new driver shone neither as a whip nor as a companion.

About three o'clock, we stopped by a charmingly placed little hotel, called Soda Springs, and on the low wall next to the road was placed a great jug of the water from which the place takes its name—a natural seltzer water, full of life and effervescence, cool and refreshing. What nectar it was to all of us, dusty and dry! The hotel is a long one-story white building of wood, with a deep green verandah onto which both ground floor and first floor rooms opened; and in its shade, in rocking chairs, dressed in light summery costumes, were three or four young ladies and gentlemen. The stern danger of forfeiting our places if we stopped, and being probably delayed for a day or two alone, drove us on, and most unwillingly we climbed to our places and toiled on.

We soon got sight of the snow-covered double-headed top of Mount Shasta, and had to take a long half-circle round its base.

This was the first which we had seen of the great volcanic cones which stretch northward like sentinels, guarding the continent from western winds, from Shasta to Mount Nelson. All snow-covered, they catch the earliest and latest sun-rays, and tower, each in his solitary grandeur, thousands of feet above the great chain of which they are the ornaments. Separated by breaks of from fifty to one hundred miles from each other, yet the air is so clear and they stand out so gloriously against the sky, that often three of them are in sight at once as we travel north.

Late in the evening we stopped to change horses at a little creeper-covered house, with a few cleared fields and some scattered fruit trees. Our driver lived here, and as the stage drew near, his young wife and little child stood by the fence to greet him.

We walked a little way up the road to get a view through the pines, and came to a clearing where men had felled the trees and were splitting logs for planks and shingles. The echo of their tools was the only sound to disturb us as we looked across a patch of fern, and between the red pine trunks to where the mountain shone out crimson before our eyes. We stood entranced, and were repaid in a moment for the heat, dust, rattle, and sleeplessness of the day.

On this higher level the woods were gradually left behind, and we entered long stretches of level land, broken up into farms, with snake fences again lining the road, crops just ripening for harvest, cattle standing belly-deep in rich pasture through which rills of water ran.

The foothills of the mountains rose in isolated round buttes—one of which was the scene of an Indian fight. The band of redskins had held their white enemies long at bay, until ammunition and water failed, and they were massacred to a man.

When night came, we reached the mining town of Yreka. The stage stopped for supper, and we exchanged the cool night air and the soft grinding of the wheels over the sandy road for the dazzle of a street lighted from the open doors and windows of five or six saloons, and thronged with miners who crowded round us as we got down.

After a welcome cup of tea we started again and dozed on uneasily inside the stage, as it swung down a rapid zigzag descent of many hundreds of feet, the brake hard on all the time, and the hind wheels bumping and jumping from stone to stone.

When morning dawned we were in Oregon. A different landscape greeted us. We were passing between thick woods with close undergrowth of fern, trailing creepers of the wild cucumber, and berry-bearing bushes, black and red.

A trickling stream by the roadside had formed a carpet of bright spongy moss, and the plants of the English woods and hedges, or their American cousins, seemed like old friends.

We stopped to breakfast at a roadside inn, and were fed with abundance of cream and wild strawberries. A clear running rill of water had been led through a pipe from the hillside above, and flowed freely through the tank, where we washed off the dust of our second night's ride. We climbed to our places, and started refreshed for our day's journey.

AS the day wore on the heat became oppressive, while the sun poured down on the road, winding through the valleys. We passed one or two little towns and villages, all looking prosperous, with new houses being built or old ones enlarged.

By the middle of the day we reached Jacksonville, a town of from 1,000 to 1,500 inhabitants, depending not only on the agricultural riches of the surrounding country, but on the gold mines on the headwaters of the Rogue River, which we were soon to pass.

The day being Sunday the town was in absolute quiet. Had we been in Scotland there could not have been a more perfect rest from all worldly pursuits. On the road as we drew near the town we passed wagons full of country people on their way to church or chapel, the women in light print dresses, holding great blue or green umbrellas to protect themselves from the burning sun; the men in dark cloth jackets and trousers and soft felt hats. As the stage approaches they speak to their horses and draw slowly to the side of the road to let us pass, using no whip, and scarcely needing to touch the reins to get instant obedience. So far as horses are concerned, no Humane Society seems needed in Oregon. We hardly ever saw one struck, never one maltreated or overdriven, from one end of the state to the other.

The inside places of the stage were now filled up close. A farmer's wife, some fifty years of age, dressed in a brown alpaca suit of a fashion of fifty years back, with brass-rimmed spectacles on her nose and tight little curls round her face, was put in. Her maiden niece, who had never smiled in her life and never would, accompanied her and sat in the corner, stiff, gaunt, and angular. Then there was a cheery little Jewish bagman, who sold sewing machines all over the country and boasted he had left twelve behind him in Jacksonville: and a seller of a new reaping machine, the wonder of the century, completed the full number. The farmer's wife never forgot it was Sunday and tried to repress the irrepressible Jew but he made jokes and told stories all the more. The reaping machine man gloried in having an Englishman to talk to who knew nothing of reaping machines; so on he droned, explaining principles and patents, and showing how his machine could cut and bind into sheaves, while others could only cut, and so on, till his auditor wished his machine and him together in the bottom of the Rogue River.

Then we came to the mining district—nearly all washed out now—only a few Chinamen picking up the white men's crumbs, being left. The abandoned water-courses, with heaps of rough stones and gravel and holes dug here and there, looked forlorn and ragged beyond description in the bright, hot sun. The forest was all round us; the stumps and roots of the trees had not been cleared from the road, and the horses often ran neatly on each side of a stump over which the bottom of the stage passed with only an inch or two to spare.

By this time we had reached the high, rocky, broken ground dividing the headwaters of the Rogue and Umpqua Rivers, and in the evening came to the little town of Galesville, where we changed drivers for the last time.

We were again in the heart of the mountains surrounding the head of the Rogue River Valley. The land in the valley was rich and the crops luxuriant, but the corn which the settlers raise beyond their own needs they must give to the hogs for there is no way of getting it to a profitable market. The stage, passing daily each way with mails and passengers, is their one link to the outer world; but it takes no passengers to the valley, nor brings any away. Summer by summer, winter by winter, they live on in their isolation, without even the ordinary farmers' topics of markets, labor, and stock.

It reminded one of the Happy Valley of Rasselas. Bounded on all sides by the rugged mountains—the only road being the rough track by which we were passing—down the centre ran the river, the only object reminding one that there was ever haste in this world—for the ripples showed that the water was hurrying to the sea. The white farmhouses, roofed with grey shingles, were dotted about (not grouped into villages or hamlets), each with its orchard and chestnut trees.

A sense of quiet and laziness, as of a perpetual Sunday afternoon, filled the air. No mill had been built to set even the stream to work; we passed no inn or hop or forge; we saw no centre of life and action round which the men would gather either in work or play.

Dragging the coach through a river over which there was no bridge, and then painfully climbing round a rocky ledge, where the narrow road was cut bodily out of the rock, the team pulled us slowly to the top of the pass, and we soon were ready to begin the descent of the last of our many "grades" into the head of the great Willamette Valley.

THIS last driver was a fit finisher of the drive begun by McConnell so many hours before. Tall, strong, ready and active, he needed all his powers to keep his team of six traveling safely down this precipious cañon. The working of the brake by his right foot was so continuous and laborious, that we were not surprised to hear him say to the man seated on the roof behind him, "Please push your knee hard, sir, hard, into the small of my back."

We started down and were glad enough to get safely to the foot, for one needed constantly to repeat to oneself that these men drove this coach daily over this road without accident; and it seemed impossible that some portion of the stage or harness should not give way under the succession of violent strains.

We looked from the stage window, right over the tops of the trees growing on the next turn of the zigzag below. The light from the great lamp in front shone fitfully on the rocks and trees as we rattled past, and after two hours of this sort of traveling we left the mountains behind. The day broke as we were once more traversing a farming country, and homesteads, cornfields, and orchards met our eyes.

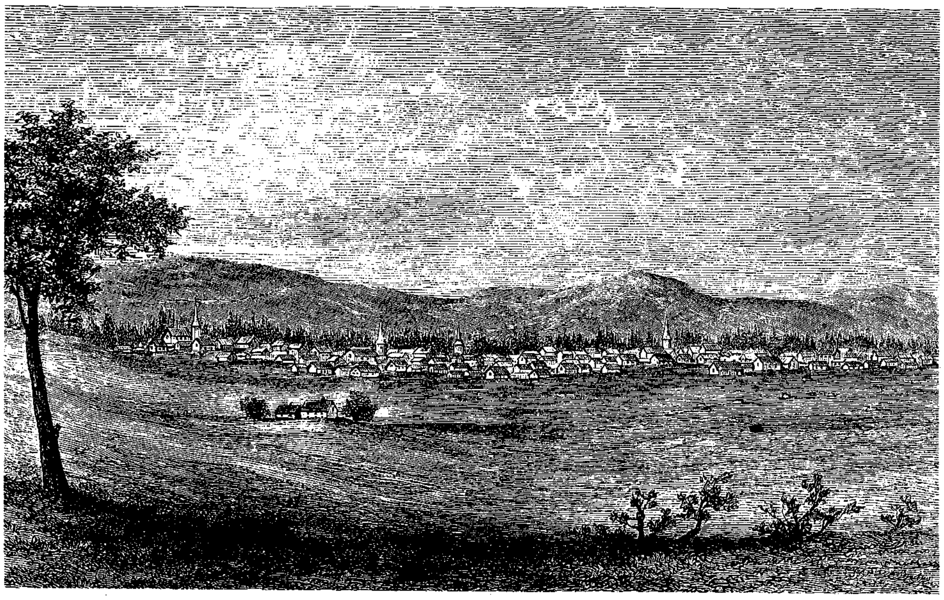
And so we passed through a good many miles, till the little town of Roseburg came into view, its white houses and church steeple shining in the bright morning sun. The stage pulled up at the inn before driving on to the post office to deliver the mailbags, and we got down to stretch and shake our stiff and weary limbs.

To look back on the journey, weeks of traveling and hundreds of miles of distance seemed to pass in review. One would have thought no less distance or time could have accounted for such aching bones, tired heads, bloodshot eyes, and travel-stained garments.

The journey from California into Oregon was accomplished, and we had safely arrived in the land we had come so far to see.

TO MAKE this record of travel of use to the ordinary reader, who merely looks to add to his knowledge of the far-off parts of the world, and especially to any debating in their own minds what country they should choose for their future residence, it is necessary to give some general description of Oregon.

Oregon lies between the forty-second and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude, roughly corresponding with the South of France and North of Spain. It is bounded on the east by Idaho, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by the Columbia River, and on the south by California and Nevada. It extends,



Valley of the Willamette—town of Albany

on an average, for 350 miles east and west, and for 275 miles north and south, and contains 95,274 square miles, or about sixty million acres.

It is naturally divided into three great districts, varying in climate, soil and general conditions.

Western Oregon lies between the Pacific Ocean and the Cascade Mountains, thus taking in territory of 250 miles from north to south, and about 100 miles from west to east. It contains the Willamette Valley, named after the great river which runs through it from south to north, falling into the Columbia River just below the city of Portland.

This valley is about 150 miles in length, and from 30 to 60 miles in breadth, and contains about five millions of acres of some of the richest land in the world. Only about one-tenth is as yet under cultivation, the residue being covered with natural grasses, or with forest and wood and copse.

The valley is not of a uniform dead level, but is broken into by many spurs of low hills. It is dominated at irregular distances by the snow-capped volcanic cones of the Cascades, named The Three Sisters, Diamond Peak, Pitt, Scott, Thielson, Jefferson, and Hood. This last rises to the height of upwards of 11,000 feet, and, lying nearly due east of Portland, shows to the city his snow-crowned pyramid, misty in the early morning, clear and cool at noonday, and rosy red as he catches the last rays of the western sun.

Down this great valley the tide of population flowed, and Roseburg, Eugene City, Corvallis, Albany, Salem, Oregon City, and Portland are successively passed on our journey northward through the state. The same route is followed by the railway along the eastern bank of the river, and another line is in progress on the western side. Still another railroad, from Corvallis to the ocean at Yaquina Bay, is under construction and will afford a quicker and easier outlet from the lower and middle parts of the great valley to the coast.

Wheat is the farmers' mainstay. With mere scratching of the ground and no care, it yields from twelve to twenty bushels to the acre; but with ploughing of from five to eight inches in depth and a little attention to keeping down the weeds, but with no manure, from thirty-five to fifty bushels to the acre is obtained. The Oregon wheat is well known and commands the highest price in the Liverpool market, which in 1876 received four million bushels from this source; and it was estimated that in 1877 seven million bushels would be exported.

A very good farmer, who owns a beautiful farm of 500 acres on the western foothills about five miles from Corvallis, told us that his crop cost him just ten dollars per acre to prepare for, harvest, and deliver, and his return averaged nearly thirty bushels to the acre, which brought him seventy cents per bushel, or twenty-one dollars in the whole.

We heard and saw evidence of many similar instances of success in this land, which is never ravaged by drought or laid waste by floods or swept by tempests.

Not satisfied with the bountiful return of nature for the slight labor of once ploughing and then putting in the seed, the Oregon farmer trusts entirely to nature, in many cases for a second and even a third crop. If he has got thirty bushels an acre from the crop he worked for, he relies on about twenty bushels for the next, appropriately called "volunteer;" and if he still trusts to Providence, he expects about twelve to fifteen bushels in the following harvest. But nature takes her revenge by providing the careless husbandman with an abundant crop of weeds which, covering the land, enforce double ploughing and absolute rest in the fourth year.

There is a class of contractors each owning a large number of horses and the best available machinery, and employing several hands. Such a man comes to farmer A, and says, "How many acres of wheat do you want put in?" He asks farmers B and C and D the same question, until he has secured a season's work; he then sends, say six "gang-ploughs," with four ploughshares and six horses each, and sets to work.

By this means he gets through as much work as a steam-plough here, and cultivates a whole stretch of country. After he has finished his last ploughing and sowing, at the end of April, he takes a rest till August (unless a contract for grubbing wood strikes him as advantageous meanwhile). In August he makes similar terms for the harvesting and sacking of the grain, and you may see a great field alive with "reapers," or "headers," and horses and men.

Thus an Oregon farmer can calculate to a nicety his expenses; and it will not be found far wrong if we say that, counting interest on the purchase-money of his land at twelve per cent per annum, and his own labor at a dollar and a half a day, and putting in all the expense of ploughing, sowing, harvesting, and storing his corn, the farmer will find the cost of his wheat to be about forty-nine cents a bushel; while the average selling price for the last four years has been about seventy-five cents, leaving him with a profit of twenty-six cents a bushel.

Oats also prosper well. The straw often reaches five feet in height, carrying a bright, full head. The standard weight in Oregon is thirty-six pounds to the bushel, but forty-five and even fifty pounds is often reached, with a return of from fifty to eighty bushels to the acre.

No failure of the wheat crop has ever occurred since the settlement of the country, that is, during a continuous period of thirty-three years.

Barns and sheds for keeping the grain are not needed. Threshing goes on in the fields, and thence the corn is sent directly to the warehouses for use or exportation.

"The Oregon exhibition of cereals was one of the most successful at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Medals and diplomas were awarded for fifteen varieties of wheat, five of oats, and for white rye in grain, with straw nine feet high; also for 'ninety-day white wheat,' grain and sheaf raised upon land neither ploughed nor harrowed, and yielding thirty bushels to the acre."—statement published by the State.

Flax, hops, and potatoes are most successfully cultivated, the latter yielding from 150 to 300 bushels to the acre, and the Colorado beetle is as yet unknown.

THE ORDINARY kinds of fruit thrive luxuriantly. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries grow in abundance, and of first-rate quality. Farmers told us they were giving apples to the pigs, having no market even for the finest sorts. The owner of a splendid orchard of twelve acres near Corvallis told us he was thinking of cutting down his trees and ploughing his orchard for wheat, not knowing what to do with his fruit.

The woods are full of wild berries: thimble-berries, bright scarlet, with a sub-acid wild flavor; salmon-berries, yellow and sweet; elderberries, black and red; blackberries, like our English fruit; huckleberries, scarlet and shining, and slightly acid in taste; and large wild strawberries grow everywhere. Wild cucumber vines, the spiny, egg-shaped fruit of which is relished by the cattle, trail from bush to bush.

A strong growth of oak and cherry and maple copse is spreading rapidly over the country where cultivation has not yet reached, the result of the discontinuance of forest fires, which were set annually by the Indians before they were transferred to their reservations during the last ten or twelve years.

In many places we watched the operation of clearing going on. The farmer cut a broad path through the scrub with his axe, the young trees and bushes, fifteen or twenty feet in height, being severed from their roots. Wood was left to dry for a month or six weeks in the summer sun. Then setting fire to the withered boughs and leaves, the fire spread until a bare, black spot of earth remained, littered with the partly-burned stems and roots. Then a team of oxen, dragging a heavy plough, was set to work; and another team, with a strong chain with large iron hooks attached, dragged out the burned and charred stumps. These, heaped together, were again set on fire, and the ashes scattered over the land.

Next spring the wheat will be sown, and the land, reclaimed finally from waste, will become cultivable ground, returning in the first year's crop the expense of the clearing.

The foothills of the Coast and Cascade ranges are covered naturally with a luxuriant growth of brakefern. We asked several farmers if they did not find this very hard to extirpate. They replied that all they had to do was to mow this fern and scatter timothy grass-seed, the staple grass of the state, among the roots. The very next summer the grass would overcome and oust the fern, and cattle would live and fatten the year round on these slopes.

Throughout this whole great valley, hardly a stone was to be seen. The roads, indeed, suffered from their absence; as, having no solid bottom, they were no better than wide tracks, beaten smooth. In winter, they were reduced to mud by the abundant rain; in summer, they lay thick in grey dust.

From this great Willamette Valley runs, at right angles from the town of Corvallis to the ocean at Yaquina Bay, a wide, broken gap through the Coast range of mountains.

The Mary River, a tributary of the Willamette, shows half the way through, and then, after passing a broad saddle some three miles wide and seven hundred feet above sea-level, the Yaquina River rises and flows gently down to the bay.

This whole tract of country is contorted and broken: steep, green hills, varying from 600 to 1,000 feet in height, or thereabouts, enclose soft, grassy valleys; and where the little streams run through the bottoms, the beavers have often thrown their dams across. Years passing by have shed into these swamps each autumn's shower of leaves, until a deep layer of black vegetable mould has been deposited of unsurpassable fertility.

Where no man has yet claimed these beaver dam "slews," swamp-cabbage and a thick growth of succulent rushes cover the ground. Bears and deer haunt these level bits, lying deep in the shadow of the woods.

The Pacific Coast of Oregon is indented with bays, on each of which a settlement has been formed. Between the Californian boundary on the south and the Columbia River on the north are passed Ellensburg at the mouth of the Rogue River; Port Orford under the shelter of Cape Blanco; Empire City on Coos Bay, with coal-mines recently developed and yielding well; Gardner at the mouth of the Umpqua River; Newport on Yaquina Bay; Garibaldi on Tillamook Bay; and last, but not least, Astoria, at the mouth of the great Columbia, just within the bar. Each of these little settlements has a character of its own.

THE NEXT division of the state may be called mid-Oregon, and extends from the summit of the Cascade Range to the Blue Mountains on the east.

The climate is far drier through the year, and considerably colder in winter. Snow often lies several inches deep for three to six weeks in the months of December and January. In the passes of the Cascade Mountains it is often twelve and fifteen feet deep. The mails are carried through the passes in the winter by horsemen, carriage and wagon traffic being then impracticable. Occasionally the drifts are too deep for horses to get through, and runners on snowshoes are employed.

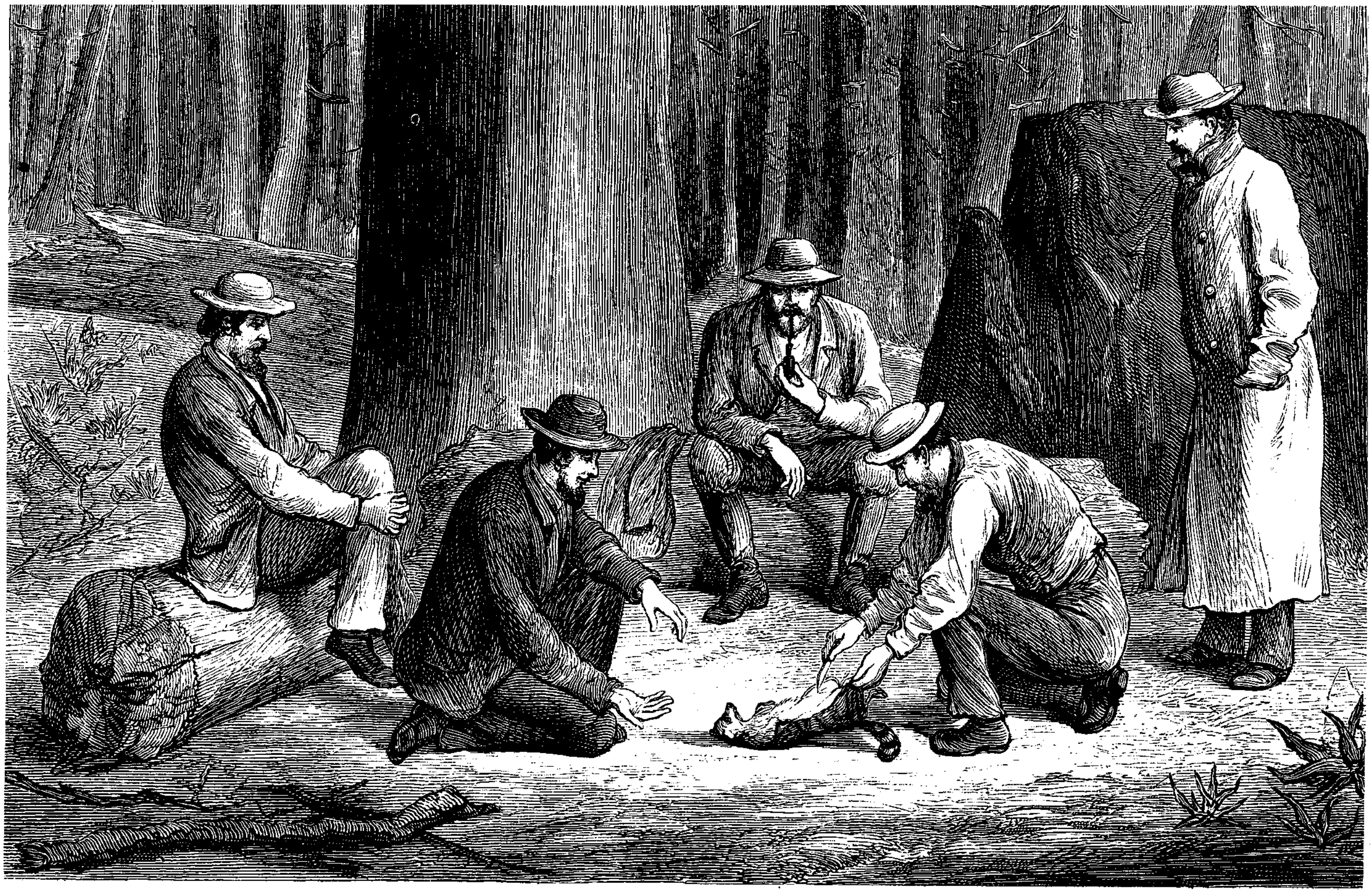
But it must not be supposed that even in mid- or in Eastern Oregon the climate is severe or disagreeable when tried by our English standards. The spring begins in February and lasts till May; and the summer, though hot, is not sultry or oppressive for the air is clear and crisp.

Rain seldom falls until the end of October. During the late summer and autumn the mountains are the resort of numbers of farmers of the Willamette Valley, as well as of the storekeepers from the cities and towns. Packing their stores into one of the long narrow wagons of the country, and not forgetting the rifle, shotgun, and "fish-pole," the whole family shuts up house in the valley and starts for the mountains. Very likely they may be four or five days on the road; at night they pitch a thin tent for the females, and the men and boys sleep, rolled in their blankets, round a huge campfire.

Arrived in the mountains, they choose some favorite dell, high up, with a cool spring. The wagon is unpacked, the tent pitched, the stores arranged, and the family disperses—the men to hunt the black-tailed deer, and later on in the season the elk (wapiti) and the black bear. The boys find a lake nearby filled with trout; the women and children fill huge baskets with mountain berries, which they boil down into jam for winter use, the black pot being always kept simmering on the cross sticks over the fire.

And so they pass three, four, or five

Skinning a "coon"



weeks, in the clear sunny mountain air, till the harvest in the valley is ripe.

That this holiday is generally enjoyed may be judged from the fact that 150 wagons of campers-out paid toll, we were told, in one season, at one gate in a pass on the Willamette and Cascade Mountains military-wagon road.

The soil of mid-Oregon varies extremely. On the summit of the table-land, east of the Cascades, are wide tracts covered with fine volcanic ash. Horned stock do exceedingly well on these wide plains, which are not bare, but are broken in many places with groves and belts of splendid firs, pines, and cedars.

The herdsmen buy large numbers of calves, bands of from 200 to 500 or more in number, and drive them in short journeys over the mountains and there leave them to nature, taking their chance of a winter of only ordinary severity. In average years the cattle thrive even through the winter months, and require no artificial feeding. In twelve months each calf has doubled in value, and in two years will be ready to sell. The herdsman has to rough it, leading a solitary life, or having but one or two companions as wild as himself, guarding his band of cattle as nights grow cold, and berries scarce. But these men will tell you that they enjoy the freedom of this unfettered life, and the sight of their motions and independent style, makes the visitor from the East come near to envying them.

FARTHER east from the mountains lie wide stretches of alkali plains, covered with low growths of sagebrush. No elements of fertility are wanting if only irrigation can be provided. No doubt as population increases, far more of this land will be brought under the plough, and then the roads and water carriage will be improved. At present there is little temptation for the farmer in this district to raise more grain than his own family and passing travelers can consume, on account of the distance from markets and the ruggedness of the roads.

Following eastward the course of the Malheur River, by the military-wagon road above referred to, eastern Oregon proper is reached.

A succession of fine valleys is traversed—Long Hollow Valley, Beaver Creek Valley, Buck Creek Valley, Silver Creek Valley, Harney Lake Valley.

This last is some sixty miles wide, by more than one hundred miles long. One who has often traveled this road told us that you ride for many miles where wild grains are higher than your head on horseback.

There is a station of the United States Army at Camp Harney. The soldiers have sown some splendid fields of oats and barley, while vegetables of the finest kinds flourish in the gardens, cabbages of twenty pounds weight being not uncommon.

The forests and woodland in Oregon cover about one-fourth of the total area of the state, according to the Report of the United States Commissioner for Agriculture for 1875. The Cascade Mountains, the Coast Range, and the Callapoia Mountains, as well as many of the smaller ranges in western Oregon, produce thick growths of fir, pine, spruce, cedar, hemlock, and laurel, while the woods in the valleys contain oak, ash, maple and alder.

Veneers made from Oregon maple were exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. They were universally admired and awarded a medal and diploma "for rare beauty, extreme fineness of grain, beautiful polish, toughness of fibre, and of great value for ornamental and cabinet work."

Rough, red, and yellow fir lumber fetches at San Francisco twelve dollars per 1,000 cubic feet; spruce and white fir eighteen dollars; white cedar, oak, maple, and ash, fifty dollars. The lumbermen buy the wood as it stands, paying for each tree so much for "stumpage," varying from fifty cents to one dollar a tree.

OUR travel through the western part of Oregon was made on foot, horseback, in wagon and train. We fitted out our expedition at Corvallis, and there engaged probably the best horsekeeper and the worst cook in the state. Horses were hired from the "Livery and Feed Stable" in the main street, and half the loafers and idlers in the town clustered round us to watch the selection of six horses out of about twenty standing there, presenting a series of groggy hind-legs and rough coats and tails down to their heels for us to choose from.

Each traveler suited himself. The Colonel picked out a narrow, high-bred iron-grey, which had been brought into the town a fortnight before by a rogue of a horse-jockey to win a "running" race. The mare had been beaten, and her owner sold her to the livery-stable keeper for forty dollars. But she shied and was the innocent cause of a great list of strange oaths, and curses loud and deep, for the next few weeks. A sudden jump half across the narrow road would shake up the Colonel in his seat from time to time, and ended generally with a smart stroke across the ears for the mare and a wild tear for a few hundred yards, sending the dust flying in clouds over the unhappy comrades quietly pacing behind.

The Captain's horse was a quiet and well-behaved bay, who took a serious view of life as a rule, but did not mind a canter for a mile or so if the road were but level.

The naturalist's horse was a deceitful beast. He looked as sedate and sober-sided as his rider; but there was a reserve of devilment which broke out twice: once as horse and man were passing a campers' wagon in a narrow, climbing road, with a sharp fall of fifty or sixty feet to the river below, when a wild bout of kicking and scrambling on the edge ended, luckily, in the horse's regaining his footing on the road; and a second time in a still worse fit, on a still more precipitous edge, when the fight was finished by the horse getting rid of his rider and galloping madly back, to be caught by the Colonel and the lawyer five or six miles behind.

The lawyer had last choice, but the beast turned out well; he walked fast and was sure-footed as a mule on the mountain-tracks; but such a wriggle he gave whenever he was urged to trot or canter! Truly there was a "screw loose" in his hind quarters, which never went in time with the two forelegs.

The men and horses being hired, the next thing was to get guides and wagons.

One word, though, for the cook. He was a student at the college, and volunteered for the trip. He said he could cook very well. But his taste was not our taste; and after two days we all rebelled against hard chunks of beef, fried; potatoes, fried; coffee, all grounds; and bread all dough and burnt.

We had a great debate; stove or no stove? Ultimately a portable iron stove was made for us in Corvallis in one day, and it was carried all through the trip.

Fancy the face of the ironmonger in any little quiet English market-town on being told he must plan out, put together, and turn out complete, an iron stove of a different pattern from any in his shop, with fireplace, oven, boiler, chimney, damper, hot-plate—all in a space of three feet by two, in twenty-four hours! He would promise it to you for next week, and then apologize for not having finished it, and keep it a fortnight longer in hand. Our American ironmonger took the order about eleven o'clock in the day, suggested several sensible alterations, promised the stove by eight o'clock the next morning, and delivered it at our door by seven.

Then we bought self-rising flour, potatoes, bacon, and other necessaries and thick grey blankets, Oregon make, for each, and our outfit was ready.

But we had a day to spare in Corvallis, and so we three Englishmen took our "fishpoles" out to try for the trout in Mary River.

We hired a pair-horse buggy and were driven out west some six miles till we came to Philomath, a little scattered village just at the edge of the coast range, where the hills sink into the level of the Willamette Valley. Our road passed on among the hills, very like that from Moreton Hampstead to Chagford, in our Devon, but with the mass of Mary's Peak, 4,000 feet high, in place of the 1,700 of the Dartmoor Cawsand. Presently we came to and crossed the first bridge on Mary's River, near which stood a white flour mill. The stream ran boldly over a rocky bottom, with ripples and pools alternating, and overhung with copse on one side, the meadows belonging to two little farmhouses fronting the river on the other side.

The houses stood on a thick trunk some two feet high at each corner, the house looking complete in itself, and just laid on its four supports. Our driver drew our attention to this style of building, and observed, "That is a handy way of building for a fellow that is not very particular."

"Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I knew a man that borrowed five hundred dollars on his place, and the man gave him notice to pay off. So what does he do but, next Sunday, when the folks were all at church, he gets a lot of fellows with ropes and tackle and he puts his horse on to rollers, and off they run with it. The next morning, when his friend came after his money, never a house was there!"

THE next day the exposition started. We had our first experience with the Mexican saddle, with high pommel and back and enormous stirrups, and here we confess that if the English saddle is pleasant for a short ride, we should very strongly prefer the Mexican for a journey.

We came for camp into a patch of green by a grove of large trees, not far from Philomath. The horses were picketed, each with a sheaf of half-ripe oats cut from the nearest farmer's field (and well charged for).

After supper each man chose what he thought would be the softest spot, and there laid his roll of blankets down. Mr. Abbey (commonly, but not disrespectfully, called "Kit Abbey," after his former mate and leader, Kit Carson, with whom he had lived and fought for many a year "on the plains") picked out a little hollow under a bush for his lair. He said he liked these sheltered places, as the leaves kept off the dew. The rest got their beds ready in the open, just away from the overhanging trees.

The naturalist turned out with his shotgun, a heavy 12-bore, one barrel loaded with birdshot, the other with buckshot. Kit Abbey's two hounds spied the gun and slunk off, too, disappearing through the bushes and crossing the river.

Presently we heard a distant shot, and both hounds gave tongue. Kit Abbey jumped up from the ground, pipe in mouth, seized his rifle, and ran off. The deep voice of the young hound and the lighter notes of the old spotted dog echoed all round the hills in the still evening air. The hunter posted one of us, rifle in hand, at one ford, to watch, and was out of sight in a moment, toward the next pass higher up.

We stood watching there some time, listening to the hounds' voices growing fainter in the distance, but we were only disturbed by a heron which had been fishing in the stream just out of sight, suddenly splashing in the water and flapping through the branches.

Just before we lay down, a neighboring farmer came in for a chat. Among other details, he told us that he had employed a number of Chinese in clearing his ground of oak scrub, the stems of which were as thick as a man's thigh. The cost was from seven to nine dollars an acre, but the first year's crop paid for the clearing, and left a good profit besides.

In the morning the mist lay round us, the night dew having been so heavy that our hair and our blankets were soaking wet, yet no one took any harm, and this was our experience throughout.

A bath in the river the next morning was a delight to recall. It is true that our American friends looked on in half-wonder, half-ridicule, with no desire to emulate.

We looked in vain for the two hounds; they had followed their deer across the ridge some miles off, and we did not recover them for two or three weeks afterwards; much to our regret and to the infinite disgust of Kit Abbey. He had promised himself the pleasure of seeing us kill both deer and elk on the trip, as the deer abounded near every halting place, and the elk were to be found about this time in the higher ranges of the hills we were to cross on our way to the ocean.

One day we camped near the new farmhouse of Mr. Meade, a settler of twelve years. His house stood in the heart of a large tract which had been swept by a forest fire forty years ago. One of our party drew a little in water colors, and to Mr. Meade's great delight sketched for him his fine new white house, standing on a slope away from the road, with several good fields of oats and hay round, and an attempt at a garden with gooseberry and currant bushes, and a fair show of vegetables in front. He was very anxious to have all the children, as well as the heads of the family, introduced, so a bench was brought out and ranged along the house, and a row of five healthy, curly-headed children, put into the picture. This was to go to the old folks in Illinois "to show them what sort of a place ours is. And now, Mister, what have I got to pay? I reckon it ain't fair to take up your time for nothing, and I'm willing to do the thing that is right."

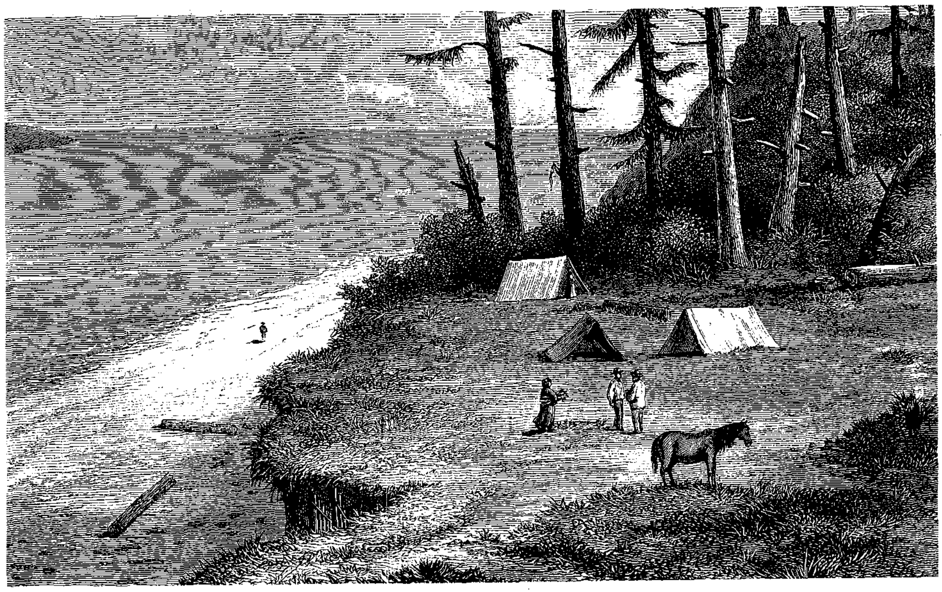
The fame of our artist's accomplishments spread. The next morning before breakfast, a handsome young farmer rode up on a barebacked horse, in grey work-a-day clothes, and with three axes on his shoulder.

As picturesque a figure as any artist could wish for, he cantered into the middle of our party and, suddenly checking his horse, sang out, "Which of you fellows is the man that takes photographs? If he wants to take me, I'm his man."

The sketcher made haste to get his book and colorbox ready, and told him to sit still for a minute or two. But that was not his idea. "Hold hard a bit," he cried, "I guess I'll get myself fixed up a bit before I have my picture taken." In vain the artist told him to stay where he was, and as he was, otherwise his picture would not be taken.

Off he cantered, his axes clattering, his hair streaming freely under his rough hat. In about twenty minutes back he galloped, and reined up proudly among us just as we had finished breakfast. What a change! A shiny suit of black clothes, bought ready made and without fit; a white shirt, a bright blue silk tie, a purple riband round his neck, with a great white Centennial medal; another medal—some temperance badge—pinned to his waistcoat; his hair combed out straight and oiled.

Yaquina Bay



"Now I guess I'll do," he cried out. No one moved; the artist went on quietly splicing a broken fishing rod.

After sitting there on his horse for a minute or two, he called again, "Where's the photographer?"

No one answered. He waited again, and at last the idea struck him that people sometimes meant what they said. So, with a parting observation, "I guess some fellows can't judge when a man's best looking," he rode off.

We struck the head of the Yaquina River running to the Pacific the next day, passing the old trail made by General Phil Sheridan in 1857 from Fort Hoskins to the Siletz Indian agency. The path is overgrown. Fort Hoskins has been long ago abandoned, and wheat is growing on the parade ground.

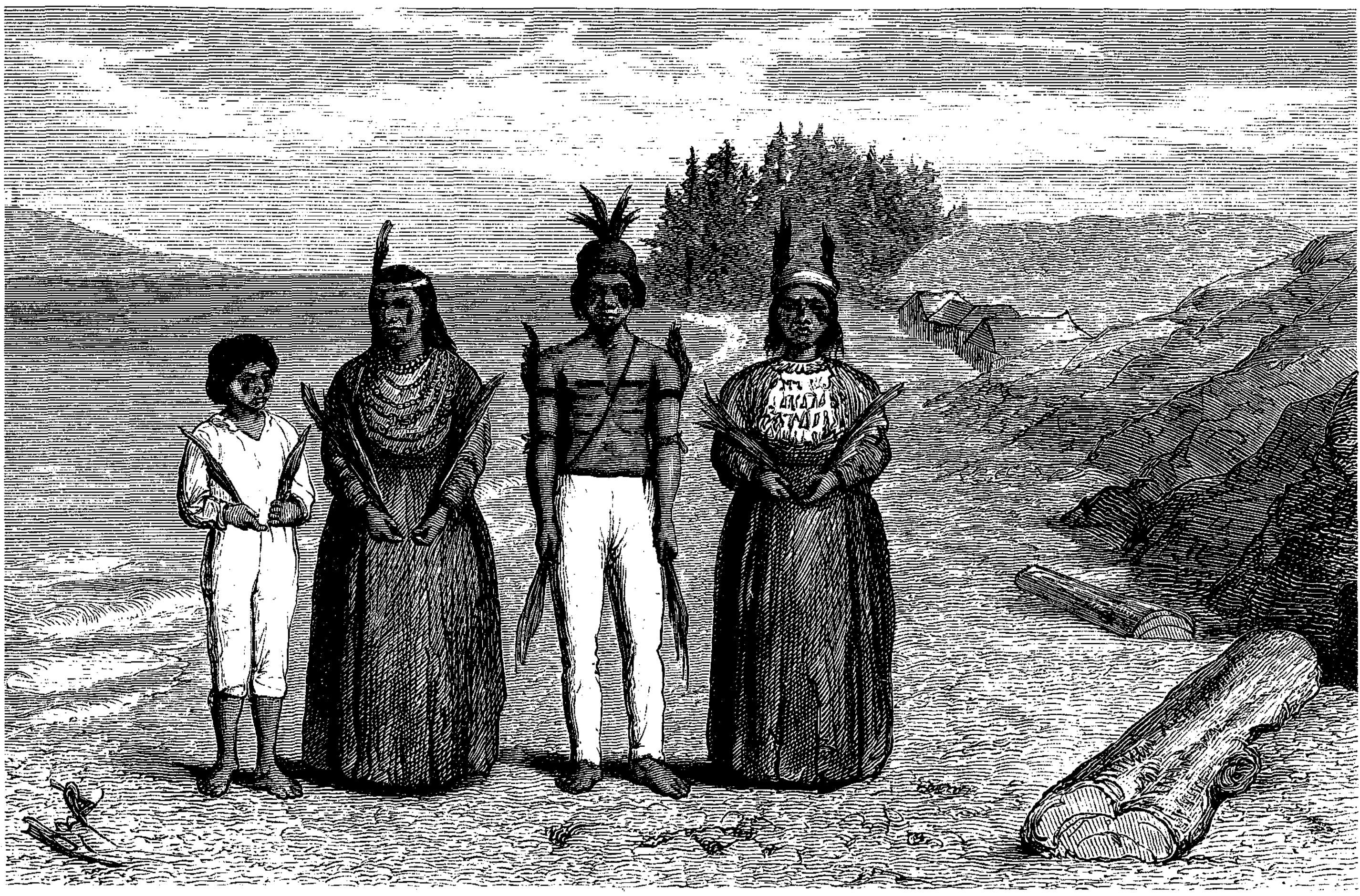
The ground was more broken and the hills higher. The road wound up the hillsides overlooking the river a hundred feet below, the vegetation growing always fuller and richer as we neared the ocean. Our naturalist had two escapes. We had to pass two wagons of campers returning from their holiday on the beach to their inland farms. The road was very narrow and the ground precipitous on the left. The horse got restive in passing the others, and set to kicking on the edge. We, who were behind, looked with dismay at his hind-legs getting nearer the edge at each plunge, until they slipped over. The stones and dust flew, and we expected the next moment to see horse and rider roll helplessly down to the river. A tremendous struggle landed them again on the road, and all was well.

Late in the afternoon, as the Colonel and the lawyer were quietly jogging along the road running between woods, a horse's feet clattered toward them at a furious pace. He came into view, galloping with a broken bridle round his neck and halter trailing in the dirt—no saddle, and one side covered with dust and gravel from a recent fall. They stopped him, and recognized the same brute which had had the kicking bout earlier in the day.

But where was his rider, and what catastrophe had happened? So leading and driving the runaway, they set off and hurried along. It was some four or five miles before they recognized in the dusty road the print of a nailed shoe, showing a firm and steady tread; so their anxieties were appeased, and they went on more leisurely till they overtook the naturalist trudging steadily along toward the bay. The horse had set to kicking and plunging furiously at the very highest and most dangerous part and, after a well-fought struggle, had succeeded in depositing his rider on his back in the road and had dashed off along the road backward. Probably by rushing through the woods he had got rid of saddle and bridle.

But thoughts and words were diverted at once by the view which suddenly broke on us as we reached this highest point. We looked right over the low hills out to the Pacific, lying calmly, meriting its name, in the evening sun. Each one gazed silently and long at a scene too lovely ever to forget; and quietly we found our way through the thick vegetation down toward the sea level.

Soon two or three white houses peeped out from the hillside on the north, the road wound steadily downwards, and our



Yaquina Bay—Indian's full dress

party met at the little hotel at Newport, on Yaquina Bay, the farthest western point of our wanderings.

In the evening we turned out for a walk. When we got back to the hotel, and had dined, we were invited to a friendly dance. We said that we were not well dressed enough to dance, but that we would go and look on.

Over the whole length of one of the three or four stores extended the ballroom, about fifty feet long, and five and twenty wide, it was lighted with candles in tin sconces on the walls, and hung with wreaths of green and flowers. At the far end there was a platform, and on it the musicians were sitting—a harp, fiddle, and cornet.

But the feature, a little strange to us, was the conductor, who sat in the middle of the platform overlooking the room, and gave his orders to the dancers in a loud voice, ringing far above the musicians, though they played their hardest.

"Now, gentlemen, advance—advance, I say—take your partners by the hand.

"Turn 'em round. Now, again.

"Now, back to your places.

"Now, ladies' chain. Do you hear, sir? —ladies chain—the other hand, sir.

"Now, set to your partners, ladies.

"Now, back again, and all's done."

There were about thirty couples in the room, besides a row of wallflowers, young and old. Where had they all come from? The place only held about ten houses and two inns. But the camps explained all. The ladies wore generally well starched print or muslin dresses, and some had kid gloves. The men had their go-to-meeting clothes on, which they all seemed to wish themselves well out of. The ladies looked the picture of happiness—the men, of awkwardness.

We stood at the doorway of the balcony, looking on for some time, and were not the only spectators, for three or four Indian men or lads crowded round us shoulder to shoulder. They were thoroughly amused, chattering in low gutteral tones and laughing heartily, not loudly, at the occasional entanglements some of the dancers got into in spite of the conductor's commands.

During the summer camping-out months there is a dance once or twice a week, the invitations being general. The cost is only a small contribution to pay for the band and the candles; the conductor enjoyed his office far too much to be paid.

WE LEFT Yaquina Bay and its cheery temporary population with regret, and turned our horses' heads towards the Siletz Indian reserve. Mounting the hills bounding the bay by a different road we reached in the evening the reserve, where we spent a day or two.

The character of the country remained the same: broken hills, flat-topped if steep-sided, all covered with fern and wild peas up to and over their summits.

The Californians call Oregon the "web-feet" country, and say it is only for frogs and ducks. But all things go by comparison, and they do not know our English climate, with its average of 150 rainy days in the year. To an Englishman, the Oregon climate seemed simply the most delightful and healthful in the world.

After two or three days traveling along a road, about ten miles to the north of the road by which we went out to Yaquina Bay, we passed a farm, where a settler named Towner stood waiting for us as we passed.

He stopped us to ask if we had a geologist in the party. Our naturalist responded to the call. Our friend told us that he had found four or five miles off, "at the head of Depot Slew" an outcrop of coal, of which he showed us specimens, and he wished us to go with him to investigate. We told him to come to our camping-place on the following day, and we would go with him.

Soon after breakfast he appeared, with a pack swung across his shoulders and a roll of blankets. He carried a pickaxe in his hand. We packed our blankets and food for twenty-four hours on Kit Abbey's old white Indian pony, and started, the party consisting of the naturalist, the lawyer, the United States surveyor, and Mr. Towner the settler.

This last was a type of a large class—a tall, gaunt, sober-looking man, with black hair and eyes and sallow complexion; his head filled with a smattering of knowledge on all points, but with the strongest opinions on everything we discussed; lazy beyond belief in daily life, neglecting his farm and his family, but ready at any time for exertion in any direction but that in which his duty lay.

He said that he knew the "trail" to this coal, but he "guessed" it was somewhat overgrown by now, since he thought no one had been up since he "blazed" it out last year. We were to sleep at a new-built cabin in the woods at a clearing in the course of being made by an old man lately come.

After passing along the road to the Siletz reserve for two miles or so, we turned off to the left into the woods, and before long were buried among the great firs. The trail got fainter and fainter and soon disappeared; the hills grew steeper and the cover thicker, and before long we found ourselves forcing our way through the bushes, then up a hill as steep as the roof of a house, then diving into the valley, then crossing a beaver swamp where the water gurgled and swished round our boots. The old pony sank in knee deep. Then up another hill, and another, till Towner confessed himself fairly lost.

At last, Mr. Mercer, the surveyor, took command of the party and after questioning Towner closely as to points and directions, took a line and stuck to it, which before long brought us to a settler's cabin.

The cabin was surrounded by log fences, as usual, and the path led through two of these. A gap had been made in one; it was necessary to take down a length of the other to get the pony through. Towner was leading the way, his hands in his pockets. The naturalist had his hands full, the lawyer carried his rifle. Mr. Mercer had Towner's pickaxe, of which he had incautiously relieved the owner.

Seven logs, eight feet long and a foot thick, are not light, and we lowered the top three with some difficulty. Towner stepped over and passed on three or four steps, and then turned round to look on at his friends pulling the other logs down for the pony to pass.

The lawyer called out, "Come, Mr. Towner, lend us a hand."

With a sly look, but without a smile, he half turned away, saying, "I guess I'll boss that job." This became a proverb with us whenever a bit of hard work had to be done which some wished to shirk.

After another mile or so through the forest, we heard an axe ringing. Climbing another steep hill, among some of the finest fir we had yet seen in the state, we came to a clearing at the top.

A new log cabin stood at one side. A dozen huge trees lay about, the fires yet smouldering at the roots of some of them. An old grey-headed man, dressed in rough clothes, but with very gentle civil manners, accosted us. He knew Towner, and seemed glad to talk to someone. He told us that he had been working alone all summer clearing a farm for his sons, who were to join him when the place was ready. He looked an insect in size by the side of the huge trees he had felled. *In fact, the man seemed utterly* out of proportion with the large scale of nature all round him.

The loneliness of the life he had been leading oppressed us more than it did him, for he was cheerful and bright; and when we had lighted a huge fire, he turned the conversation to religious matters, and earnestly spoke of the second advent of our Lord, which he believed to be near at hand.

He boiled our kettle and made tea for us, and after a chat we lay down to sleep, covering our heads to avoid the mosquitoes which arose in swarms from the neighboring beaverswamp as the light faded away.

About four in the morning we said goodbye to our host, after a frugal meal of bacon and coffee, and started afresh. We left the pony feeding with the old *man's two cows till our return.*

OUR GUIDE was not quite sure of his way. The trail was, as he feared, *overgrown, and we had hard work in*deed to force our way. First, bending nearly double, we crept under the mass of tangled bushes and vines; then, when our backs were fairly broken, we stood upright and by main force broke through the creepers.

We were making our way along the bank of a little stream when we heard a large body crash through the bushes *a yard or two ahead, rush through the* water, and away up the hillside. We knew it was a bear, and did all we could to get a sight of him; but although we were so near that the mud raised by his plunge into the water was only clearing off, we could not get even a glimpse of him, and the pace at which he got through the bush far outstripped ours.

By eleven o'clock we had followed the rivulet to its source and reached the coal. There were two distinct seams in the bank, cropping out with a width of about twelve inches and eighteen inches, but it was poor stuff. After lighting a wood fire and getting it well under way, we tried in vain to make the coal burn. It smouldered and got red, and turned to white ash in time, and there was the gassy smell in the smoke which spoke of coal, but that was all.

It appeared that there were two or three other outcrops in a northwest and southeast line within a few miles, but the geologist pronounced it a tertiary coal of poor quality, and pointed out how contorted and broken up were the strata. He pronounced it a heavy risk to go to *much expense in exploration, at any rate* until good roads had been made and population had much increased.

We then turned homewards and found less difficulty in keeping the path. Across the stream in one place lay a huge fallen fir. We climbed on to its trunk and paced along to the first branches. It exceeded 120 feet in the clear; the tree we judged to have been at least 230 feet high; the stem was fully 7 feet thick where we climbed on it.

In these woods the air could not reach us, and we were in a state of boiling heat. We rejoined our party at camp by about five o'clock, fairly tired out.

Our horses' heads were now turned eastwards again. We traveled back to the Willamette through a succession of smaller valleys, each with one or two white houses dotted about it. The character of the country was the same throughout; broken hillsides, level bottoms, flat upland plateaus, heavy, grand timber on *the upper ridges, a thick undergrowth* in the valley where nature had been left to herself. And so at length we reached Corvallis again.

HOW STRANGE is the difference of tone between the way in which the gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease, speak of the Red Indians and the expressions one hears about them from those who have made their actual acquaintance!

Most of us think of the American Indian as we have read of him in the *Last of the Mohicans* and *The Pathfinder.* But ask a man like Kit Abbey, who has lived among them half his time, or Mr. Bagley, the Indian agent at the Siletz, whose whole life is spent in trying to influence them for good, and you hear the same report. Some little account of what we saw and heard of them on the spot may be interesting.

When we turned along the edge of the cliff towards Newport on Yaquina Bay, *we saw smoke rising from several* little ravines leading to the shore. We dismounted once or twice to find out whence it came, and spied little shanties hidden away in the furze and brake. Dead bushes set in a row, a few long sticks bent round and tied together at the top, a mat or two of old, torn rugs and bits of carpet thrown over, made up the dwelling. And one or two dusky figures *with long, black, straight hair came out* to look at who was passing.

A day or two after, we got Kit Abbey to go with us to pay them a visit. Whatever language of their own they speak among themselves, most of them are familiar with Chinook, a lingo invented by the half-breeds of the Hudson's Bay Company, made up of several Indian tongues with a good many words of bastard English and some French. This is learned by all the trappers and hunters who have much to do with the Indians. The name for an Englishman, "King George's man," indicates the time when this lingo was first adopted.

So we strolled, pipe in mouth, along the sandy beach, and soon a strong smell of decaying fish warned us we were near an Indian camp. Close to a shanty a squaw was squatting on the ground. She was a woman of medium height, broad and strongly built, dressed in an old dirty print gown, and with two or three rows of large beads round her neck. Three broad bands of black paint from the corners and middle of the lips to the edge of the chin-bone, and a dab of vermillion on each cheek adorned her face. *How old she was it is impossible to say.*

Near her was another woman, similarly marked and dressed, with a baby about twelve months old tied into a wicker cradle, which had a band to pass across the mother's forehead when they moved house. Two small boys nearly naked, eight or ten years old, were chasing each other about. A great strew of fish-heads and entrails all round poisoned the air.

The father of the family lay on the ground inside the shanty, with his head just showing in the doorway.

Six or seven flounders, each with a spear-mark in its middle, were lying on a log in the sun close by. A little fire of sticks was smouldering close by the tent. Dirt was everywhere—on the persons of the Indians, their clothes, their hut, their food. And the whole place, with the seawater lapping on the beach close by, and fresh wind rustling in the leaves of the bushes, stank worse than the meanest alley in Saint Giles.

They all seemed glad to see Kit Abbey, and grinned with pleasure when he spoke to them. It was proposed that "King George's man" should make a picture of them.

Each one wanted to look over the artist's shoulder, and nothing but shutting the book and threatening to refuse the promised tobacco would make them go back to their former attitudes. But when once the sketch was done and they had seen themselves on the paper and had received the tobacco, Kaseeah, the head of the family, proposed that they should dress up "old-fashioned Indian," and be taken again.

So they retired into the shanty for half an hour or so, and then appeared in their glory. Kaseeah stood between his two wives, his boy on their right, and not one stirred till the picture was finished. He had stripped to a pair of clean white drawers, and wore a scarlet waistband. A plume of white and magenta feathers rose high from a bead headdress, and another plume was bound on each arm. He also carried a plume in each hand. The black bands and vermillion patches on his face were freshly touched up.

The women wore black petticoats, and had scarlet capes round their shoulders. Rows upon rows of large blue and white necklaces hung round their necks. They also carried feathers in their hands.

The boy had drawers on and nothing else, but he had a dab of vermillion on each cheek and a plume in each hand.

The younger woman was only sixteen years old, and Kaseeah told Kit he had only been married to her about a month. He said he had had forty wives. We asked where the rest were and he answered, "Got tired of them. Turned them off."

This man was a chief of the Alcea Indians, and had been concerned in one or two outbreaks in past years. He was tame enough at last.

A FEW DAYS after this we traveled up to and spent a day or two on the Siletz reserve. The road wound among the fern-covered hills, and late in the afternoon we descended into a deep valley and crossed the Siletz River, a rapid stream with a rocky and gravelly bottom.

Passing between two log fences, which divided the road from the little farms of some of the Indians, we soon came in sight of the agency—five or six wooden, one-storied houses, grouped together on a little green knoll.

When we had made camp and lighted our fire, some eight or ten of the Indians came round us. They all knew Kit Abbey, and a long and voluble Chinook conversation followed. One old man squatted a little way off quite silently, never varying posture or face. He was the oldest chief on the reserve—one of the Coquelle Indians, if we heard the name rightly, Just at sundown Kit Abbey told us to watch the old fellow, as he was going to have his sweat bath.

He moved off quietly and we followed, past the agency houses to a piece of green sward among the houses of the Indians. There, a round hillock was raised in the centre about two feet above the level of the ground; on one side of the hillock was a hole, framed in wood, about fourteen inches square.

The old man doffed his clothes and squeezed himself, head first, through the hole. A light soon appeared through another smaller hole on the other side. This light came from a heap of brushwood thrown together on a kind of shelf at one side of an underground cavity about eight feet square by six feet high in the middle.

The old Indian, having set fire to the brushwood, lay down by the side of it on the shelf, and began crooning a most mournful ditty, he lying with his face downwards on his crossed arms.

The smoke drifted out through the smaller hole, and it was possible to live—though, we should think, hard to breathe—in the chamber. Very soon beads of perspiration shone in the firelight on the dark, copper-colored skin, and the chant grew louder as the heat entered the old man's bones. The moisture streamed off him as the red embers glowed, and still his song went on, like no other we had ever listened to.

We stood and watched him for ten minutes or so, while the evening light faded away from the sky. Presently the old fellow rose from his shelf, struggled out of his hole and marched off down the road for a couple of hundred yards, and popped into a deep hole in the river and sat there for a few seconds. Then he got out, shook himself, passed his hands over his limbs, and proceeded to put on his clothes.

The surgeon in charge told us that the old man took this bath every night of his life, and that others were equally fond, though not so regular in the use, of it. The Indians prescribe it as a remedy for all complaints—very often with good results; but when an epidemic of measles visited them some few years ago they persisted in having recourse to it and died like flies.

Later on in the evening we called at the house of Mr. Bagley, the Indian agent. It was comfortably furnished, and all the white inhabitants of the reserve gathered in the large sitting room—the agent, his wife, and daughters; the surgeon, his wife, and children; the carpenter and his family; and the agent's clerk. They were the only whites among a population of 800 to 1,000 Indians.

We asked Mr. Bagley whether he had succeeded in influencing the Indians much. He told us that he found the greatest difficulty in getting them to settle to any pursuit; that some thirty or forty of them had little farms but only one of them had taken to cultivating the ground well. The majority of the men employ themselves in horse-raising and selling when they are at home. Many of them go about hiring themselves to this farmer or that for odd farming jobs.

They have a school, but not many go to it, and very few attend the Sunday services.

An idea has spread that the number of Indians is rapidly decreasing now that their nomadic habits are checked and they are confined to the limits of the reserve. The doctor told us, however, that this was a mistake, and that births exceed deaths now that purchase of spirits is impossible for them and their children are properly attended to in sickness.

Our friend, the surgeon, had lived for several years there, and his opinion was that diseases of all sorts were diminishing in intensity among them. We did not say that it was possible that his own practice might be more successful as his experience increased.

Mr. Bagley described to us an outbreak among the Indians several years before. We asked if he ever feared another. He said, no, but added that if such were to happen he knew that he would be the first victim. And the more certainly, the higher the respect and affection they bore him!

Kit Abbey confirmed this afterwards, and told us that a few years ago an Indian woman named Chitco Jennie had "packed" for him and his comrades for a winter in the mountains. When a party of hunters go into the hills for deer and bear, they prefer to have some Indian women to pack (i. e. carry) the carcasses and skins down to the settlements.

Chitco Jennie had taken a leading part in the massacre of Mr. Goodchild, the Indian agent. Mr. Abbey asked her if it was true that she and her people had killed the man, cut out his heart and cooked and eaten it.

"Yes," said she. "He was a very good man, and brave."

"Then why treat him so?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "we knew that if we ate his heart we should get his courage and his goodness too."

"She is dead now," said Mr. Abbey, "but she was not a bad sort, in spite of her murderous ways. She always treated us well, and she was one of the strongest women I ever knew. I have seen that woman pack five deer on her back to the settlements. That is, carry one down, leave it, come back for another, carry that, and so on, for five; and, let me tell you, sir, a black-tail deer, even after he is cleaned, is a tough weight for a man, let alone a woman."

THE next day we visited the Indian burying ground. It was placed on the side of a hill sloping to the east, not far from the spot where the barracks of the troops stood in the early days of the reservation.

There were many graves, each surrounded by a slender paling of upright laths, their tops roughly carved or cut into patterns. The surfaces of the graves were flat, and each had been covered with the bedclothes last used by the deceased.

On this were arranged his or her most cherished possessions: if a man, his gun, saddle, and bridle, axe, or spade; if a woman, her workbox, teapot, cups and saucers, spoons and knives and forks. To the four corners of a child's grave were tied the tiny shoes and little garments of the lost one.

On one woman's grave were the rusted remnants of a sewing-machine; on one chief's grave a costly rifle had been left to rust and decay.

We could not ascertain if these articles were spoiled or broken before being left, though in several instances it seemed to be the case.

The superintendent told us that often the Indian funerals were scenes of the wildest sorrow, the relatives crying and mourning loudly, and showing themselves very reluctant to leave the spot.

When soldiers were quartered there, and before the Indians had given up all hope of breaking out and getting free again, repeated plots were laid for massacre and murder. But always one or another of them warned some friend among the white men of his danger, and so the attempt was provided against.

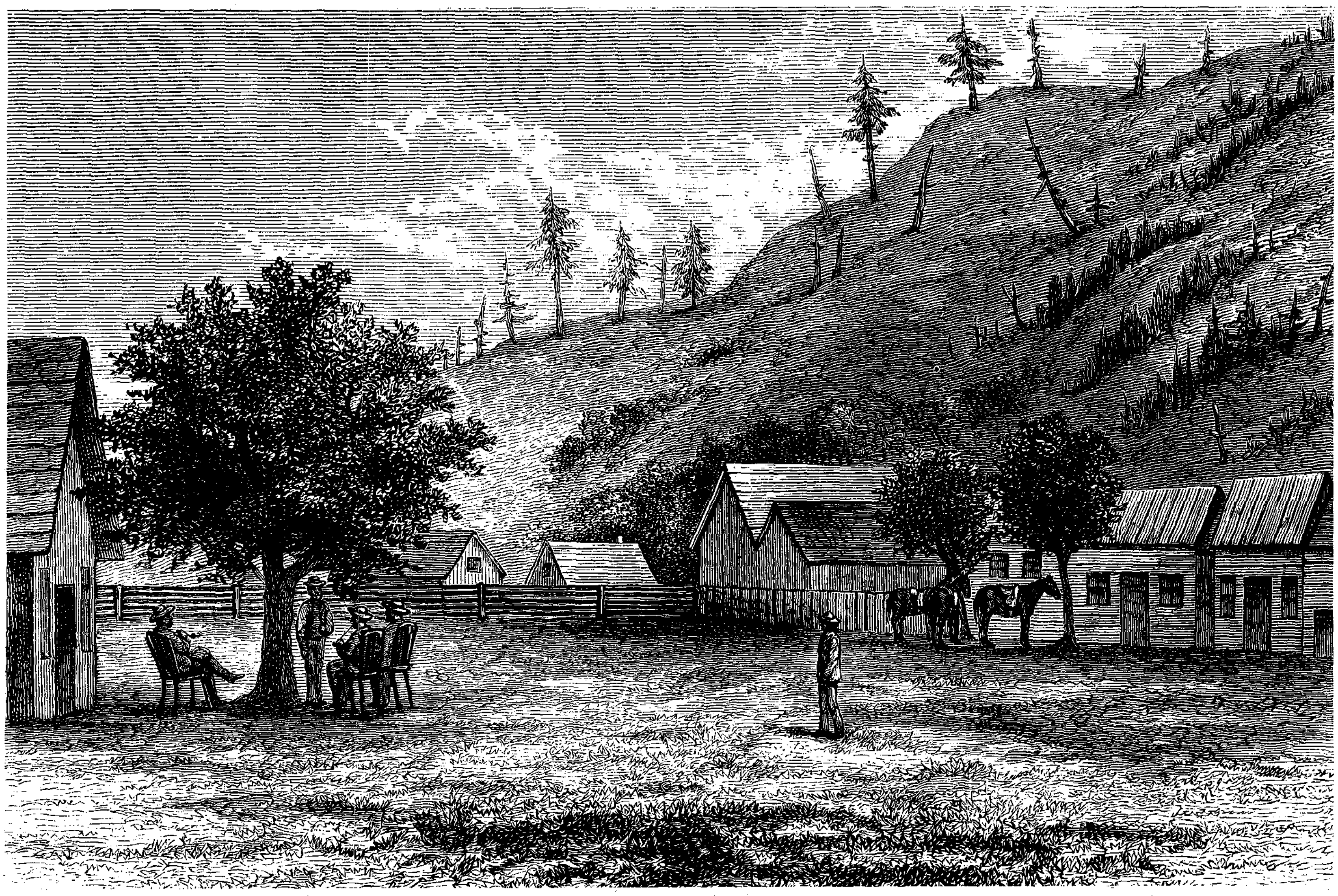
One chief was introduced to us (the one who had taken to farming) as the Indian who had twice put the commander of the soldiers on his guard. This man, a Rogue River Indian, had fought bravely until his tribe was overpowered and beaten, and he himself taken captive; but he had admitted once and for all the superior power of the white men and had set himself to learn their arts. He had become a fair carpenter and farmer, and had naturalized himself as a citizen of the United States, being the solitary instance on the reservation.

Doubtless, acts of injustice and crime have preceded the removal of these Indians from their former possessions to their present homes. They have been too often treated like the "coyotes," or prairie wolves, driven before the settler and killed if they preyed on his flocks, brought only too temptingly before their eyes. But it is also fair to place oneself in the settler's position.

Imagine him as he so often is—rough, rude, hardy, self-confident, ambitious, and somewhat selfish. Moved with the love of change, or desire for broader or more fertile lands, he left the clearings for the wilderness, family and all. He found the promised land, and pitched his camp by some bright stream, and there felled trees and framed his hut.

He saw no sign of occupation of the country, by his reading of the word—no turned up soil, no flocks and herds, no house or fence. But from a patch of bush close by the riverside a thin blue smoke rose, and the settler was aware of "Indian sign."

A visit showed him the native's dwell-



Elk City

ing, squalid, dirty, frail; its owners, according to the white man's notions, idle, worthless, dissolute, ignorant—without the will or the power to use or develop the country they claimed.

Was he who had come from so far off to this land, and found it good, who felt that under his hands wildness would give place to cultivation, waste to usefulness, savagery to culture—was he to retire, and leave its native possessors (tenants rather) to themselves?

Doubtless he often thought—let me turn this soil to use; let me make corn grow, set sheep and cattle to range these hills; let me build houses and fences, and plant schools and churches in due time here; and I will share with these Indians the benefits of the civilization I bring; they too shall learn and prosper.

Not all pioneers set out with pistol and knife to violently disperse the native dwellers in the land and seize their possessions for themselves, regardless of law, justice, and fair dealing. Rather let us mark, and judge leniently, if we can the difficulties of these scouts and outposts of civilization, sent on in advance to make the roads and tracks for the great army to follow. Let us remember that in the early days (and these times are but a few years back for the country of which we write) it was a life-and-death question for the early emigrant whether he and his were to be murdered, only too often foully and cruelly, or if he was to teach the Indian the danger of assailing the white man and his possessions.

One hears too much in England of the fraud and violence said to be practiced against the red men by our American cousins, to possess themselves by fair means or foul of the remnants of land set apart for their habitation. Such things may be but we saw no trace of them. In the Siletz reserve we found more and better land set apart for the Indians' use than they care to or can use; second, an "agent" in charge who reminded us of the class of man to be chosen for the head of a reformatory, or an industrial school, or a training-ship, and therefore the most suitable for the post, so far as our judgment could go. Then from the doctor they had free medical advice and help, the results of which even now are seen in improved conditions of health; then practical instructions in the necessary arts of house-building, farming, stock-raising; clothing and many comforts given them; schools and teaching free, but not compulsory.

What more could the incoming white men do for them? Save, indeed, leave them and the country to themselves, to remain a nineteenth-century New Forest, for the royal Indian's deer to range.

But the ten or twelve years since they were planted on this reserve have not, we fear, yet done much good—at any rate to the adults, whose memories are full of the old glories of their tribes. It remains to be seen if the race now growing up will gradually be absorbed into the society surrounding them.

The question was often put by us whether the farmers disliked the presence of the Indians on their reserve, within so many or so few miles distance from their homestead?

The answer was invariably that the neighbors were glad to have them as additional help at hay time and harvest, in hop-picking, or fruit-preparing, and that each year the number offering themselves for such services increased.

In early years irregular alliances between the hunters of the Hudson's Bay Company and the first backwoodsmen, with Indian women, were not uncommon. We saw several half-breeds, preserving the Indian points of straight black hair, large dark eyes, and dark complexion, with the straighter foreheads and noses, and lower cheekbones and taller figures of the white man. One very pretty half-breed woman was well married to a settler on Yaquina Bay; they had sturdy children, a good house and land. She and her children looked exceptionally clean and neat, and the house was well-ordered and comfortable.

We were told in reply to questions put to many people in diverse conditions and places, that Indians had many points of character in common. All agreed that none of them were to be trusted either in the serious matter of life, or in the lesser of property. Kit Abbey told us many tales, wherein one moment the gratitude that should have been won by years of kindness had disappeared, and the Indian had killed the man who had long fed and cared for him. The chief on the reserve, who had given warnings of the plots of his people, was the solitary exception we heard of to this general condemnation.

They are said to be very untruthful, careless, lazy, and improvident. Their best friends speak despondingly of any real change being effected in the present generation; but they are very hopeful of the rising race.

The selling or giving, or allowing alcoholic drinks to the Indians, has long been a penal offense in Oregon—a measure prompted by regard for self on the part of the colonists, as well as for the Indians.

IN THE course of our travels through Oregon, we learned the history of many of the men we met. The opportunities which the country gives may be learned from the results in individual cases, bearing in mind that the earliest settlers entered the state in or after 1849, and the majority of these men have achieved their present position in from fifteen to eight years back from the present time.

We will begin with a gentleman who, to use his own words, bought a farm less than seven years ago, because he found it impossible to bring up and educate a rising family on a salary of $1,000 a year as a Presbyterian minister. His estate consists of 500 acres of land, lying on the slope of the coast range towards the Willamette Valley, and varies in character, being partly hill land and partly bottom land.

Six years ago, when he entered on farming, he was $120 in debt after he had bought his land. It has long since been entirely free. He was utterly ignorant of the business when he began, and was for three years content to imitate his neighbors, ploughing, sowing, and harvesting when they did. He learned by degrees to walk alone, and said that he had now ventured to bring into cultivation much land that his predecessor considered worthless for wheat, but which was this year producing from fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre. Much of his wheatland yielded from forty to fifty bushels, but his general average was brought down to twenty-five bushels by the new wheatland and by some marshy soil he had not yet found time to drain. He has a very comfortable eight-room house, and a splendid orchard of twelve acres full of fruit trees.

This gentleman, of English parentage and education, told us that he enjoyed his life to the full. He thought he preached his frequent sermons none the worse that they were studied while he moved about his farm, drove the reaper, and shepherded his flock. We were told that the churches nearby were filled when he was preaching.

One of our earliest acquaintances was a Scotch miller, who had an experience in Oregon of over twenty years. From very small beginnings and early struggles, his little wooden mill had given place to a large three or four-storied brick building, combining a corn mill and elevator.

It was full of work when we saw it, and was driven by the stream brought thirteen or fourteen miles from the mountains in a canal, for the use of which he paid a heavy purchase-money. The mill stood on the navigable river, which brought and then carried away the corn and produce.

We were glad to make friends with an Italian settler on the borders of Yaquina Bay. As we sailed up the bay in the cutter, he came out to meet us in his canoe from the mouth of a little stream, with a bright-eyed four-year-old son in the bow of his boat.

On the slope above stood a clean white frame-house, with quite a large clearing in front between the house and the bay. A vigorous young orchard of peach, apple, and plum trees showed two or three years' growth at one side, and a garden full of vegetables on the other side of the house testified to the industry of the one pair of hands which kept all in order.

Between thirty and forty wooden beehives were under a long boarded cover, at right angles with the house, their inhabitants filling the air with a familiar humming.

The owner welcomed us ashore, and with great pride ushered us into his parlor, built, ceiled, walled, and floored with broad cedar planks showing a grain and surface an English cabinetmaker would have admired. The furniture was likewise homemade. No one but a sailor could have been master of so many trades, and this proved to have been our friend's original calling.

He had come out about eight years before from Italy; had spent a year or two at the salmon fishery in the Columbia, among many of his compatriots. He had then fancied a season's work at farming, had fallen in love with and married a pretty and well-educated half-breed girl, and had chosen a location and settled down.

He told us that he too was contented and happy; that he could sell at a good price all the vegetables and all the honey he could raise; and that fruit of all kinds, even peaches, grew and ripened well. His stock of bees were the produce of two hives, he told us, from his own ideas; schemed out and made his "bar frame" hives, he told us, from his own ideas; certainly we saw none like them any place else.

The wife busied herself with her dishes and plates while we were in the house, keeping shyly in the background; but the rogues of children came creeping round our knees, showing the strain of Indian blood in their straight black hair and bright black eyes.

A few hundred yards off, on a hillock overhanging the bay, stood the original log-cabin, now degraded into pig-sty and toolhouse. Our friend had selected a quarter section of 160 acres, and had several seasons' work yet before him to bring it all into cultivation. It would be hard to find a prettier or more fertile spot.

WE HAD some business with a lawyer in one of the little towns. We found him in his office, a small one-story wooden structure, into which the door opened directly from the street. The planks of the sidewalk were rather loose in front, as was generally the case in the towns, and one tilted up occasionally and gave the sensation of walking along an ill-made scaffolding.

But the fast-growing maple trees, along each side of the road, shaded the little building; and as we sat discussing the rights of foreigners who own land in Oregon, the only disturbing sound was the rustle of the breeze among the leaves. Our friend's library was none the less complete, that his office furniture consisted chiefly of two very old rocking chairs and an ink-stained table. We found him as well provided with law inside his head as with orthodox-looking, calf-backed volumes on his shelves.

The heat of the day was a good excuse for his sitting in his shirt-sleeves; perhaps one felt the more lenient also to the well-smoked pipe, with blackened bowl and long stem, lying beside the old desk.

He had come from Michigan twenty-five years before, and had built up for himself, by honesty and industry, a position of respect and confidence. His practice was of a very miscellaneous kind; now searching the record-books in the neighboring courthouse and land registry to advise on the title to some lands ten miles off among the hills; then assisting a husband to rid himself of an "incompatible" wife in a divorce suit easily begun and promptly completed; then defending in open court a lumberer charged with felling timber on state land without authority. Next he was occupied in keeping the accounts and collecting the debts of the estate of a deceased client whose will he had first drawn up; meanwhile doing a good deal of money-lending on a small scale, and at rates of ten, twelve, and even more per cent on the farms of newcomers.

We went to call at our lawyer friend's house the next morning, and found a comfortable white-painted wooden villa standing in a small plot of garden ground, in a "lot" on the outskirts of the town.

A bright, pretty girl of sixteen was practicing the old *Lancers* on a very fair toned, square piano of Weber's manufacture, and disappeared to fetch her mother, a pleasant-faced matron, to entertain us. She apologized for keeping us waiting by saying she had to finish hanging out to dry the fine things from the wash, but sat down and chatted most pleasantly for half an hour on all topics, showing, we thought, an amount of knowledge and reading we should have been a little surprised at in a similar position of life in an English county town.

And this was in a new "city" of 2,000 inhabitants, on the outskirts of civilization with Indian tents on a field a mile off, and bears, wolves, and cougars to be found by looking for them in the mountains within ten miles.

BUT IT IS easy to find the reverse of this condition, and our appraisal would not be complete without it.

After passing for several miles along a valley where clearing had hardly begun and tall bushes overhung on each side, we reached a more open spot. A ragged fence of logs, some standing, some lying about, lined the road. This tumbledown fence stretched away up the hillside. Part of the brushwood nearby had been stubbed up after burning and timothy-grass had been sowed, but the grass was mixed with weeds. Efforts at clearing had gradually failed.

A turn in the road brought us in sight of the house, a grey, weather-worn cabin, looking as if neglect and slovenliness, not age, were bringing it to decay.

As we approached it, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the door opened and a man looked out. He was tall and sallow, and had a reddish beard, sandy hair, and small, watery pale blue eyes. A long-stemmed pipe hung from his mouth, and the dark brown of the well-smoked meerschaum was the only bit of pleasant color about him. His clothes, down to his boots, were of uniform grey, and he looked as if he had always been too lazy to wash.

We chose a grassy corner, where a tiny stream showed itself, and unsaddled. The campfire was lit, the horses picketed, the blankets got from the wagon, the potatoes washed and set on to boil. The bacon began to hiss in the pan, and still our friend loafed with his elbows on the fence close to the door, and smoked on.

The amateur cooks in our party prepared a stew of a couple of fowls we had bought at the last farm we passed, and in an hour or so we sat round for our meal.

The loafer never joined us, though two or three times we had tried to make friends. There was a good portion of our savory food left in the pan, and one of us carried it across to the house, with a piece of fresh-baked bread and a lump of sweet, clean butter, made at the other farm that morning. But no: he guessed he didn't care for chicken, and he didn't eat butter.

His bed stood at one side of the room, and the dirty blankets seemed to have been just left. A bit of rusty bacon and a hacked loaf of bread were on the shelf, and a tell-tale black bottle nearby. In the course of the evening, by dint of much tobacco and a good many dips into the whiskey, we got him to talk.

He had settled down there about six years ago, and had built his cabin. He had worked hard the next two years, and had cleared the patch of oats and timothy-grass he pointed to with his pipe-stem. He found he had enough to live on, with the help of a pig or two, and a small band of cattle on the hill. He sold his oats and hay to passersby, and bought flour and bacon and whiskey and tobacco.

He did not work now, why should he? He was very comfortable, and he slept a lot. If he got tired of bacon, he could go and shoot a deer 'most any day; but he didn't often go after them, why should he?

No; he didn't think he should clear any more land; he had got enough. If he felt lonely he could go to the next farm, and that wasn't two miles off. But he didn't often go; why should he?

Yes, he went off to town a time or two, and had a good time, you bet; but it was maybe three or four months since he had gone there, and he didn't know as he should go again.

Last year he had four tons of timothy on that patch; but this year only two tons and a half. He didn't know why it fell off. If it went on getting worse, he would up stakes and be off—he'd got no wife or child, thank God.

We slept that night in the hay shed as it rained at bedtime, and all night the Oregon equivalents for the familiar English rats scrambled about the rafters and scratched on the loose shingles. They even burrowed their way in the loose hay under us. The rain soon cleared off, and some of us carried our blankets into the field outside and finished our sleep on the fresh-cut grass, perfumed by the recent rain.

The sun rose brillantly, and we saddled early and were off, leaving behind us as quickly as we could the sluggard's settlement.

IN OREGON the ladies take their share of public duties. We made the acquaintance of a pretty, lively girl of five and twenty. A farmer's daughter, and educated at the Corvallis State Agricultural College, she had passed most creditably through the classes there, and then gone home to her father's house. There she kept the accounts and transacted the business of the farm.

When the farmers round required a new secretary for their "grange," or union, one suggested to another that this young lady would do first rate. The idea took at once, and a unanimous invitation was shortly given to her that she should take the reins of office.

The idea, if pleasing, was bold; however, she assented. Keeping the accounts of the grange involves the affairs of perhaps thirty farms, whose owners make common sales and purchases of produce of all sorts; meet at stated times to discuss the price of wheat, the iniquities of the grain-ring, the rise in freights, and the rest of the farmers' topics. They have storage in common for their corn, and a corporate life involving power to sue in common at law, and liability to be sued.

Never was the grange business better looked after than when the young lady secretary was in office. The cares and duties of the secretaryship did not engross her entirely. A friend of ours went to visit her father in harvest-time. Our heroine's young brother had fallen ill while driving the reaper, so she drove the horses all that afternoon and, as her father proudly said, did as good a day's work as any man on the place.

Then she came in, presided at the suppertable, and afterwards played and sang all the evening.

It would be easy to multiply examples of the several classes represented by the various experiences we have detailed. But it seems that we have written enough to show the types of men we found in Oregon. Nearly all seemed pleased at the interest we took in their affairs, and answered freely and we believe honestly and fairly, the questions we put.

TO ONE brought up among the fixed habits, ancient institutions, and permanent ideas of the Old Country, it is very interesting to see a community which has just had a clean sheet on which to inscribe its laws, its religion, its public and private education, its social habits.

But it is difficult to convey in words the general impression left on the mind by reading the newspapers, consulting the codes of laws, the published constitutions of universities, colleges, and schools; talking with men in office, from the governor of the state to the peace officers in the country districts; the lawyers and the doctors in the little towns.

Although, of course, there are many rough customers about, disregard for and defiance of law seems very rare. Even in the wildest part, the marshal and his deputy go boldly and take wrongdoers to trial and punishment without dispute or refusal. And a legal notice, posted on the courthouse door and advertised in the newspaper, sufficed to put a stop to illegal timber-cutting in the far recesses of the woods we passed through, and to maintain uninjured an objectionable turnpike-gate on a very retired road, which gate had been twice destroyed by the neighboring farmers before its legality was established in court.

There may be a redeeming feature in the practice of electing judges by popular vote, and turning them out of office again every four years, which seems to an Englishman so utterly anomalous.

It may be that respect for the majesty of the law is inculcated by every village attorney, because he believes in his soul that next "fall" he will himself occupy the judge's seat, and claim authority and respect, and therefore pays that same respect to the judge whose successor he thinks he is to be. And the turbulent defendant subdues his angry passions at the "marshal's" bidding because he knows that if he can get his party to "run" him next October, he will claim the same obedience himself.

But we found the wisest and best men also one on opinion that this frequent change of office lowered the standard of purity as well as of legal knowledge in the various ranks of judges. Again and again we heard great importance attached to an early change in this matter which, by giving safety and permanence to judicial office, would raise the average of education, character, and position, among those to whom the administration of justice was intrusted.

Thus the first step would be made toward the formation of that upper class of educated men which seemed to us the one great want of the state. It is very hard for a judge to exhibit fearlessness and independence in his opinions when in a few short months the counsel whose arguments he is refusing to admit may sit in his place, and the parties to the suit, one of whom he is almost sure to displease, will form part of that public from which his future clients have to come.

If you look down the lists of university councils, school committees, church governments, and other ruling bodies of public institutions, you will find the "judges" well to the fore, and, if uninstructed, will wonder whether there must not be as many courts as suitors; but once a judge always a judge is the rule, and the title once earned by a four years' term is carried to the dying day.

The same necessity for pleasing popular opinion runs through the public actions of these gentlemen of whatever kind; and as they are as a rule, clever, active, and better educated than their storekeeping and farming neighbors, they so frequently occupy public positions of all kinds that there seems to an independent looker-on to be great room for improvement in the decisions of those public bodies in which their influence is felt. Again and again the contrast is apparent between the intelligence, honesty, and effectiveness of the private actions of the individual members of a corporation and the collective action of the whole body. To us it seemed that very much of this falling short in public affairs was attributable to the impending election or re-election, and the necessity each man felt of pleasing his party or his neighbors.

The fair side of this was the ambition, or at any rate the readiness, to undertake public office shown by many to whom the emoluments of office or its personal advantages must have been perfectly indifferent. Interest in the affairs of the state, the county, the district, was very generally shown.

EVERY little town has its four or five churches. Two divisions of Methodists, the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and one or two kinds of Baptists, divide between them by far the largest part of the religious members of the community, whilst there are a few Roman Catholics. Each congregation pays its own pastor or teacher, has its own building, and deputes to its own minister the sacred offices of baptizing, marrying and burying. The graveyards did not surround the churches; they appeared to be quiet spots, chosen at some distance from the towns or villages.

The little local newspapers abound with personal items. Not a child is born without the fact being noted, and the editor's wish expressed for the mother's speedy recovery. Not a wedding is celebrated without a description, not limited to the number and dresses of the bridesmaids, but descending to the particulars of the dishes of the wedding supper, and praising the excellence of the sauces and the lightness of the pastry. Not a death is recorded without details of the illness, and mention of the doctor who attended.

We wondered how these little journals were supported. The mystery was explained thus: One day we were resting in the early hot afternoon under a wild cherry tree near the roadside in the country leading down to Yaquina Bay, when we saw trudging along the dusty road a "respectably-dressed" young man.

That is to say he had a white shirt, a black coat and waistcoat, and a soft, clerical-looking felt hat. He carried, slung from his shoulder, a small black valise.

Seeing us lying on the grass, he came near and sat down in the shade and talked. After answering a great many questions as to who we severally were and what we were doing in that country, we proceeded to pump our friend in turn. He told us that he was sub-editor of the Corvallis *Crucible* and that he was traveling to collect subscriptions and sell papers. His wallet was full of the week's issue, and he sold us two or three copies with great satisfaction.

We learned that he had nearly 500 subscribers, scattered all over the district, and that every farmhouse took a copy. He seemed familiar with every detail of a newspaper, from the collection of "items," the reporting of a speech, or the writing of a leader, to the composing of the type, the pulling off the papers, and their folding and delivery.

When we were in Oregon political party spirit did not run very high, and we looked in vain for spicy epithets and venomous paragraphs. The imputations bv the "outs" on the "ins" that more clerks had been appointed than there were posts to fill, that the state contracts were jobbed, that the Capitol building was costing twice too much, that the printers were making their fortunes from the sums paid for printing and publishing the governor's annual message, and a few trifles of that sort, were no stronger than those one may read in the Eatanswill *Gazette* or the Eatanswill *Independent* at home.

The medical profession seems not at all exclusive in Oregon, and nearly all practitioners advertise their various claims. Mrs. Mary Howell, M.D., for instance, states that her "office is over the drug store on Thirteenth Street, corner of Washington Street," that she may be consulted any day between ten and five, and that her specialities are female diseases; while in the next line you read that Professor Blackmore, M.D., a graduate of Bellevue College, New York, has come for a few months to give the Oregonians the benefit of his great experience and uniform success in consumption, rheumatism, and every other complaint, and that he will make no charge unless the patient is cured.

Hydropathists, allopathists, homoeopathists and every other sort of "ists" offer their services. The Bob Sawyers and Ben Allens of Oregon are provided for in the medical department of the Willamette University at Salem, where sixty-three graduates have attained their MD., and three have nassed as Doctors of Pharmacy (Phar. D.) Three years study of medicine, two full courses of lectures, a satisfactory thesis, and an approved examination are described as the "pre-requisites to graduation." Nine professors are engaged in the teaching of the medical students.

WHEN a new settler has built his cabin and fenced in a few acres of adjacent land for his first year's crop, his next thought is for the one barn which answers for all the farm buildings seen about an English homestead. He fells trees, and by degrees prepares the logs, cutting them as they lie, then splits them and fits them for their places. Then he sends his boys out to tell his neighbors within a six or seven miles radius that he will raise his barn on Tuesday week. The wife sets to in good time, and roasts and bakes enough for a small army.

The day comes, and early after breakfast, say at eight o'clock, one wagon after another is seen nearing the farm, the man driving, his wife next to him on the front seat, and behind on the other two cross seats sit the lads and the lasses. The horses are unhitched, and the drag-chains put on, and soon from the woods the massive beams are dragged in toward the barn site with shouts and laughter.

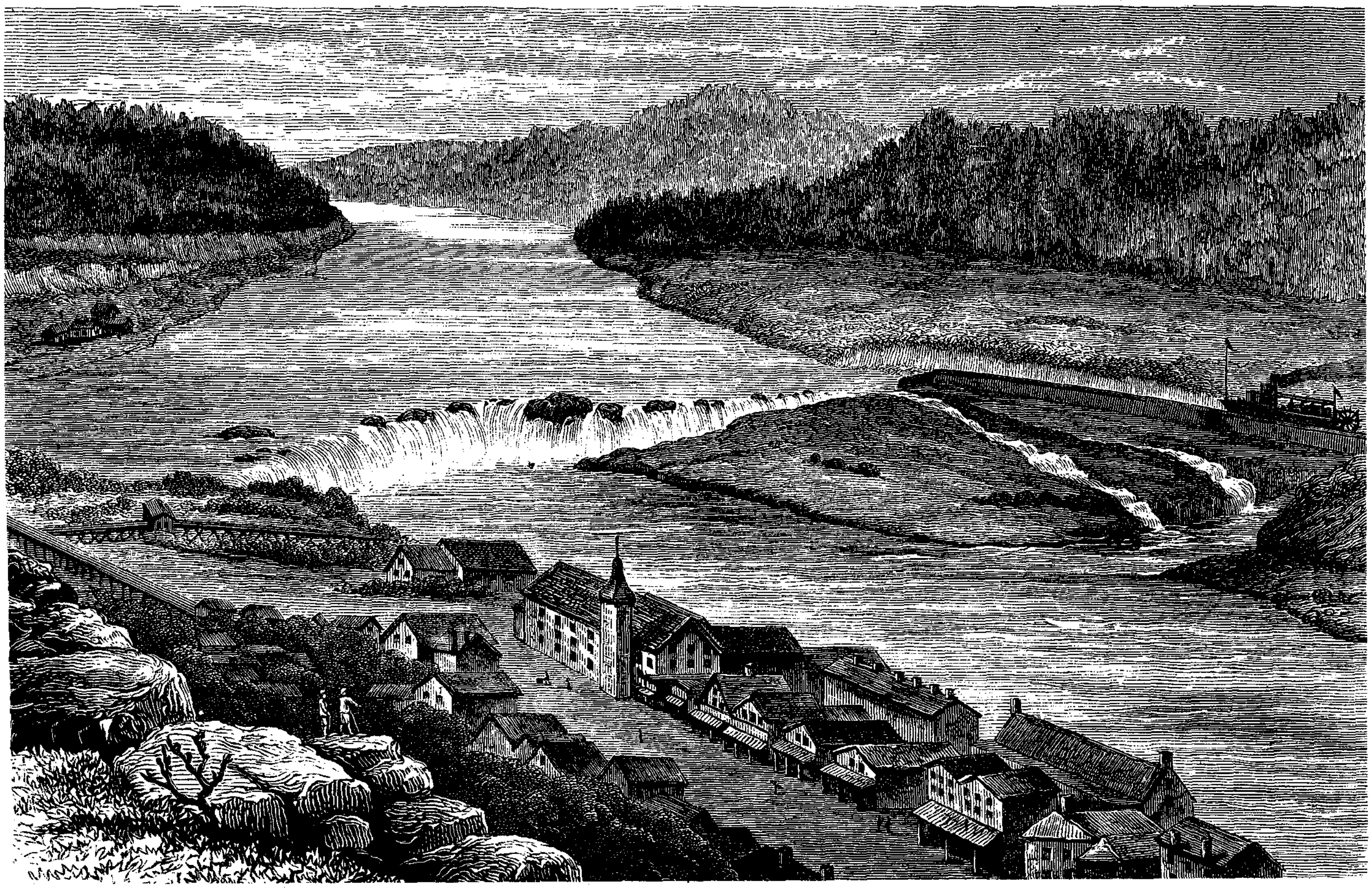
Then all hands set to the raising, and by dinnertime the frame is up and the roof-tree and rafters in their places, leaving only the boarding to be nailed on at leisure to complete the barn. And so, work being done, the frolic begins in earnest.

The piles of hot bread, the fried and baked mutton, roast chickens and ducks disappear, followed by quantities of apple pies, pumpkin pies, stewed fruits, jams, cakes and cream, washed down with plenty of coffee. Then pipes and whiskey and water appear, and singing and romping go on merrily till the—to these unsophisticated folk—terribly late hour of eight or nine o'clock; and then home they go, each prepared to render in turn the service he in turn receives.

A high value is set on education. Far away from towns, on farms miles away from a settlement, we repeatedly met brown-jacketed, high-booted, dirty-shirted, ragged-hatted fellows who had ideas on the currency question, were familiar with American history, and could talk intelligently on the labor question and Chinese immigration.

We asked one great ragged hobbledehoy, whom we met twenty miles away

Falls of the Willamette, Oregon City



from a town, away out in the wilds, where he got his teaching. He replied with dignity, "I larned some time of the school-marm, who comes out all summer to the schoolhouse yonder; but next year I am going to attend college in Corvallis."

College, we thought! His appearance was that of the shambling recruit one is used to seeing in the neighborhood of Westminster. When we talked to the principal of that very college at Corvallis, he told us that it was very common for the farmers to save and pinch to send their lads in to him for a couple of years, and that it was often a wonder to him to find how much learning they had gathered up there in the back country.

The college in question is a state institution and bears the grand name of "State Agricultural College."

It has a large wooden building on the outskirts of the town, with a senior and a junior school, and an arts and a physical side, the latter having been attended by ninety-five students in 1875-6. For its endowment 90,000 acres of land have been set aside by the United States Government. For the State University at Eugene City, opened in 1876, 66,000 acres have also been provided, and for the public schools in the state no less than 500,000 acres.

To constitute this last grand total, the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of land of one square mile, or 640 acres each in every township, are set apart. The message of the Governor of the State for 1876 gives the following figures: Persons in the state over four and under twenty years of age, 48,473; number attending public schools, 27,426; private schools, 3,441; no schools, 13,143.

Though Oregon is so young a state, there are the insane to be provided for. A public hospital in East Portland has been constituted by law, in which 337 patients were treated between September, 1874, and September 1876. Of these 85 had been discharged as cured, 33 had died in the two years, and 218 remained under treatment on the 1st of September, 1876. But Oregon must not lie under the stigma of furnishing the patients, since of the 218 above referred to, 30 were immigrants from Missouri, 14 from Illinois, 12 each from New York and Indiana, and smaller numbers from 15 other states. Of the 76 of foreign birth, 26 were born in Ireland and 13 in Germany, England only being charged with 6.

The State Penitentiary is at Salem, where 104 prisoners were confined on the 1st of September, 1876. From the Report to the Legislature by the Superintendent of the Penitentiary, we gather that he returns the annual cost to the state of each convict as $175.14. The experiment is being tried of leasing out the convicts to labor at various trades, and a certain number are working in blacksmiths' shops, tanneries, boot and shoe factories, and brickyards, at wages returning to the state fifty cents a day for each man.

The State has also formed an Institute for the Blind, where nine pupils were being taught in 1876 at the expense of the community; the institute being considered as part of the common-school system. The deaf and dumb also are not neglected. The state has provided an asylum where twenty-six inmates were received and cared for during the years 1875 and 1876.

The Capitol buildings of the state are erected at Salem, a town on the Willamette River, about a hundred miles from Portland. They stand on a very fine site above the town, the front of the building facing west toward the coast range and the ocean, while the back windows command a lovely prospect of the Cascade Mountains, snow-capped Mount Jefferson being in full view.

The design is very imposing, and has reference more to the future than to the present needs of the state. It is but partly finished, though $201,728 had been expended on it up to September, 1876. The part completed gives accommodation to the governor and other state officers, to the Senate, to the United States Supreme Court, and to the state library. This last contains books of reference, both legal and general, and in point of completeness and arrangement is most creditable to the officials in charge. In one of the corridors is preserved as a relic, and shown with pride, the first printing-press in the state, a somewhat significant emblem of what the young state prizes most.

The point of social development already attained is not a bad result, we venture to think, of only thirty years' efforts at founding and promoting the institutions common throughout the world to civilized life.

WE PASSED north from Salem toward Oregon City. The great valley contracted its boundaries, the lower hills of the Cascades pushing their spurs forward, covered with lines of firs; the river banks grew higher and more broken, and stone and rocks became visible by degrees.

Oregon City bids fair to be the chief manufacturing centre of the state. The broad Willamette falls over a ridge of rocks, with a height of over fifty feet, just above the town, and gives abundant water power for factories and mills without end.

The situation has been seized for various purposes already. On the railroad, or eastern bank of the river, stand in succession sawmills, a woollen factory, flour mills and machine shops.

On the western side is the ship canal, cut in the grey rock, giving access for the stern-wheel steamers to the Upper River and enabling the freights of grain and wool and other agricultural products to be carried by water, without transhipment, from far up the valley to Portland where the ocean-going ships lie to load.

The hills near the town are full of iron ore. A large smelting-works and foundry have been established for a few years, the deposits of ore yielding about fifty-four per cent of iron. The woollen mills employ over a hundred people, more than half of whom are Chinese. The goods from this factory were exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, and received medals and diplomas, the fancy cassimeres and blankets being specially commended.

Near this place, too, is a paper-mill, producing about 2,000 pounds of paper daily.

At Oregon City, and also at Salem, Albany, and McMinville, dried fruit works are in operation. Under the process known as the "Alden," plums, pears, apples, strawberries, and smaller fruits are preserved and canned for Eastern and European markets.

At Oregon City, one of the five United States Land Registrars for the State of Oregon has his office. There can be seen survey maps of the neighboring counties, townships, and sections, and the nature of every acre of surveyed land is shown.

As very mistaken notions prevail in England as to the land laws in the United States, it may be useful to any reader who seeks information here to summarize the real position.

In the year 1850 the Congress of the United States passed what is called the "donation law," under which those who had immigrated or would immigrate to Oregon before the 1st of December, 1850, would receive the following grants from the public land: For a married couple, a whole mile section of 640 acres; for a single man, half that quantity.

After the date named the grants were limited to half these acreages. The lands comprised in these donation grants are some of the very best in the state, for the early tide of settlement followed up the great Willamette Valley, and the level, easily-tilled bottomlands were the first picked out. Many such farms are now worth from $40 to $60 per acre.

The grants to the great railroad and wagonroad corporations in the state extend to the alternate or odd-numbered sections of one square mile, or 640 acres within a belt, having the railroad or wagonroad for its centre line, and extending from twenty miles on either side of the railroad, to six miles on either side of the wagonroad.

The even-numbered sections of land remain the property of the United States Government, and are subject to the operation of the "homestead" or pre-emption laws.

Under the homestead law every head of a family, male or female, and every single man over twenty-one years of age, being either citizens of the United States or having declared their intention of becoming such, can, on payment of the land-office fees of from $7 to $22, enter on any eighty acres of the public lands within the limits of the railroad or wagonroad grants, or on any 160 acres of public land outside such limits. The settler can obtain as of right, a government title to such land on fulfilling the conditions of five years' residence on the land and the expenditure of $300 in improvements.

Mineral lands, bearing gold, silver, cinnabar, or copper are excluded from the operation both of the homestead and pre-emption laws, and are subject to special legislation affecting mining claims.

Under the "pre-emption" law the qualifications of the claimant are the same as under the homestead acts; but, in addition, he must not be in possession of a half-section or 320 acres in any of the states or territories of the United States. The pre-emption rights are that, on payment at a United States land office of an entering fee of $2, a qualified claimant may choose 160 acres, or a quarter-section, either within or outside the limits of a railroad or wagonroad grant, paying for the government land in the first case $2.50 per acre, and in the latter case $1.25 per acre.

It is difficult in this day to find very desirable portions of government land within the limits of distance from a road, on which to establish a home under the acts above referred to, and the railroad and wagon road corporations are practically the only sources of supply of unimproved or virgin land. Very favorable terms are offered by these large owners to settlers who purchase from them.

BUT a good deal—not only of courage—but of experience of the stern necessities of wild life ought to be the portion of the newly-arrived settler who ventures onto unimproved land. His capital is being absorbed before his eyes in house-building, fencing, clearing, ploughing, as well as in the household necessaries of the first and second years.

The only exception is in a case where special facilities are or may be given by any of the landowning corporations to newly-arriving immigrants. If such a one has been able to arrange, not only for payment for his land by gradual installments, but also with help toward his necessary outgoings directly or through the corporation's credit and influence, then and only then ought he to venture onto what is properly and expressively called "wild" land.

It is true that if the settler makes up his mind to take such a risk, the kindly climate and rich soil may fairly be expected to secure him against loss of crops or of stock from inclemency of weather or poverty of land. And he will have the satisfaction afterward of reaping all the fruits of his patience and labor.

But our advice to any seeking a home in Oregon is first to choose by careful inquiry and actual inspection the district for his settlement in accordance with his own powers and tastes. Then, if he can, let him hire himself out for twelve months as farm help, secure of gaining good wages, as well as invaluable experience, and let him deposit his capital at interest of ten or twelve per cent in a safe bank, or on mortgage through a respectable lawyer.

Or he may, if he has alreadv a sufficient knowledge of a farmer's life and work, hire a farm on shares. The owner of the land will receive a third of the produce if the settler provides implements, seed, farming-stock, and labor; or probably one-half if these necessaries are found by the owner himself.

The newcomer will, in this case, be able to depend on a considerable increase to his capital by the end of the first or second year, and then he may, with prudence, become a landowner himself, with the certainty that having bought at existing prices, his land will increase in value year by year, and his own position undoubtedly improve. His children will have open to them the various careers afforded by the agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, or professional openings in this growing state.

The questions are often asked if it is safe to employ British capital in Oregon, and if foreigners do not lie under disadvantages as compared with American citizens.

The constitution of the state provides as follows. "Foreigners who are or may hereafter become residents of this state shall enjoy the same rights in respect to the possession, enjoyment, and descent of property, as native-born citizens." And further: "Any alien, or non-resident citizen of the United States, may acquire and hold lands, or any right thereto or nterest therein, by purchase, devise, or descent; and he may convey, mortgage, and devise the same; and if he shall die ntestate, the same shall descend to his heirs; and, in all cases such lands shall e held, conveyed, mortgaged, or devised, r shall descend in like manner, and with ike effect, as if such alien were a native r a citizen of this state."

A married woman may hold in her own ight, property of every description possessed at the time of her marriage, r acquired afterwards by gift, or ineritance, which property is exempt from liability for the debts or contracts of the usband. The same exemption applies to eal or personal property acquired by married women through their own labor.

Taxation in Oregon is very light. A poll-tax of $1.00 is levied on every adult inhabitant. State taxes for 1874 amounted to five and a half mills, the county taxes ranged from five to twelve mills, and school taxes averaged three mills in the dollar of value of real and personal property assessed for taxation.

IN ORDER properly to appreciate the life and bustle of an American town of sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants, it is necessary to have been traveling for a month or two previously through the country.

Portland seemed to us to be nearly as great a place as San Francisco. The approach to it is of the same kind, in so far as that the railway lands us on the eastern side of the Willamette, and that a big ferryboat transfers us across the river to the city.

The original wooden shanties along the wharves are being rapidly replaced with great structures of stone and brick. Warehouses are full of grain, wool, skins, canned salmon, and meat; logs and planks of pine and cedar are stacked in high piles. Several church spires, and the courthouse, theatre, and customhouse show prominently above the mass of roofs.

We arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, and went straight to the Metropolitan Hotel. The host asked if we would mind having sleeping-rooms at a house of his on the other side of the street, as the hotel was full. We unpacked and dined, and then went to the theatre.

It was the benefit of the star of a troupe of traveling actors from San Francisco. The pretty house looked bare with an audience of only about fifty people; and the two acts of "Othello" and one from "Lady of Lyons" fell flat compared with the half-hour of screaming farce which concluded the performance.

We went home to supper, and then to bed, our rooms being at the back of the building. About two in the morning we were wakened by the loud, persistent clanging of a bell. The jalousies were closed, and the moon shone brightly through the chinks. But a red glare lighted up the chimneys of buildings behind, which rose above the line of roofs of the houses, one of which we were occupying.

We got up and looked out, dressed hastily, and ran downstairs, though it was a few moments before our scattered wits divined the danger. The crowd had already gathered in the street below, and one after another we heard the fire-engines rushing up. By the time the door was opened, the hotel on the other side of the street, in which we had tried to get rooms, was in one big blaze. Flames crept quickly along the wooden cornice below the roof of the hotel; and almost as quickly as the words can be written, the upper stories of the four shops adjoining were on fire.

The crowd by this time had filled the street, and five fire-engines were pouring volumes of water on to the burning block. The volunteer firemen in uniform acted as officers to a wild mass of men who dragged about the hose, broke open the doors and windows of the burning houses, set ladders in their places, emptied the rooms of their furniture and the stores below of their goods, fixed great iron hooks on to the standards of the burning verandahs, and tore them away from their places to keep the fire from spreading.

Fortunately there was but little wind. A newspaper-office, within a few feet of the blazing hotel, but separated by a narrow wharf leading to the river in the rear, being saturated and deluged with water, did not catch. And at the other end of the burning block stood a little one-story Chinese washerman's house, which we had remarked on the evening before as an unsightly gap in the lofty street front.

This saved the town. The firemen could thus get to direct their hose full on to the side and back of the end house which was blazing. In an hour and a half the roofs fell in, carrying with them the whole fronts of the buildings into the furnace within. A great mass of flame shot up into the moonlit sky, followed by a dense white cloud of smoke, and the danger to the adjoining and opposite houses was over.

One poor fellow lost his life. He had come in late with two friends, all somewhat the worse for drink. When the alarm was given, the landlord rushed round the house, opening and breaking in every bedroom door. The unfortunate guest was shaken out of his heavy sleep, but the man who called him passed on to the adjoining rooms to rouse their occupants: the drunken man must have sunk back to sleep, or have failed to realize his instant danger, and he was never seen again alive.

After an hour or two's rest we looked out again. Where the hotel and shops had stood the evening before, there was but an unsightly black ruin. We thought thankfully of the escape we had had.

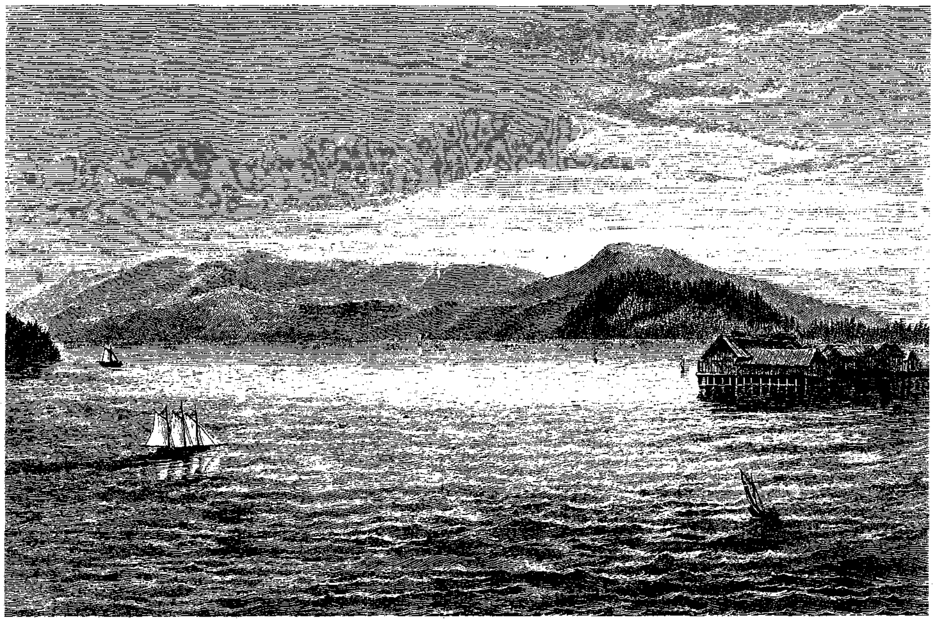
THE NEXT evening we sailed on our return to San Francisco and home. The *City of Chester*, the shortest steamship for her height out of the water, and almost the slowest that ever was built, was lying alongside the wharf, and we sailed about ten in the evening. The moon was high in the heavens, and nearly full, as we gently moved off into the stream, and the snowy Mount Hood shone out and his lesser brethren loomed darkly in the distance.

We turned into our berths late, and got up early, to find that we had entered the Columbia. The general type of scenery reminded us of the Sogne Fjord in Norway, except that the mountains were not so rugged; but the river was so vast, that one insensibly thought of it as an arm of the sea, and expected a salt taste when the spray dashed up once or twice into our faces.

There was a large ship's company. One or two Portland folk with their wives were going down to visit their "canneries" at various points on the river. Others were Italian fishermen, of whom nearly 400 are engaged in these salmon-fisheries; four or five pilots were on board, whose boats were lying off the Columbia Bar; several of the passengers were San Francisco or Eastern commercial travellers, returning from their rounds in Oregon, with the agricultural machinery, sewing machines, pianos, and patent medicines, which are the modern substitutes for the wooden nutmegs and Yankee clocks of our old friend, Sam Slick.

In an hour or two's time we drew toward the bank. A curious structure stood some distance out into the stream, built on piles, under which the river flowed freely. Long, low-boarded sheds, covered with red shingles, and a more substantial and higher building with tall chimneys in the centre, all built on these piles, formed the "cannery."

A white house with garden in front



Astoria and mouth of Columbia River

under the cliff, and a row of workmen's houses at the side, completed the establishment. Quite a fleet of open boats, each fitted for a pair of oars but provided with mast and sail, lay moored to the piles, and the nets were hanging out to dry or piled in heaps in the boats. There stood a great stack of white deal cases, each about fourteen inches square, on the wharf in front of the sheds, and some twenty Chinamen came clustering through the wide central doors as the steamer came neatly alongside.

The door in the ship's side was opened, planks laid down, and the Chinamen began their labors. Each seized one of the deal cases and slid it down into the hold, and moved so methodically, and quickly too, that it took only on hour and a half to ship 1,300 cases.

The owner of this first cannery was on board, and very kindly took us over it. We passed through two or three of the dark-boarded sheds, till we came to the farthest, the floor of which was covered with the salmon caught the night before. Only 240 fish lay there, but the season was drawing to a close on the 5th of August, and another fortnight would finish it. It opens on the 20th of April. Earlier in the season the catch ranged from 1,000 to 1,750 fish. The average weight was about twenty-eight pounds, and we saw no fish over thirty-five. We did not admire them very much; they were short and thick, and rather clumsy-looking, with a good deal of head and a strong tinge of red down to the shoulders.

THE PROCESS of canning is very simple. The fish are cut with great fixed knives into pieces the length of the tin can. Then, being packed closely into the tin, the top is soldered down. The tin is put into a boiler, with many others, and boiled for an hour and a half in water at 212 degrees. When this first boiling is over, a man stabs the top of each tin with a sharp awl, and so lets out the steam. The hole so made is directly soldered over again, and the tins are boiled for two hours in salt water at a temperature of 230 degrees. The canning process is then complete, and all that remains is to set the cans to cool, to label them, and pack them in boxes for shipment.

The can-making is a very pretty craft; one good hand, whom we saw at work, can solder 1,500 tins a day, the materials being set ready to his hand.

The neat deal boxes are made in Portland. Each case holds four dozen boxes of one pound weight, and is sold for about six dollars a case. This cannery, which was one of the largest, can clean, cook, tin, and pack ready for shipment from 1,200 to 1,500 fish a day.

The fishermen are not the servants of the "cannery," but work for the establishment on a somewhat singular plan. The boats and seines are the property of the cannery, and are let out to the fishermen in consideration of one-third of the catch of fish. The other two-thirds belong to the fisherman for his labor and skill, but he has to sell them to the cannery for fifty cents a fish.

These men make very large sums in a good season, but the business, like many others, consisting of a short spell of long hours of work and then months of idleness, is really healthy neither for mind nor body. And, as a rule, the fishermen, after a few seasons, either go once more to sea or return to their native Italy, or settle down in Oregon on the land.

This last year or so the catches of salmon have not been so large. Perhaps it is that sixteen or seventeen of these canneries, each accounting for some 80,000 fish in the season, have made a diminution even in the vast supplies of the Columbia. Perhaps salmon, like so many other creatures of flood and field, go and come in varying numbers in periods measured by tens or twenties of years. It is certain that the fishermen have found the common tracks of the fish near the shores on either side, and set their nets in the direct road of the ascending multitudes.

We hope that before irreparable damage has been done to these fisheries, proper precautions may be taken to give the salmon their Sunday free, even though a police regulation to that effect might be difficult to enforce.

The magnitude of the salmon-fishery may be judged from the fact that 428,730 cases, of the aggregate value of $2.329,000. were exported in 1876.

Some of the more far-seeing owners of the canneries are devoting their attention to canning beef and mutton as well, taking up this when the salmon season is over. The quantity of canned beef exported in 1876 amounted to 33,250 cases, valued, with what was pickled and sent out in cases and barrels, at $350,000.

In the course of the same afternoon we reached Astoria, planted within the great Columbia River bar. The sun shone brightly on the white houses dotted about on the hillsides, and grouped among the pine trees.

The slope of the hills behind is so steep as to afford no room for the rapidly growing town, and piles are being pushed far out into the water, on which rows of houses and shops are built. American enterprise is hard at work: several large ships were lying at anchor, and the little town was full of life and bustle.

Our steamer took in another large consignment of tinned salmon, which brought her head down another foot into the water and somewhat improved her appearance, but we were not mistaken in foreboding a tremendous tossing as we breasted the bar over which the long rollers from the Pacific were showing their white crests.

We made very little way in face of wind and tide; the bar is constantly shifting and changing, and the northern channel is pretty nearly closed to shipping. It is high treason at Portland to hint that this great bar is in any sense a barrier to trade; but we heard of several instances of sailing ships and steamers, too, being detained in wintertime for many days, unable to get in or out.

We steamed slowly along the coast, some four or five miles out, with a calm sea, a white fog-bank lying to the west, and the sun hardly shining through the thin veil of clouds overhead. As night drew on and the distant view faded away, we bade farewell to Oregon.

WHEN we looked out the next morning we were running along the coast of California. What a contrast! High white cliffs in long, straight stretches, unbroken by the coves and woods of Oregon —the sea rolling in against the narrow beach, with hardly any shore—an inhospitable looking country.

The captain told us that when a northwest breeze rises, it freshens rapidly into a gale. There is no shelter, nc harbor or refuge along all this coast and the schooners caught in such a case anchor, the crews batten all tightly dowr and betake themselves on shore anc watch their vessel, trusting to the strength of her cables to hold her fron drifting in. Generally the vessel escapes; sometimes she is driven bodily ashore and blown high onto the beach, where hei timbers lie for years.

A considerable trade is done betweer San Francisco and the little coast towns in lumber, corn, wool, and other agricultural and pastoral produce.

As we passed along southward, th prevailing color of the coast changed, anc reds and browns varied the white cliffs The ships became more numerous, al flocking towards the same point. Ridges of rocks pushed out into the sea, witl here and there a sunken one over whicl the waves broke heavily.

Then a wide gap gradually opened ii the coastline. The ship turned sharply in and we passed through the Golden Gate the splendid stretch of calm wate within bathed in sunlight. The hills o either hand almost merit the name o mountains; in form they are very lik those of mid-Wales. They are covere with masses of brown heather and dark green gorse. Hardly one stunted tree is seen, except where a white house has been built and fruit trees planted.

We neared the city, passing along its sea face with its long line of docks and wharves. Huge piles of wheat in bags lay everywhere ready for shipment to Europe and the East. We found the whole city in a condition of suppressed excitement. The night but one before, riots had broken out, and the loafers and "hoodlums" for a few hours had held mad revel in the streets.

The railway riots in the East had given a pretext, but the mob in San Francisco had tried to set the city on fire in several places. It had failed, even in the case of the Pacific Steamship Company, whose wharves and dock had been several times assailed. They had then burst into Chinatown and had wrecked several houses, broken a great many windows, and had maltreated the blue-frocked, long-tailed inmates whenever they could get hold of them.

A good many fears had been felt, as the police force was unable to cope with such an army of ruffianism. But the ublic spirit of the well-to-do inhabitants was at once invoked. The survivors of he Vigilance Committee of 1849 had met t City Hall. The mayor had sworn them n as special constables, and they had ummoned their friends to their side, and n a very few hours some 6,000 friends f order were enrolled. These were ivided into companies of 100 each, and atrolled the city, each man armed with lub and revolver.

The mob had never ventured to try onclusions, but after a few spasmodic ttempts had given in and were chased rom the streets whenever they showed head. And the following night, that pre- eding our arrival, the city was quiet.

We turned out for a walk after dinner, nd were out till midnight, but were not ewarded by seeing even one single fight, nd the streets were as quiet and calm s those of London itself.

We passed a few pleasant days, ac- epting as far as possible the kindly ospitality showered on us from all sides. ne of our hosts lived out an hour and half from the city, southward, at a lace called Menlow Park.

The State Fair was just open in San rancisco ere we left. Whatever one ould look for in a similar exhibition at ome was displayed, from steam-engines o mousetraps, sewing machines to bee- ives, telescopes to knifegrinders, all orts of mechanical contrivances were een. Corn of all sorts, fruits and flow- rs, wines, oil, silk; various metals and res; needlework and embroidery, pic- ures; pianofortes, furniture in lovely oods, polished and inlaid; various hemical products, tinned meats and fish.

Meanwhile a large band of wind and tringed instruments were in full force, nd most creditably they played; the rge building was crammed with visitors. e roamed here and there, finding it ard indeed to credit that what we saw in s raw material, and its manufactured ndition, was nearly all the product of at single state, and that the work had ally all been done since 1850, that is seven and twenty years. No wonder s natives are proud of the Golden tate, and foresee a splendid future for e Pacific slope.

Our friends besought us to arrange to ass a winter there. The same clothing, cept a slightly thicker great coat for orning and evening wear, is worn as in mmer. Traveled Californians will always tell you that they have no inducement to leave home, at any time of the year for change of climate, and wherever they go, they say, with apparent earnestness, "There's no place like home."

But lanky forms, pale faces, bright eyes, quick active movements, and hasty tempers tell their own tale of life at high pressure, men kept in constant training. The race has many markedly admirable characteristics, but there is no denying that living so fast, they cannot live so healthily and so long as residents of a more temperate and cooler clime, with fewer fluctuations of success and failure.

We make no scruple of avowing our strong preference for Oregon, and our belief in its more solid, if not so rapidly growing prosperity.

THE CLIMB back to the top of the Sierra Nevada, returning eastward, seems steeper than the westward descent. The engines labor and tug and strain, while the hot sun beats fiercely on the carriage tops, and we all sit panting in our shirt-sleeves or light dustcoats, praying for the cool evening breezes.

We intended staying at Salt Lake, to pay our respects to Brigham Young, but when we got to Ogden Junction, we heard of his serious illness, and in a day or two, of his death. The easy way in which the reins of power he dropped were picked up by the college of apostles (of Cardinals we were going to say) was a surprise to many besides ourselves. One heard everywhere that a general disruption of the church, or vast changes in its constitution at least, must follow the sudden departure of so masterful a leader, who had been so thoroughly the the author and architect of the success of the Mormon organization.

But no change of policy has yet appeared. People said that a great inroad of Gentiles would be made; that a mixed population would hold the land; and that the Mormon Church would have to move its headquarters once again, if its peculiar features were to be upheld. But they had not taken account of the foresight of the leader who had gone to his account. There are but few watercourses in Utah, and fertility—even the necessaries of life themselves—depends on access to these streams. These rivers and water powers are all owned and held by the Mormon settlers, and Gentile immigrants found themselves at the mercy of these men. Land they might have, but no water. The victory of the general features of the vigorous American life over the peculiar customs of the Mormon Church will depend, it seems to us, on whether the attraction of the mineral wealth of the country can overcome the resistence of the present owners to the residence among them of the Gentile miners.

Outside its mines Utah offers few attractions to the settler, to whom in other states such infinitely greater advantages in soil, climate, and free social life lie open.

As we passed along in the train over the prairies, there were herds of innumerable cattle being driven eastward. We counted up to several hundreds in one drove, and estimated it to consist of at least 5,000 head. They had doubtless been collected in those splendid pastures of Oregon that we had seen, and having journeyed through the spring and summer months, would now very shortly come to the end of their free quarters, and be packed closely in the railway trucks and shipped away east. Some would be slaughtered at Chicago, others in the eastern states, and some would find their way to English markets.

We changed our route at Omaha, and traveled to Chicago over the Burlington and Quincy road, struck always by the unbroken line of farms, varied with prosperous towns and villages—everything growing, full of life.

Surely no English traveler can pass, with open eyes, from one side to the other of this vast continent without having forced on him the tremendous contrast between the narrow, monotonous lives of so many thousands of his fellow-countrymen and their struggle for existence, with the sense of freedom, of opportunity, of prosperity of the settler in the West.

It is difficult to repress a sigh of envy at the broad, fertile lands of these newly-settled states. One can sympathize with the suggestion of the Western man, who was traveling toward England but hoped that when he got to Liverpool and went to London, the train might keep the rails, lest it should run off into the sea on either side; and who supposed that in England one was never out of sight of the waves.

FROM Chicago we took the Michigan Central route, leading us by Detroit and Niagara. The railroad runs for some miles along the southeastern shore of Lake Michigan. The day was stormy and the wind rough; the brown waves came curling in on the beach with white tops of a thoroughly orthodox fashion. Of course no land whatever was visible across the lake; water and sky met in the horizon. Ships were rising and falling at their anchors; one or two steam-tugs were puffing about in the usual restless, undefined way; sailors in proper costume were loitering in little knots on the wharves, hands in their pockets, quids in their mouths; a fresh smell was in the wind.

Could this great expanse of water be anything but the sea? The longer the train ran in full sight, the harder it became to believe one's map and refuse the evidence of one's eyes. But this map showed a group of four of these great lakes, and Lake Michigan was not the largest. We tried, but failed, to imagine clearly the volume, the acreage of water.

Previous experiences of lakes at home and abroad gave no guide; Lake Windermere, Lake Leman, Lake of Como, Lake Mjosen, Bandag's Vaud, each in turn was brought into comparison; but the mountins surrounding each, the opposite shore visible if distant; the inflowing rivers; the little ships and trim boats—all impressed on the mind the sense of "a piece of water surrounded by land." Here none of these essentials of a lake were present to the eye; we were indeed coasting along an inland sea.

In passing, a word of gratitude may be forgiven us for the comforts and ease of the Pullman cars on this road, and the excellence and cheapness of the traveling hotel car, where all our meals were served.

The rest of that afternoon and evening we were crossing the State of Michigan, which does not show to the passing traveler many more signs of advanced civilization than Iowa and Nebraska. One sees thick woods from which tilled ground has been reclaimed; rough farming; a good deal of water standing about in the low grounds; while the cornfields exhibit a rich undergrowth of weeds.

Towards midnight we drew near Detroit, where we were to pass once again under the rule of Her Majesty the Queen.

The moon shone very brightly as the train moved slowly onto a huge ferry-boat, and was there made fast. The river flowed calmly by, about a mile and a half broad, and the roofs and steeples of Canadian Windsor, on the opposite side, glittered in the white moonlight. It was very pleasant to exchange the shake and rattle of the train for the smooth, easy motion of the boat. We were steered with the greatest precision into the mooring berth on the Canadian side, and the train moved off at once again.

Our road was the Great Western of Canada, and we were very curious to know if the contrast between American and English railroad manners would be very marked.

WELL, first, the road bed was rougher than the American one we had just left; jolts and jars were much more frequent; next, though the American stations are wanting as a rule in solidity and cleanliness, in brick and stone, and paint and paper, yet the Canadian ones are far worse. Tumbledown boarding, broken benches, worn platforms, gappy fences everywhere caught the eye. There was a general look of slackness in objects animate and inanimate; a sleepier race of people filled the stations, many of whom seemed to have no business there, not even to "see a friend off." The exception was in the fitly named London; this place gave the impression of more energy and life and growth.

About midday we neared Niagara, and there left the train.

There was a quiet, Old World look about the place—the railway policeman assisted us to choose a carriage and bargain with the driver to take us to the Falls. A small crowd of idlers took much interest in our start, offering free advice as to where we should go, where stay, where dine.

We turned out of the town on a shady road, not knowing that the great river was running nearby unseen at the bottom of its cleft.

We listened, but heard no roar, save that of the train rumbling over the long bridge behind us. Presently through the trees and bushes lining the road we saw some way off a white gleam, and at the same time a low, dull murmur began to be heard.

Our carriage stopped on the edge of a grassy bit by the roadside, and the driver asked if we would get out.

"Get out, why? Is this all?" Some way off, across a deep chasm, there were all the buildings of a town—hotels, churches, factories—and just at their right and exactly opposite us, was a straight white sheet of falling water, divided into unequal parts by a black rock.

"This is the American Falls."

"Well?"

"Won't you get out?"

"No."

"You had better get out and go to the edge."

"No—I tell you; it's humbug—not worth getting out for."

There were three of us—a young English couple and the writer. While we were looking, a heavy thundershower came almost suddenly up, and the bright sky was clouded over, and the rain pattered on the leaves. It lasted but a few minutes, and the sun shone out once more.

Laughing, we got out and moved a few paces down the road to get a better view. We looked to the right and laughed no more, for we were in full sight of the Canadian or Horseshoe Falls—spanned by a rainbow, whether left by the shower or the daughter of the fall itself, we could not tell.

Deep below our feet was the dark green, almost solid-looking, pool in which the American Falls opposite seemed to lose itself without an effort, but bounded at the upper end by the curved wall of waters thundering down Horseshoe Falls. Just at the left, the suspension-bridge spanning the chasm seemed but too light, too ethereal, for the awful height.

Walking down the road still farther we stopped opposite Prospect House, and from the rock there close to the Fall gazed into the tearing, roaring masses of tortured water, till the effect was graven in the memory never to be forgotten.

Passing still along the road, the reach of river leading to the Falls is seen. Four or five miles wide, broken with rocks, rising everywhere into rapids at the smallest obstacle, the river hurries to its fate, and one feels sympathy almost as if it were a living thing, carried by resistless fate to a fearful doom.

Singular, the fascination Niagara has for suicides. They come from far to cast themselves in. Shortly before our visit, the wife of a wealthy New York merchant had shown signs of failing intellect. With everything that the most of us crave, love, obedience, troops of friends, she left her home and found her way to Niagara. Tracked by her family, but always having purpose enough to avoid observation, she lost herself in crowds and evaded all pursuit until she could stand above that boiling pool and take that plunge.

WE COULD NOT leave without visiting the rapids below, where the volume of water is crushed together in a narrowed channel until the middle of the river is heaped up, men say, sixteen feet, by the mixed pressure and velocity.

It is right to apologize for saying one word about Niagara, since to most readers it must be assumed to be familiar from their earliest years; still, to pass it by in silence would be almost to insult it. One may not be able to report fully and correctly the conversations of a deep thinker or a master of some theory in science; and yet if one visited his country and his house, it would be ungracious not to record the fact, and bear witness to his kindly reception.

In the evening we went on again, choosing the New York Central route. We entered the car on the Canadian side, and crossed the great bridge over the rapids, getting our last look up to the Falls.

The distance and the clear, quiet, still evening combined to leave the impression of beauty on our memories, and so to complete the series of changes of effect of which the day had been so full.

A pleasant, chatty American got in with us, and sat down, remarking on the fineness of the evening, the magnificence of the views. He hoped we had been to the various points, and incidentally mentioned Prospect House. He commented on the way English people spent their money there, and the enormous profits which must be made. He referred to the feather work and photographs as being exceptionally dear, and at last quite casually "guessed" we had done as all others do.

Very unsuspectingly, we tossed back the ball of conversation, and concurred in much that he said, but defended the photographs as being both good and not dear.

He asked, "Did you get any of those large views of the Falls? They are the best."

"Oh, yes," we answered. "We bought three or four; not mounted, but rolled for convenience of carriage."

By this time the train was pulling up in the station on the American side, and our friend wished us goodnight and alighted.

In three minutes, back he came with another fellow as Yankee customhouse officers, and requested us to hand over our keys.

"What for?" we asked.

"Oh, all Canadian works of art and other manufacturers pay duty here."

While we were meditating, our friend went on, "Have you any other things chargeable besides those photographs and the feather fans?"

"What is there to pay?" we asked.

"A dollar and a half," said he.

"For carrying these trifles then through the United States territory, tc put them on board ship in three days at New York, your great Republic fleeces me out of this paltry sum in this paltry way?"

"Yes," he answered, whereupon a few winged words passed of a warm nature.

The head man was fetched from h tea, and the whole matter explained t him before a small crowd, who did no seem very proud of the "smartness" o our friend. It ended in our producin the return ticket to Liverpool by th White Star line, and the chief's declinin to insist on the payment, much to ou first friend's disgust, and we left then in the heat of controversy.

So much for our last experience o American customhouses. Begun i bribery and corruption at New York, i ended with the petty cunning shown b the insidious scamp we had just left.

The Erie train raced us all the wa to Buffalo, the tracks running side b side, and the pace being a great deal to lively for the passengers' comfort or th shareholders' pockets.

So roughly treated were two friend of ours in the Erie car that the lady tol us afterwards that she was more sic from the jolting than she had ever bee at sea. She was laid up for a day or tw at New York in consequence.

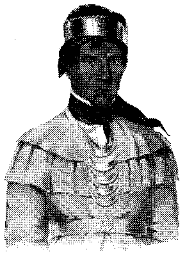
A very crowded night Pullman brough us to Albany in the early morning. Afte breakfasting there, we finished the jou ney across the continent by the beaut ful scenery of the Hudson River. Th last few hours among the mountain calm river reaches dotted with whit sails, pretty country houses, and snu villages of New York State, left us ver pleasant memories of railway traveling i America.

An eight days' passage from Sand Hook to Queenstown, marked by no i cident and troubled by no anxiety, fitl closed our travels and gave us oppo tunity to arrange in due order the note from which this record of our journe has been compiled.

If this book shall serve to bring mo clearly before intending emigrants t risks they run, but the probabilities success they enjoy, on the other side the world; if curious readers shall gai truer ideas of the countries being r claimed from wilderness, of the instit tions being tested and developed, of t various problems being worked out the which are of enduring interest for a whose ideas are not bounded by the mil horse customs of their daily life, the the book will not have been written i vain; and perhaps its many faults, which no one is more conscious than t writer, may be excused.

Biographical sketch prepared under auspices of Department of War at Washington in 1854

AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY



CHITTEE YOHOLO

CHITTEE YOHOLO, or The Snake That Makes a Noise, is a Seminole of some note, although but twenty-eight years of age. He was born in Florida, in that region of inaccessible swamps, which our gallant troops have found to be anything but a land of flowers. His complexion, which is of a darker hue than that of our other Indians, marks his descent; and there is an expression of fierceness in the countenance indicative of a race living in perpetual hostility. Such has been the history of the Seminoles who are, as their name indicates, wanderers, or outcasts, from other tribes. A few restless individuals, who separated themselves from the southern nations, either from dislike against the modified habits introduced into those communities by their contact with the whites, or from impatience of the restraints even of savage life, strayed off to the wilds of Florida and connected themselves with some feeble remnants of the ancient population who lingered in that remote region.

While that province remained in possession of the Spaniards, the jealousy of that government, as well as the peculiar character of the country and the savage nature of the people, rendered it comparatively inaccessible to American curiosity or enterprise; and we knew little of the savage tribes within its limits, except from their occasional depredations upon our frontier and from the protection afforded by them to runaway slaves from the southern states. These evils became enhanced during the late war with Great Britain, and one of the chief inducements to the purchase of Florida by our government, was the hope of either taming or driving away such troublesome neighbors. We merely touch the subject in this place for the purpose of showing what we suppose to be the main cause of the ferocious and obstinate character of the hostilities which have rendered that region a scene of wide-spread desolation. In the history of wars of aggravated malevolence, it will generally be found that some ancient grudge, festering in the passions of the frontier population, gives a secret rancor to the dispute which it could scarcely have attained from the political differences that are alone apparent to the public eye.

The first occasion on which Chittee Yoholo was engaged was when General Gaines was surrounded by the Seminoles; he was one of the hostile party and declares that he fought hard and tried his best to kill the white men. Soon after, he was engaged in another fight in which he killed a white man and, taking the scalp, carried it to the council-house of his tribe and threw it at the feet of an aged warrior—thus invoking the approbation of one who was experienced in the wiles and dangers of warfare.

The men of the village assembled, danced all night, recounted their recent adventures (especially that which they were now celebrating) and, instead of honoring the lion of the occasion with a toast and requiring a speech in return as we should have done, they gave him a new name, Chewasti Emathla-Emathla, meaning Next to the Warrior, with Chewasti being a kind of surname, thrown in for euphony.

AFTER THAT, he killed and scalped another white man, carried in the bloody trophy, and again the warriors danced in honor of his success; and now they called him Olocta Tuscane Hadja, which means The Blue Crazy Warrior. And again, on bringing in another scalp, they danced round it all night, and called him Olocta Tustennugge, The Blue Warrior.

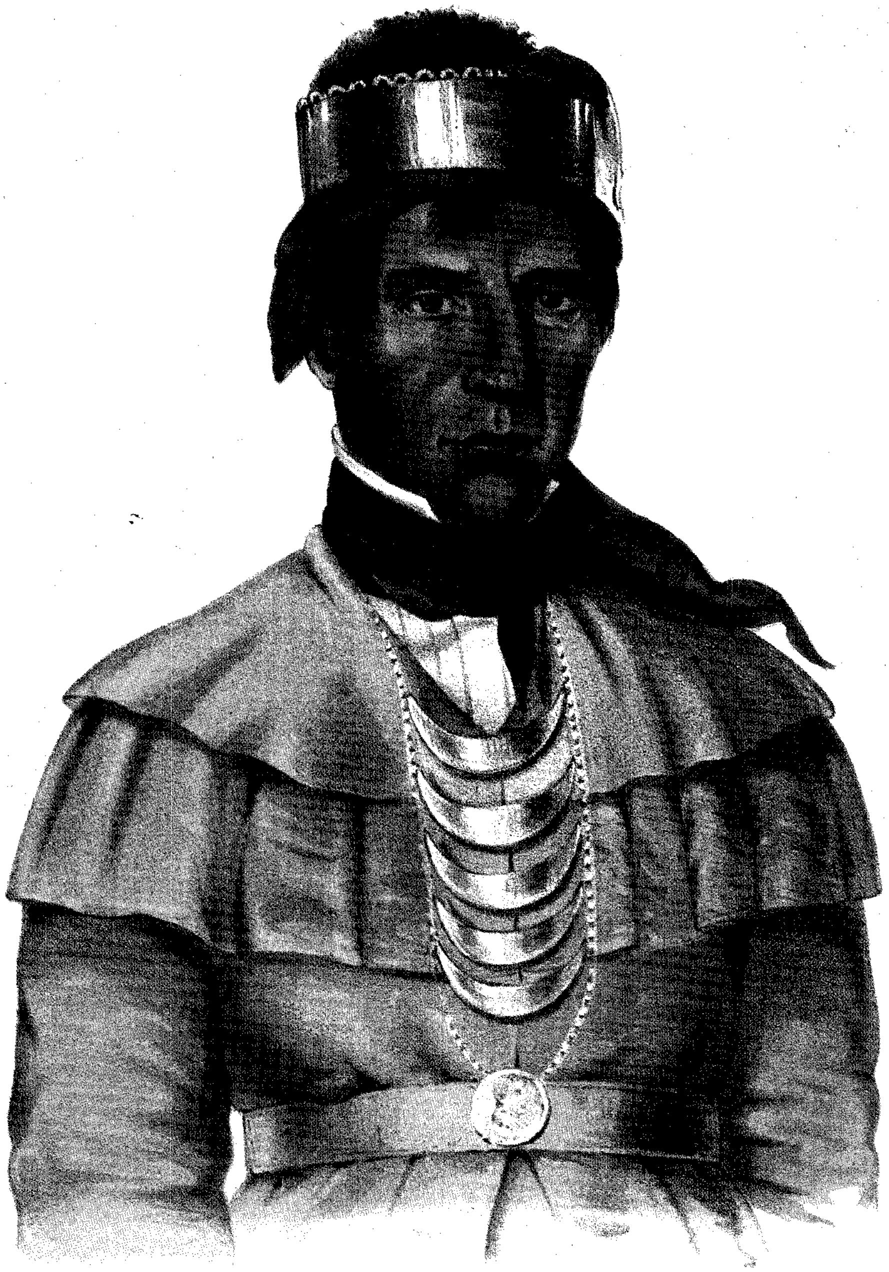
All these were stealthy feats performed in the night. The Indians regard such with peculiar gratification, from the high estimate which they place on achievements conducted with cunning and won without exposure. He was constantly, and usually without companions, stealing up on the sleeping inmates of a cabin, or waylaying the straggler in the forest; so we may infer that The Snake That Makes a Noise, like the reptile whose name he bears, crouched in silence until the moment when he was about to spring upon his prey.

He was lying in the coverts around Fort Mellon while Paddy Carr was there with the friendly Indians, of whom he counted one hundred and twenty as he gazed at them from his lurking-place. After he had watched a whole night, he joined an assailing party of his people, who fired upon the fort in the morning, and of whom ten were killed. He received a spent ball in his hand and, being unable to manage his gun, retired. He was in a battle with the Tennessee Volunteers, in which three Seminoles were killed, whose bodies were dragged to the nearest bushes and hidden as there was not time to bury or to carry them off.

He participated in the battle of Wahoo Swamp, where the Indians lost two warriors, and killed several of the whites. The next day the whites came again, and a skirmish ensued. Acee Yoholo was present in all these fights. On one occasion Chittee Yoholo drove off a hundred cattle from the settlements of the white people; and he tells of various other battles that he was engaged in, in addition to those we have mentioned.

Having stated that he had seen and recognized Jim Boy at the head of the Indians friendly to the whites, he was asked why he had not killed that chief, whose unusual height made him a conspicuous object. He replied that it was not the will of the Great Spirit; and added that he had been in many battles and, not having lost his life, he concluded he should die of sickness and he supposed that Jim Boy would die in the same way. The allusion to the latter was made in consequence of his being present at this conversation.

After the adventures related, and many others, this chief listened to the overtures of the Creek Indians, who invited him to a council and gave him, as he expresses it, a good talk. He accompanied them to St. Augustine and gave himself up to the commanding officer, by whom he was kindly treated. He has a wife and two children in Arkansas.



CHITTEE - YOHOLO,

A SEMINOLE CHIEF.